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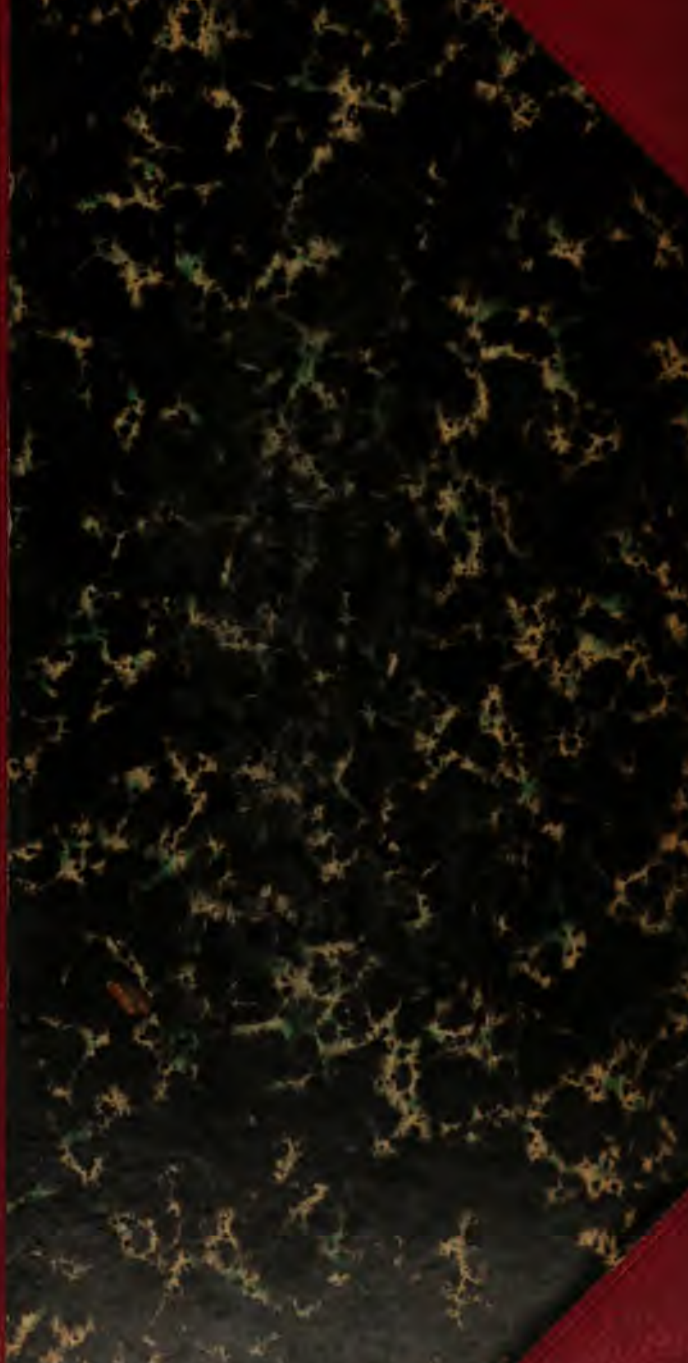

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"Some great cause, God's new Messiah"

MESSIAH PULPIT

NEW YORK

(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

VOL. VIII. OCTOBER 9, 1903. No. 1.

FOOD FOR A MAN

GEO. H. ELLIS CO.
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1903

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THE PUBLISHER.

FOOD FOR A MAN.

My text may be found in the fourth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, the fourth verse,—"Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

If a man is to grow, to develop into anything approaching his real manhood, he must feed on something more than bread.

If we follow the indications of the almanac, the year commences the first day of January: if we are guided by our custom, our habit, our occupations, it begins in the fall. To-day, then, I may assume that we are standing on the threshold of a new year. As we look out over the days, the weeks, the months, that are before us, between this and another time of breaking and scattering, what shall we aim at?

People who drift rarely come to any desired haven. A man out at sea in a boat may indeed be driven by the winds, by the currents, to the place which he desires to reach; but the chances are so many against him that no sane man would count upon any desirable issue to such a voyage.

If we really appreciate something, desire something, then we plan for it, we work for it, we set it before us as an end to be attained.

Now what shall we set before us as the end to be attained in the coming year? It is not worthy of you merely to drift. What do you desire? What do you count worth while? And are the things that we desire and count worth while really attainable by us? Can

we get the best things, any large number of them, possibly all of them?

When another year is gone by, if you stop and look back, what would you regard as the most important things attained? Would it be the money you have added to your accumulation? Would it be the good times you have had? Would it be the books you have read? Would it be some new social position you have attained? some political power, some honor? Would these things be really the best worth while? Or is it not true, and do we not all of us know it is true, when we stop and think and analyze a little deeply, that all these things I have alluded to merely make up life's environment, only its incidents, and that the one thing of great importance is to what we shall have grown in the midst of these conditions and by means of these processes?

When a man comes to his life's end, nobody whose opinion is worth anything thinks that the best thing about him is the fortune he has left, not the things he has achieved, nor the things he may have enjoyed, the books that he has read, the places he has filled. The great men of the world, those that we honor, those that we love, are the ones who have grown, developed into something approaching a noble, ideal manhood.

The thing for you, then, it seems to me, to plan a little for during the year that is before us, is as to what kind of people you will be when the year has ended. On what will you feed yourselves, how much will you grow, to what stature will you attain?

The difference in men I can indicate, broadly, simply by two or three brief illustrations. Consider, for example, a North American Indian, any average Indian. On what does he need to feed in order to satisfy him? Give him a pleasant hunting ground, streams full of fish, a comfortable tent, blankets, weapons, a dog, a pony, and you have met his needs.

Place Herbert Spencer by his side. Does Herbert Spencer care anything about the fish in the streams, or the hunting grounds, or the weapons, or the dogs, the pleasures of the chase? Not only a man like Herbert Spencer, but any one of us, would starve if fed on that which completely satisfies the Indian. Some other phases of our natures have been developed: we want other food. We find little or no satisfaction in these things: we are different kinds of beings.

On another plane still, consider Jesus, the man of Nazareth. These things that satisfy the Indian, would they satisfy him? Would all the knowledge of Herbert Spencer satisfy him,—the intellectual development, the breadth of the intellectual life? Again, all of us detect the fact that in the nature of Jesus there was something else, and something that we all agree to call a good deal higher, that has been developed, that wants food, that is not satisfied unless it can be filled.

Here, then, are these different grades of life; and these grades of life are in possibility and potency in you and me; and we have not reached the heights for which we were intended by the constitution of our natures until we have been fed on "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God,"—not on bread alone.

Go with me now, for a little while, as I try to analyze these natures of ours, climb up step by step until we come up into that which constitutes and distinguishes man.

Man is, first and most apparently, a body: he is an animal. It is right that he should be an animal; and, if the higher parts of him are to be developed symmetrically and become powerful, as they may be, this animal side of him cannot be neglected.

The body ought to be kept in the best possible condition,—food, drink, exercise, shelter,—all the things that go to the making of what we mean when we say complete

and perfect health; for a man's intellectual processes may be vitiated if his body is out of order. A man's moral tastes and tendencies depend very largely upon his physical condition; a man's power to accomplish the work of his life in the world hinges upon his physical vigor.

You cannot, then, let me say, and you will understand the phrase, be too careful of the body. And you are not to be ashamed of any of it: it is all divine, noble and sweet from toe to crown, if you care for it and develop it as it ought to be, as a temple of the living God.

But how do most people—"most people," is that exaggerating?—appear to live? Is it not true that the great majority, if they do not care exclusively for the body, do care for it chiefly, for what merely makes up the animal life,—for food, drink, clothing, houses, decoration; for horses, carriages, yachts, automobiles; for parties, receptions, pleasures, entertainments? The great majority of people, it seems to me, lay the emphasis of life here.

I do not mean that in all persons there are not some germs, some outcroppings, of higher things; but, as you look over the face of society, so many thousands on thousands of people seem to forget that they are anything more than a high and noble and distinguished kind of animal, and they are working, year in and year out, to feed this lower kind of life.

When you say that a man is "doing well," what do you mean? Nine times out of ten you mean that he is making money, that he is successful in business. You say that a young woman has "married well," what do you mean? Generally, you mean that she has married a person of means.

I indicate these things, not because they are wrong in themselves, but merely to show where the emphasis of our ordinary lives is laid.

But this surely is only the beginning; and, as I shall

show you before I am through, unless you get higher than this, you are not men at all, you are only animals, and a rather poor and useless kind of animal at that. For thousands of the people who are leading this kind of self-centred, indulgent, commonplace life, thousands of them might be swept out of the world, and nobody but their immediate friends would be any the poorer. Surely, it is not an ideal kind of life that does not make itself so much a part of the scheme of God's world that it would be missed.

Take a step higher than this. A man is not only a body that needs food, needs bread, he is an intellectual being, he is a mind; and the mind must be fed on what? On truth,—not on dreams, not on fancy, not on superstition, not on tradition, not on mistakes of the past however venerable, however securely founded in the respect of men.

A man's mind is for the sake of the perception and appropriation of truth. And, remember, the truth is the one divine thing in the world. I am aware that the great majority of people to-day reverence and worship things which are not true. But think for a moment: that which is true is that which is divine, and the only thing that is divine. The truth of things is what the mind is intended to discover; and, when you perceive the truth, you are in the immediate presence chamber of God.

How many of you really, seriously, during the course of a year, set yourselves to looking for truth, truth, only truth, in any department? The most of us, when we begin to investigate a question, are hunting for reasons for staying where we are; we are hunting for considerations which will tend to bolster up our present position; we are very anxious to prove that we are right. But the only honest thing, the only divine thing, the only thing worthy of the truth, is that we should be anxious

simply to find the truth; not to warp things to our shape, but to shape ourselves to that which is true.

Another thing we hunger for. Man is a being who can be touched by the sense of the beautiful; and one of the highest and noblest and sweetest things about him is this we call his æsthetic nature.

I am aware that only in a few people is this developed in any large and wide way. Some of us are touched by beauty in this direction, others in that. It is only the most sensitive natures and the most highly developed souls that feel the presence of beauty, and are lifted by it to reverence and worship in every direction.

It is a poet like Wordsworth who can say,—

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

It is Tennyson who in the twilight falls on his knees, and cries out, "Violets, man, violets," as he is touched by the consciousness of their presence. It is a highly developed, poetic soul like Lowell who, looking into a pool filled with many and various forms of life, both animal and vegetable, exclaims, "What a poet God is!" and is touched with reverence in the presence of that beauty which is a manifestation of God.

Think how much we miss if we do not feel the presence of the beautiful. I remember walking the deck of a steamer once in mid-ocean with a young man who had never waked up to the significance of the evening heavens, who was astonished—he was successful in business—as I recited to him some of the simple elements of astronomical truth. He had walked under these wondrous, overwhelming glories since his boyhood, and his æsthetic nature had never been developed so that he could take these in as beauty and grow Godward by the feeding.

So in every department of human life,—music, art, nature,—if we have only developed the capacity, we grow richer, we enter into the joy of God.

But there is something a good deal higher than beauty, and that is love,—love; love for a friend, love for husband, for wife, for father, for mother, for child; love for men, love for the unloving, love for whatever can feel and suffer and enjoy,—that kind of love which is God, which pours itself out in beneficence with the desire to help, to lift up, to make sweet and true and pure and beautiful.

This is one of the divinest things in man, and this must be fed on itself, must be fed on love, if it is to grow; must be fed on giving, on consecration, on self-sacrifice, on thoughtfulness, on effort for others.

And akin to this is all the range of the higher moral faculties,—the sense of justice, the sense of devotion, the desire to deliver man from his evils. Akin to this, also, is the power of sympathy; and this, if it is to grow in us, must many a time be fed on that which we would gladly push away. If this is to be acquired, it must often be through the draining of cups which are bitter, and which we would keep from our lips if we might.

We sometimes think that God is hard with us, when a heartache comes, or a loss, or tears dim our eyes; but, as we read the history of human nature, do we not discover that the noblest and sweetest and most helpful natures of all the world are just those which have been fed on bitterness and tears, and so have learned the lesson of tenderness and pity and help?

There is one grand thing, higher even than all these, if we are to consider it by itself; and yet, while it overcomes all these, it includes them, and, if we are this, we are all. I refer to that which is covered by the word "religion," the recognition of the fact that we are spirits, souls, children of God, and that the ideal of life is that we be consciously, lovingly, reverently, tenderly, personally, related to God, the one Father, the Eternal Spirit and Life.

It is this, and this alone, which can give meaning to life; which can lift it up out of chaos, and convert it into order; which can make the life so supreme in the highest things that everything else may go by the board, and yet all may be saved.

Francis I., it is said, sent word home after the battle of Pavia that all was lost save honor. To a soldier that meant that there was no irretrievable loss at all. If we can say, All is lost save the consciousness of the life hid in God, then there is nothing lost; for that includes all, covers all, crowns all; that puts meaning into life. It takes away all fear of death; it takes the sting out of every calamity; it makes us rich in the presence of all loss; and these qualities up here, these, I wish to emphasize once more, are the ones which make us men.

I have had occasion to refer to this in the past: I wonder if it is fixed in your thoughts so that it is what it ought to be with you, primary truth. A robin is a robin, not by virtue of those qualities and characteristics which it shares with the thrush or the sparrow or any other bird, but those which are peculiar to it and distinctive as making it a robin.

A maple-tree is not a maple-tree on account of the qualities which it shares with the ash or the oak: it is a maple by virtue of those things which are peculiar to it, which are distinctive, which make it a maple.

A horse is not a horse by virtue of those qualities and characteristics which it shares with the dog or the cow or the deer: it is a horse by virtue of those things which are peculiar to it, distinctive to it as a horse.

So a man is not a man by virtue of those things which he shares with the other forms of life on earth, the animals about him; he is not a man because he has a body, no matter whether it is a better body than that of a horse or a dog; he is not a man merely because he has the power of thought,—other animals have that to some limited

extent; he is not a man even because he can love his mate or his children,—animals do that, even to the death; he is not a man because he can dream, because he can remember, because he can hope,—he shares all these things with other forms of life.

He is a man only when he comes up into these higher ranges that overtop all other forms of life and that make what we mean when we say, "Human." What are they? Some of them I will mention; for I shall not undertake to catalogue them.

There is the sense of imperfection, that which discourages us so many times. The sense of imperfection is one of the peculiar qualities of man; and, if you stop and think of it, that means that he can grow, improve, advance indefinitely.

Another is the possession of the sense of the ideal, the fact that he is haunted by dreams that he has never yet been able to realize; and we find fault with that thoughtlessly, because we say we can never be satisfied. Thank God that you never can be satisfied; for right in there is the possibility of endless life.

There is another thing, the dream of immortality. The fact that we can look death in the face and smile, and look through him and see life beyond, that is peculiarly, exclusively human: no other creature in the universe but man has ever had the audacity to dream like that.

And the other, and the crown of it all, is the fact that man has the sense of God, imcomprehensible, overwhelming though it be; that he can look the infinite universe in the face and see there the face of the Father; that he can listen, and in the midst of all the confusion of the worlds hear the whisper that calls him child.

Up in here, then, is that which makes a man a man; and if, during this year, you are to feed on those things which will help you grow towards the ideal of your manhood, you must feed on—what? Money, clothes, houses,

lands, horses, yachts?—these things are all well enough. Feed on books? Yes, these things are well enough. You must consecrate yourselves to the search for truth, for you need not only bread for the body, but bread for the mind; then beauty for the æsthetic nature; then love for the heart; then heroism, justice, devotion, consecration, for the higher nature; and then, at last, God: that means all these and more.

Augustine tells us that he searched all his life long, and had never found anything that contented him until he found God. And, if it be true that we are children of God, and that he is our Father, there is the ultimate object of search, the one place of rest in all the world.

I wish now to suggest two or three practical lessons to be drawn from this discussion:

Most natures are stunted, undeveloped. They have built themselves up as high as the animal, perhaps one or two ranges above it; but there they stop. I will show you one or two of the consequences of that in a moment.

Then there are thousands of people who have some little taste in this direction or that, some little love for reading out of the ordinary,—a little taste for poetry, for art, for beauty, for goodness,—but it seems so small in them, they wonder whether it is worth while to try and cultivate it.

Cultivate this little taste if you have it, friends, as though it were your life, as if you were in a dark cave trying to find your way out, and you had put into your hands a tiny candle-flame, that the winds threatened to extinguish every moment. Shade it, guard it, because in there is the hope of your future and the higher advance, the hope of following and finding the clew which leads you on to something grander in the way of the development of your own nature.

There are thousands of persons who are developed in some one-sided fashion. This is one of the common-

est things in the world; and a great many people pride themselves on this, which is really a deformity.

Take a man like Goethe, the most famous name in German literature. He lived to be eighty-three years old: he spent nearly his whole life after his own ideas, in making all the world minister to himself and his own culture, in a selfish sort of way. Everything he touched he used as material for himself.

What was the result of it? Though he lived in one of the most important epochs in the political life of Europe, there is not a line anywhere to indicate that he knew or cared about the destinies of Europe. It is left on record that he has said that in his whole life he did not find ten—I am not quite sure of the number, but it is not more than ten—completely satisfactory, happy days.

I have had a thousand: I don't know how many more than that. Indeed, I have never seen a day in my life, however dark it was, or however much pain and sorrow I met, when I was not ready, even with tears, to thank God that I was alive in a universe so marvellous as this.

A man may develop himself selfishly from the intellectual side, as an artist, a musician, a scientist,—may develop himself and stay there, and be out of touch with human life and the great feelings and hopes and needs of man; but he is not a man if he does it, I do not care how distinguished he is: he is only a deformed type of humanity. In here, I think—let me suggest it in passing—is the reason for most of the popular scepticisms. Men doubt the reality of those things which they have not developed the power to feel or hear or see.

One other thought. There are ways of acquiring things in this world which make other people poor, and there are ways of acquiring them which make other people rich. You know sometimes a man in Chicago or in New York "corners the market," as we say. He gets control of some kind of commodity that the world needs; and, if he

carries the deal through successfully, he is very much richer, but thousands of other people are poorer.

If you simply get into your possession something which men have already created, get it without giving an equivalent for it, you are richer, but somebody else is poorer. But, if you get into your possession the greatest things in life, the noblest, sweetest, truest things, you have not made anybody else poorer: you have made them richer of necessity in the process.

A great scholar cannot for the life of him help making the world richer; and, the more he knows, the richer the world is. A great artist makes mankind his debtors. Shakspere has made the world his debtor from that day to this; and, by as much as he was great, by so much he added to the wealth of mankind. So the great musicians and the great artists, the men who have been great in any department of life have perforce and of necessity, rendered a service to humanity.

And so the man who is great in truth, great in beauty, great in love, great in justice, great in devotion, great in consecration, great in love of, and trust in, God,—by as much as he becomes great, by so much he enriches mankind.

So seek in these directions what makes you a man, and you seek unselfishly, and you seek for the sake of others. And that is the outcome of it all. The one great end and aim of human life, rightly considered, is that we feed ourselves on such divine beauty that we develop ourselves into such symmetry and perfection of manhood that we approach the ideal; and that we do this for the sake of mankind.

We cannot help it. If we make ourselves good and true and noble, it must be for the sake of mankind. You see there is no contradiction here between the welfare of other people and your own.

Just as Jesus; by as much as he was the son of God,

was also by so much the brother and helper of man, so must we be. Let us then, during this year that lies before us, have this one great ideal as our guiding star; and remember that, if we have this, nothing can harm us: whatever experience comes we can extract from it food, drink, riches, health, help to make ourselves men and conquerors of human life.

We are in this world like children, for example, of a nobleman. Picture to yourselves, as illustrating the point, the son of some man of great estates. On these estates there are lands, mines, rivers, lakes, observatories, scientific establishments; there are art galleries,—all that can appeal to, and minister to the life of, a growing boy.

Now suppose he simply grows up an animal, uncultured, undeveloped, uneducated, until he comes of age, and the titles of these things are put into his hands. Does he own them? Are they his? Can he administer them? Do they mean anything to him? Can he be of any service to the world? No. But, if he has cultivated himself in all these directions, if he has mastered the resources of his estate until he knows it through and through, then by the process of coming into his property he has come into himself; and he is able to administer not only for his own advantage, but for the benefit of man.

We are in this universe; it is our Father's; "if children," the New Testament says, "then heirs"; we are heirs to all this. "All things are yours," says another Scripture. We have bodies to bring us into relation to all the lower forms of this universe life; we have minds to enable us to perceive the truth in the heavens above us, and in the air around us, and in the earth under our feet; we have the faculty of beauty that can make all the glory and wonder of it ours.

We have a love which can bring us into helpful relations with every living thing; we have the sense of jus-

tice, of consecration, of service, that can make us divine in our ministry; we have the sense of sonship, that can make us sure that all this is ours.

Let us develop ourselves, then, so that, as we get older, we shall not grow poor and feeble and tottering and bent and contracted, and feel as though we were losing our hold on life: let us grow and expand with the advancing time, until, when death comes and opens the door of exit from this little planet, we may find ourselves citizens of the universe, sons of God and heirs of all things.

Father, we thank Thee that we are alive; that there is in us the possibility of growth; and that all around us are things to feed these growing natures of ours. Let us learn to have eyes that are open, and ears that are unstopped, and hearts sympathetic, and hands ready to serve, and feet ready to walk in Thy way. Amen.

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MESSIAH PULPIT

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(Being a continuation of *Unity Pulpit*, Boston)

SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I TAKE as my text the earliest gospel account of the Lord's Supper, to be found in the fourteenth chapter of Mark, from the twenty-second to the twenty-sixth verses: "And as they were eating, he took bread, and when he had blessed, he brake it, and gave to them, and said, Take ye: this is my body. And he took a cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave to them: and they all drank of it. And he said unto them, This is my blood of the covenant, which is shed for many. Verily I say unto you, I will no more drink of the fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new in the kingdom of God. And when they had sung a hymn, they went out unto the Mount of Olives."

It has come to me in many ways that large numbers of persons are confused in their minds concerning the significance of the Lord's Supper. Many question whether to-day it has any validity,—whether there is any binding obligation connected with it as touching those who are members of the Church. It is my present purpose, then, to review the main historical facts concerning it, and to state as clearly and simply as I may what I believe to have been the thought and the purpose of Jesus himself.

This rite has gone by a good many different names. It has been called the Eucharist. The meaning of this word is "Thanksgiving," and the idea intended to be conveyed is that in this service we give thanks to God for the life, the teaching, the death, and the influence of Jesus.

It has been called the Communion, the idea under-

lying this being, I suppose, that in the service we come in some special way into communion with God and with each other.

It has been called the Supper,—this, of course, because it was at the evening meal, the paschal supper, that it was first eaten.

It has been called the Sacrament. The meaning of a sacrament is this: it is a bond. In old times, when a man entered into a commercial obligation, he gave a bond that he would rightly perform it; and this bond in the old Latin was called a sacrament. Again, the word is used as touching the oath of allegiance of a soldier. He bound himself in allegiance to his king, to his commander, to his cause.

It goes in the Catholic Church chiefly by the name of the Mass, or this is the most significant part connected with the services of the mass. This name comes from the Latin word which is a part of the conclusion of the service in which the congregation is dismissed,—*Ite missa est.*

Now, at the outset, I wish to call your attention to what the New Testament has to say specifically in regard to the matter. Before I do that, however, I would remind you of one record which may be older than any of our Gospels. Before the Gospels came into their present shape, there were notes, memorabilia, collections of the sayings of Jesus, written traditions of his doings, which passed current among the early disciples.

From some one of these—we do not know which one—Justin Martyr, who lived in the second century, has quoted. He says that what Jesus said on that occasion was, "This do in remembrance of me: this is my body, this is my blood." That is the whole of his record; and that is perhaps older—we are not quite sure—than either of the traditions which are found in the New Testament.

Now I wish to call your attention to the fact—which perhaps you have not noticed—that we are not at all sure as to just what Jesus did say. The different records differ in some very material particulars.

And, then, you must remember that Jesus spoke Aramaic, a language which bore about the same relation to the Hebrew that Spanish, French, or Italian, does to-day to the Latin, Hebrew at that time being a dead language. But with one or two exceptions we have no single report of any Aramaic word which Jesus spoke. We have only traditions, reported to us in Greek, of what he said in another language. We are not then, and never can be, quite certain as to the particular words which Jesus uttered at the time of this last supper.

I will not take the time to read all the passages; but I do wish to point them out to you, tell you what they are, and to trust that you will take your own New Testaments and read them by yourselves.

I have already given you the account of Mark, which is the earliest of our Gospels; and will you note there that he does not order anybody to do this after this first eating of the supper? He takes the bread and breaks it, and says, Eat of it: this is my body. He takes the cup, and symbolically refers to it as his blood; but he does not institute anything whatever, as reported in the Gospel of Mark. He does not ask his disciples in any following time to eat the supper, even in this simplest of all ways.

In the Gospel of Matthew you will find the record in the twenty-sixth chapter, from the twenty-sixth to the thirtieth verses. Here the language is different from what it is in Mark; but here, again, Jesus lays no command on the Church in any succeeding year to continue the observance. It is simply some words spoken to the disciples as they sit with him.

In the twenty-second chapter of the Gospel according

to Luke, in the verses from the fourteenth to the twentieth, you will find his account of the institution of the supper. Here for the first time occur the words, "This do in remembrance of me," as though he had in mind that after he was gone they should observe this simple form, and call him to mind. Note that I have said that neither Mark nor Matthew has any command of this sort whatever.

If you turn to Corinthians, which I read as my lesson, you will find in the eleventh chapter of the First Epistle, from the twenty-third to the twenty-ninth verses inclusive, Paul's account of the supper. This is more explicit, and goes more into detail than either of the gospel narratives; and here Paul represents Jesus as having given command to his disciples to observe this in memory of him until he came again.

Notice that neither Mark nor Matthew says anything about anybody's doing it except the disciples who were there present. Luke for the first time says, "This do in remembrance of me." Paul adds to it that they are to keep up this observance until the second coming of the Lord, which at that time, as you are aware, was universally believed in.

Now I wish to call your attention to something which perhaps you never noticed; that is, that there is no account of anything like what we are accustomed to think of as the Lord's Supper in the Gospel according to John. If we had only the Gospel of John, we should not have any supper. The account there is different from the others in a very marked way.

In the first three Gospels, Jesus is always represented as speaking to his disciples in a simple and conversational way. Even the Sermon on the Mount we know to be only a collection of sayings uttered at different times and in different places; but, here in John, Jesus is represented as delivering long addresses. The fourteenth,

fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters are, so to speak, speeches addressed to his disciples; and the seventeenth chapter is what we nowhere find any record of anywhere else,—one long, involved, elaborate prayer, utterly different from the whole spirit, tone, and temper of the Lord's Prayer, which, it is said, Jesus taught his disciples.

Now the point I wish you to note is that, instead of instituting a supper, according to the Gospel of John Jesus institutes another rite altogether: he commands his disciples to wash one another's feet, and he sets them the example. You are aware of the fact, I suppose, that there are certain obscure sects of Christians who keep that up now as an observance; and now and then some great official in the Catholic Church, on some ceremonial occasion, goes through the form of washing somebody's feet.

But, if Jesus' words and his explicit commands are to be obeyed, this ceremony has quite as much authority as has the supper. Jesus gives a definite, clear order, that his disciples are to do as they have seen him do, in token of humiliation and of rendering the lowest kind of service to their fellow-disciples and to the world.

Here, then, is such record as we have of the Lord's Supper in the New Testament. In the sixth chapter of John, from the fifty-second to the fifty-sixth verses, you will find certain words which have played a large part in the formation of Catholic doctrine concerning eating the flesh and drinking the blood of the Son of Man.

Leaving the New Testament record, let us see what light is thrown on the matter by the custom of the early Church. We know, as a matter of history, that in the early days the disciples observed this simple form of breaking bread and drinking the cup in memory of Jesus every day; that is, whenever they ate the supper, their own supper in their homes, they broke bread and took

a sip of wine in memory of the Master, doing this, as they understood him to say they were to do, until he should appear again.

But it was found that this having the supper in connection with the ordinary meals soon ran into abuses of different kinds. In the chapter to which I have referred in the Corinthian Epistle, Paul speaks of and rebukes severely one abuse. You will see how naturally the people fell into it. They mistook this supper as being similar to the feasts which they were familiar with in sacrifices to their gods. The people brought their food and drink when they came together, the rich bringing large supplies, the poor bringing what they could; and, as Paul says, the result of it was that some of them had too much and others did not have enough, and some of them drank until they were drunken and disorderly.

Scenes like this were not uncommon in the worship of the old pagan gods; but Paul tells them severely that they misunderstand entirely the nature of this supper, if they are to be troubled by this kind of confusion.

As the result of this, it came to pass that the supper was separated from the ordinary meals; and instead of being eaten at night, as it was at first, a real supper, it was connected with the religious service on Sunday morning. And I suppose that for a long time in the early Church the supper was celebrated as a part of or at the close of the service every Sunday morning.

But the custom has varied in different parts of Christendom. To-day, for example, there are some churches that celebrate it three or four times a year. When I was a boy, the Congregational church down in Maine, of which I was a member, used to have it once in two months. Individual churches have followed their own ideas. According to the law of the Church of England, each communicant must partake at least three times a year, one of those times being at Easter, that being regarded as the most important of them all.

Now, before going on to the development of the doctrine, I wish to refer to a fact which explains the attitude of the Gospel according to John. I have told you that John, or whoever wrote this Gospel, gives no account of the supper in the sense in which the other gospels do. Why? Because by the time that Gospel was written the belief had begun to show itself that Jesus himself was the Paschal Lamb, who was slain and was eaten.

For a long time in the early Church there raged what was called the Paschal controversy. According to Mark, Matthew, and Luke, the supper was eaten at the regular time when it was accustomed to be eaten by the Jews. According to the story which John represents, and a tradition which grew up and of which that was the expression, Jesus was crucified on this evening, so that, instead of eating a supper with his disciples, he was the supper.

You see what a profound and tremendous difference is here involved. This idea represented by the Gospel according to John became the dominant one in the Catholic Church; and out of it, very naturally, and out of such language as the Gospel uses concerning eating the flesh and drinking the blood of the Son of Man, there was evolved the doctrine of Trans-substantiation.

But it is worth your while to note that this was a doctrine of slow growth. The word does not appear earlier than the eleventh century; and during this eleventh century a great controversy was being carried on between scholarly Catholics, ranged on both sides, as to whether the doctrine of Trans-substantiation was to be held true or not.

But note the universal policy of the Catholic Church,—that, after the doctrine had become established, then the claim was made—and a similar claim has always been made—that everybody had always believed it, although the opposite is the clear and simple truth.

Now what is this doctrine of Trans-substantiation? You are aware of it, I suppose; and yet possibly you have not clearly thought it out, so as to appreciate what it means. It means that any regularly consecrated and appointed priest can take simple bread and simple wine, and by saying over them certain formulas turn them into the very body and blood of God.

That is the universal Catholic doctrine; and, when a person eats the bread and drinks the cup, he eats God and drinks God, veritably, literally, as much as he eats bread with his breakfast.

Of course, it is always admitted that it still looks just like bread, tastes just like bread, smells just like bread, feels just like bread; and a similar thing is true of the wine. But here comes in a subtle, philosophical distinction: it is assumed that underneath the bread and the wine there is an invisible, intangible substance that no investigation can discover, and that this substance is turned into the body and blood of God.

Of course there is no possibility of perceiving it, of course there is no possibility of proving it, and of course, if a person is governed by reason, there is no possibility of believing it. When you step over the borderland into a world like that, where you can accept a thing like that as true, you are in a sort of Alice in Wonderland country; and, when you are in that kind of country, anything can happen and anything is natural.

But if you wish to be sane, and to apply to these matters the same kind of rational perceptions that you apply in every other department of life, then it is simply impossible of acceptance.

Some other considerations concerning it I shall deal with a little later on.

This is the doctrine of Trans-substantiation. You can easily see how this became an engine of most tremendous power in the hands of the Catholic Church.

Here the churches, the priests, had the power of turning bread and wine into the body and blood of God; and nobody had any opportunity or hope of salvation in another life unless he ate the body and drank the blood which the Church could create.

The Church had the power, then, of withholding from a whole nation at a time all hope of future felicity. It had the power of turning whole nations at once into hell, and Christendom believed it. The pope then, simply by laying an interdict on a people, by forbidding the priests to administer the sacrament, could bring a whole country to its knees in terror, in abject submission. They were ready to do anything, to be anything, in the presence of a power that held their eternal destinies in its hand.

At the time of the Reformation, Luther and his coworkers rejected this doctrine of Trans-substantiation along with a good many others; but Luther held another doctrine so nearly like it that it is not easy to see that there is any very marked difference, and it is the doctrine of the Lutheran churches still. This has been called Con-substantiation. Luther held that, while there was no magical change in the bread and wine, after these had been properly consecrated there was in the bread and the wine the real presence of God, so that in the sacrament you were partakers of the divine nature.

Zwingle, however, Calvin, and, generally, the South German reformers rejected this point, to which Luther stoutly adhered. They held that this was indeed a sacrament, but that the bread and wine were only symbols. I used to hear the sacrament defined in this way,—that it was the "outward and visible sign of an inner and spiritual grace." So the Reformed Churches generally have held this—that the supper was a sacrament, but that it was only symbolical of a spiritual partaking of the divine nature.

But some have gone a good deal farther than this. The Quakers, who love to be called Friends, dispensed with the outward symbols and ceremony altogether, finding the entire significance in the spiritual relationship between the soul and God. And some of you are familiar with the fact that it was his inability honestly, as he thought, to celebrate the Lord's Supper which was the reason for Ralph Waldo Emerson's leaving the ministry and taking up what he regarded as the wider work of his after-life.

Such, then, are the views which have been held concerning this rite; such have been the divergent ideas that have prevailed.

I wish now to consider several points which are of practical importance for us to regard to-day:—

There is always danger about any form as connected with the religious life. But this is not a world in which anybody can live and be free from danger. Every good thing has about it the possibility of its perversion or misuse. There has always been a tendency from the beginning of the world for people to substitute forms for the thing signified by the forms. People are so apt to think that, when they have gone through the ceremony, they have done the thing for which the ceremony stands.

So there have been whole periods in the history of the Church given over to formulas. People were worldly, people were sensual, people were dishonest, people were cruel. People who were lifted up with pride and alienated from their fellows have gone through all the religious ceremonials and forms, and have persuaded themselves that they were religious and that they were in right relation to God and their fellow-men because they had attended to the forms.

Here is one danger. We cannot live in this world without some forms: the simplest life admits and uses

them. The thing we need to guard, however, all the time is that the emphasis shall be laid on the things themselves, and not on the forms which express and represent them.

And, then, there is another danger. These people who have gone through the forms, who are connected with the Churches, who pay strict attention to the rites, are apt to cultivate in themselves spiritual pride, conceit, aloofness. Do you remember how Jesus poured out his red-hot scorn on manifestations of this sort in his day? It was for this that he so scourged the Pharisees. He says, You pay your tithes of mint and anise and cumin; you are scrupulous to keep all the little formulas of the law; but you neglect the weightier matters of mercy and justice and truth.

So there is danger always here that the persons who do go through with these forms and have learned to identify them with the things signified shall feel that they are better than other people, that they have a right from some higher point of outlook to condescend to other people, to look down upon them.

There is another consideration which is of the first importance. I have never, after the most careful study I could give to the subject, been able to see any reason for supposing that Jesus had any, the most distant, idea that he was creating a sacrament, or establishing a rite or a ceremony, which would be observed in the world two thousand years after his time.

Remember what I have called your attention to before. If Jesus is correctly reported—and, if he is not correctly reported in one place, how shall we be perfectly certain he is in another?—he believed that he was to appear in the clouds of heaven, end the present order of the world, and establish entirely another condition of affairs inside of twenty-five years at the farthest.

He says it is before this generation passes away that

all these things shall come to pass. And we know that the early Christians were on tiptoe of excitement and expectation. It was said: Watch! He may come at any time,—in the night, as a thief comes; as the lightning appears in one part of heaven, and shines even to another part. Any moment he may be here: be ready.

Do you now see that in a condition of things like that it would never enter into the head of any one to establish a rite or ceremony with the idea that it was to go on for hundreds of years? There is no proof, then, in my judgment, that Jesus expected to do anything of the kind.

Then there is another thing. I wonder if there is anybody here who is aware of this fact. The eucharist, as it came to be held in the Church, was not original with Christianity: it did not start with the words of Jesus. A similar observance had been in existence for hundreds, if not thousands of years. In ancient Egypt there was a similar observance. They even went so far as to have little cakes, which were stamped with the Saint Andrew's cross, away there in Egypt, hundreds of years before Christianity was heard of; and in ancient Persia, in the services of Mithras, a similar thing was true. And Justin Martyr, one of the old Fathers, to whom I have referred, recognized this, for he speaks of it, and attributes it to the cunning of the devil. He said that the devil invented this thing beforehand, so as to cast discredit on one of the most sacred of the Christian rites. It was not original, then, with Christianity.

And, then, I wish to say another thing (I trust that no one will regard what I am about to say as extreme or offensive), but the supper as celebrated in the Catholic Church, its teaching, seems to me grossly materialistic and absurd,—that we can be saved only when with these perishable bodies we have eaten the flesh of God and drunk his blood.

I wonder how people read the New Testament. Do

you not remember how Jesus himself explicitly and in the most forcible way condemns this whole set of ideas? When they were discussing the question of eating without first having washed their hands, Jesus said: Do you not know that it is not what you eat, take into your mouth and masticate and swallow into the stomach, and absorb into the circulation of the physical system,—do you not know that it is not this which touches your moral or spiritual character? It is the thoughts and the feelings of the heart—these spiritual things—on which turn the question of goodness or badness.

But the Catholic Church teaches that the man—this is the logic of it—who partakes of the sacrament, who takes a physical manifestation of God into his body, becomes partaker of the divine life; and the man who does not do it, no matter how spiritual, no matter how tender, no matter how true, how noble, how sweet, how helpful in his life, is cut off from God and from all hope of salvation.

This teaching of the Catholic Church is gross, is materialistic, is utterly absurd, unthinkable, unprovable, degrading.

There is another thing I want to say about it. When I trace the origin of it and go away back and down towards the beginning of humanity and see where such ideas started, it is not only gross and materialistic, but it is repulsive in the extreme.

It has its roots where? Go back far enough, find men barbaric enough, and you will be in the presence of people who used to suppose that they absorbed the qualities of the thing which they ate. How did it work itself out? Why, a man killed a lion or a tiger. He tore his heart out, and ate it. Why? Because he supposed that in this way he absorbed into himself and made his own the ferocity, the strength, the courage, of the wild beast.

Or a famous chieftain kills the chief of another tribe. He tears his heart out, and eats it. Is this sheer cruelty, mere delight in blood? Nothing of the kind. It has underneath it precisely the philosophy which underlies the doctrine of Trans-substantiation in the Catholic Church. He believed that he ate and incorporated into himself the strength and the courage and the cunning of his adversary; and that is why he tears his heart out, and eats it.

And away down there, in that horror, are found the roots of the philosophical ideas which still underlie that which Rome makes the central act in its Christian teaching and practice.

Let us come now to what Jesus really did, so far as we can have any adequate record on the subject, and see how far away we are from all this magic and unintelligible work. What Jesus did was the simplest and sweetest and most natural thing in all the world.

He knew, without any supernatural source of information, that he had to die. He could read the signs of the times. He saw that his enemies were gathering about him, and the only way he could save his life was by being false to the great truths that he had come to teach his people; and, as he had no idea of being false, he knew he must die.

So he was eating for the last time with his disciples. He believed also,—and it is no derogation of his wisdom or greatness for us to recognize that,—he believed, I have no doubt, that he was to come again and establish the kingdom of God.

What does he do? As he sits with his disciples at the end of the supper, he takes up a loaf of bread, and breaks it, and says, "This is my body, broken for you: eat it," and then pours out the cup, and says, "This is my blood shed for you: drink of it," and do this until you see me again, in my memory. He says, "I shall not drink this

cup with you again until I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom."

He was looking forward to meeting with them again somewhere, just as with our changed conceptions of the universe we, when parting with our friends, look forward to meeting them again somewhen, somewhere. He did not wish to pass out of their memory, so he said, When you sit at your suppers, break the bread and drink of the cup in memory of me: do it until we meet again. It is perfectly simple, perfectly human, perfectly natural, wondrously divine.

This is the supper, as I understand it: this is why I love it. I love the Lord's Supper, the supper which he instituted. He is not responsible for the distortions and perversions and superstitions which have sprung up since his day. We are not responsible for them. We go back and sit down with Jesus himself and his disciples, and hear him say in that Oriental figure of speech, perfectly natural with his countrymen and in his time, This is my body, this is my blood: eat, drink, in memory of me, and keep on remembering me until we meet again.

So, when we sit down at this table, if we do sit down, we sit under the shadow of that sweet, sacred, divine presence; we are in imagination in that simple upper chamber again, with Jesus and his disciples: we think of him as going away; we remember what kind of a man he was,—his teaching, his life, his influence, his death; and we remember him, and let those memories become powerful over our lives.

Can we do anything nobler? Can we do anything more natural, can we do anything sweeter? And is there any reason why, as we remember him, we should not remember Lincoln, Washington, Savonarola, and the great, the noble, the consecrated, who since the time of Jesus, in his spirit and for the sake of his truth, have lived and suffered and died, as he did?

Jesus is not separated from his brethren. His death was a perfectly natural and normal thing in a world like this. He must die or be false; and he could not be false. So he died for his truth, as Giordano Bruno did, as all the martyrs of all the ages have done.

We recall him then, and enter into this great, sublime, tender, wondrous fellowship.

And is there any reason why we should not couple with these the dear ones of our own who have passed into the invisible, father and mother, husband and wife and child, and brother and sister and friend,—those who share the immortality of Jesus, those who are like him in so many sweet and noble ways, those whose memories to-day are inspiration and uplift and comfort and guidance for us?

As we sit at this table, we sit in the presence of all of them; and, though there be few that are visible, we are surrounded by that "great cloud of witnesses," those who live and teach and lift us up forevermore.

Dear Father, we thank Thee for Jesus, for his life, his teaching, his love, his death, his influence. We thank Thee for all the noble ones who in his spirit have given themselves for the world. We thank Thee for all those that have been near to us and who in spirit live near to Thee, so that we may associate them in our memories with these best of all the world. And we will remember them; and, as we remember, try to get nearer to them, and so nearer to Thee. Amen.

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THE CHURCH AND THE CITY.

My text you may find in the thirty-fourth chapter of the Book of Job, the seventeenth verse,—"Shall even one that hateth right govern?"

Am I going to preach politics? That will depend very largely upon the matter of definition. There is a widespread feeling that religion and politics are something like oil and water,—they do not easily mix,—or that they are like the chemical constituents which produce, when brought together, certain dangerous explosives: therefore they must be kept very widely apart.

It is a significant fact that Jesus preached politics, that John the Baptist preached politics, that all the old prophets preached politics. I know that they sometimes got into difficulty by doing it,—occasionally they even lost their heads; but they helped on the growth of civilization.

I do not claim the right to touch upon what is called partisanship, except in certain instances to condemn it. It is not party politics, then, that I am going to speak of this morning. What do we mean by the name? *Pólis* is the old Greek word which meant "city"; *politēs* meant a "citizen"; *politikós*, that which pertained to the citizen, the affairs of the city.

In this sense I shall certainly preach politics this morning; but, in the ordinary sense of the word, I shall try to keep as far away from it as I can.

When I was a boy, I heard the then famous Joshua R. Giddings, a Congressman from Ohio, say in regard to the belief then expressed that politics and religion ought to be kept apart, that, in his judgment, if politics were

mixed with the kind of religion he saw about him, it would be very damaging to the politics.

If we do mix a certain kind of politics with religion, one of two things will happen: either the religion will become degraded or the politics will be reformed,—one of the two.

What do we mean by religion? I am going to give you, in a brief outline, my own idea of the subject; and that will make the matter clear as to what religion has to do with the city.

There are people—large numbers of them, I suppose—with whom their religion is an unworldly sort of thing, kept apart in a province by itself. These people have religious sensibilities, and they like to have them played upon; but they do not want to have them brought into practical contact with their every-day lives.

It manifests itself in such curious ways as this: I knew a lady, in Boston, who was very much shocked when the name of a modern city was mentioned in the pulpit. She found a certain amount of æsthetic satisfaction in listening to "Jerusalem" and "Tyre" and "Sodom," and "Ephesus" and "Corinth"; but, if you said "Chicago," or "New York," or "Boston," she was troubled: it seemed to her a sort of degradation of the pulpit. This is one type of religion.

There are people, apparently, to whom the church is a sort of musical concert. At any rate, I know persons who will come to church if they like the music, and who will not come near it if they do not, or who go somewhere else.

There are others to whom the church is a sort of lecture association. They will go to church if they are interested in the minister and are entertained by him. It does not seem to occur to them that the Church stands for anything more than an institution that somehow or other is to minister to their personal satisfaction.

There are others who look upon the Church as an organization having power to administer divine sacraments, on which depend the salvation of souls in another life. The Church to these people is an institution that exists simply to deliver people from the divine wrath, to save souls in the other world. To my mind whatever truth there may be in all these different theories is purely incidental to a deeper and higher truth.

What does the Church exist for? It is an organization of men and women in the interest of truth and right, wherever you come in contact with them. The Church exists, if it is true to its divine mission, to help bring men and women into right relations with God,—that is what the Church is for; and that means finding the truth of God, so far as possible, and then living the truth of God.

And it touches the individual. If I live out the divine life in my body, I am in health; as regards my mind, I come into possession of the truth; if I live it out in my affectional nature, I love and worship all that is beautiful and fair; if I live it out in my moral nature, I am in right relations with my fellow-men; if I live it out in my spiritual nature, I am in loving, tender, personal relations with God.

In other words, if I live out the kind of life that the Church stands for personally, I am physically, mentally, affectionately, morally, and spiritually sound, healthful; I am a child of God. The Church exists for the sake of helping its members to discover and lead that kind of life.

And then what? For the sake of spreading the contagion of this kind of life in the community and making the world's individuals not only, the world's families, the world's business, the world's literary life, the world's musical life, the world's artistic life, the world's industrial life, the world's political life, what it ought to be. That is what the Church exists for.

And the Church cannot accomplish very much if it is in a discouraging and hostile environment. I should suppose that Lot and his family and little group of friends could not have had a great deal of heart in the city of Sodom: the odds were too many against them.

If you place people like these in the midst of a city that is organized in the interests of truth and righteousness, then their work becomes practically easy, because all the influences of their environment help and lift them up.

It seems to me, then, that one of the chief things that the Church in the city of New York to-day ought to care for is the great crisis of governmental affairs with which we stand face to face. There is no duty, neither praying nor Bible reading, nor converting one's neighbors, nor spreading one's denominational ideas,—there is no duty which is just now comparable with this; and it is the Church's duty above and beyond all things, because, as I said, the Church is the one organization that according to its universal genius, if it is true to it, stands for truth in thought and right in living.

I propose during the rest of my discourse, assuming the right of the Church to be interested in and deal with the matter, to ask you to consider with me what it is that we desire here in this city of New York to-day.

There are two or three preliminaries, however, before I come to that. In the first place, we have to face the fact that we *can* have good government in New York if we want it. There have been times in the past history of the city when people have been justified in becoming discouraged, in losing heart, in wondering whether it was worth while to make any effort. But we have proved during the last two years,—not that we could have perfect government in the city,—we have proved that we can have a great deal better government than we have had for years. We have proved, I believe, something

more than that,—that we can have the best government that we have ever had; for we have had it.

Sometimes during the summer, since the preparations for the great conflict were begun or were in process of beginning, I have been troubled lest people should lose heart over the idea that we had not attained so much as two years ago we expected to attain. People are apt to expect magical results, to suppose that a change of administration is going to accomplish a good deal more within a given time than we have any right to look for.

I believe that as much has been attained as we had any reason to expect. If you remember, the present administration came into power with things—to say the least—in very discouraging condition in almost every department of the city's life; and no man, no set of men, however wise they might be, or however good, could produce a sudden revolution in a week or a month or a year. The administration had to feel its way, had to find out what persons could be trusted, what ones could not, had to study the precise condition of things, had to put in men to accomplish these changes by way of experiment, not being certain that they were the wisest or best men. In other words, to accomplish anything hopeful always takes time; and I believe it to be simply true that any man who will study carefully any single department of this city's administration will find that there have been wonderful improvements,—all the improvements that we had a right to expect within the limited time.

It is proved, I say, that we can have good government. There are enough men in New York who want good government, so that they can accomplish it if they will. If we do not, then, continue the improvement which we have begun, it will prove that we do not deserve it, because we can do it if we will.

But, in order to do it, what? Two things. If we are going to continue good government in New York and

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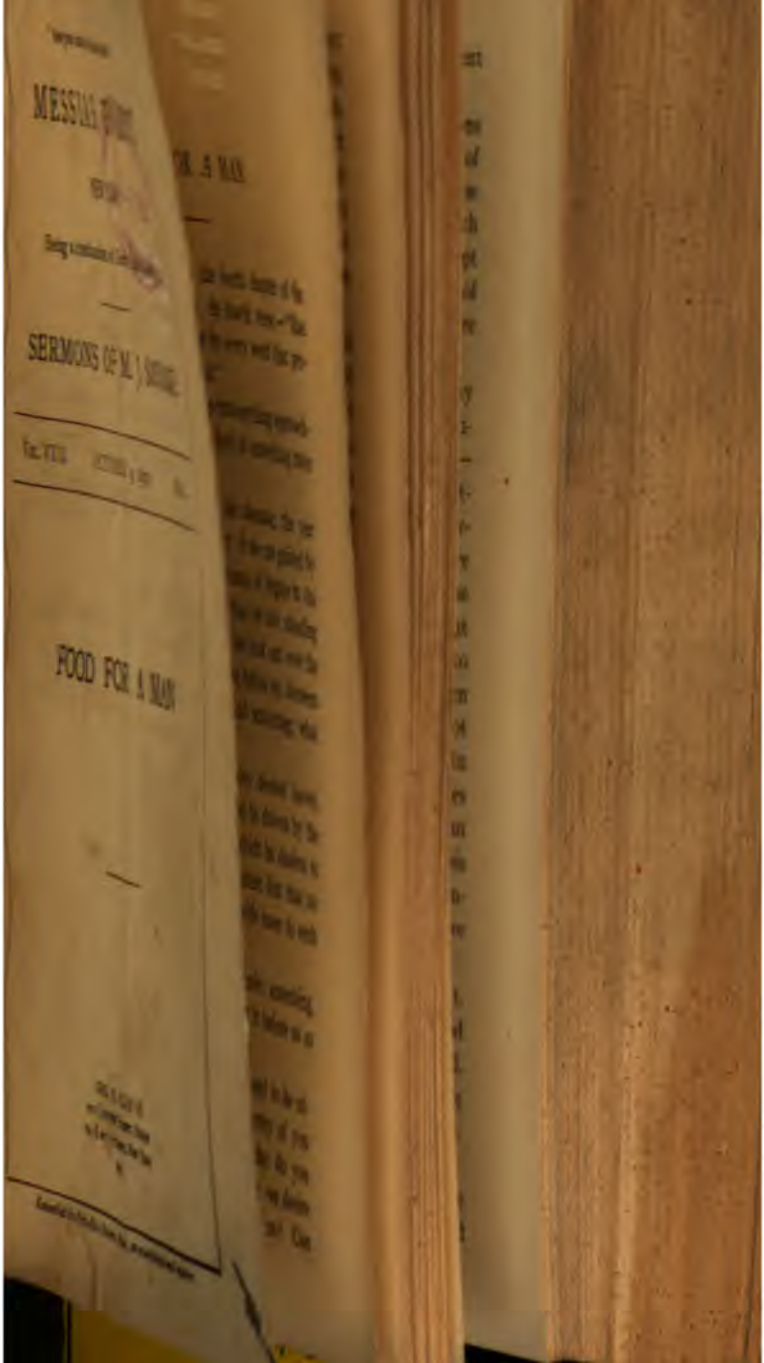

problem that humanity has ever set itself is the problem of government,— a government that should combine freedom for the individual with social order. Almost always for the sake of order there has been tyranny; and, when men have had liberty, it has run into anarchy. The difficulty of combining these two has been so great that it has almost never been attained anywhere on earth for any long period of time. We have come nearer to it here in America than anywhere else; but the weak point with us now is our great cities. We have not yet learned to govern them; and in New York the matter is complicated in such ways as you do not find anywhere else. There is no city like it.

This is the largest Irish city in the world. It is the second German city, next to Berlin. There are more Jews in the city, I think, than almost anywhere else in the world, except Russia. There are Poles, Austrians, Hungarians, Italians, French, Spanish,—people from all over the earth, people with every kind of past history, every kind of religion, every kind of social and political ideas, a heterogeneous mass such as nobody has ever attempted to weld together into a commonwealth before.

We have done marvellously well. I am amazed when I see how much has already been accomplished. These people, no matter what part of the world they come from, have to be here only for a little while,—a second or third generation,—and they forget that they are anything but Americans. Thank God, even now nobody who is wise is talking about what we used to hear constantly,—the German vote, or the Irish vote, or the Hebrew vote, or any other kind of vote except the American vote. We have done wonderfully well.

But still the great unsolved problem in our American public life is the satisfactory government of our great cities, and especially this great city of New York. And let me tell you frankly, if the next national election did

depend upon the way we manage our affairs here, I should say, Let it depend, while we attend to our own affairs.

I think it unspeakably more important that we look after the welfare of this great heterogeneous city for the next two or eight or ten years than as to whether or not we elect the representative of one party or the other to sit in the White House.

I have a friend who has just landed in this city from Japan. He tells me that the people there are not at all troubled over our national affairs,—they do not care anything about them; but they are very much interested to know what the outcome of things is going to be here in New York. This is the most important great public question that we have to face then at the present time; and we can well afford to waive aside any and all national considerations.

I speak of this—pardon me if I say a word personal—because I wish to make myself perfectly clear, and have no one think there is any underlying matter back of my words. By tradition I am a Republican; but I have been a very bad one. I have always taken the ground that I had the right not only, but a duty, to vote for the best man, who would stand for the highest and noblest ideals, without any regard to the party to which he belonged. I hold that position still; and, occupying that position, I say that the great thing we need to look after to-day 's the government of this great, great city of New York.

Now what do we want? In the first place, we want honesty in the management of its money affairs. It is not a great deal, we say, that each of us contributes, and so we are apt to get careless about the matter; but the money that is used in the management of this great city is money that comes out of your pocket and out of mine. It is our money. And the first thing that we

desire is that the men who administer the public affairs of this city shall administer them honestly, using the money for the public, and not using it for their own personal and private gain. Everybody who has studied the condition of affairs in this city during the last fifteen or twenty or twenty-five years knows that under the ordinary rule there has been almost no honesty. The public rights have been disregarded; and men have used their official positions almost universally for personal and private ends.

If a corporation wished to get an opportunity to do anything for the city, it must pay. Pay whom? Pay the city? No, pay the people in authority. If a man wished to sell a lot on which to build a school-house, he must pay. Pay whom? The city? No, pay the man who had the pull. If a man wished to get on the Police Board, he must pay. Pay whom? The city? No, pay somebody,—it was very difficult to trace where the money went to. If a man wished to get any favor, any position, any power, he has been bled,—bled, not in the interests of the city, but he has had to pay money which has gone into the hands of these men who have been stealing from you and from me. What is the use of mincing matters? The motto of the honest men, as they paint the character and condition of those who have been their opponents, might well be the old Bible cry,—"Thou shalt not steal." They have simply been thieves,—thieves of the most outrageous kind.

"What are you going to do about it?" "I am working for myself, first, last, and all the time,"—that has been the shameless, defiant response; and yet the people of New York sit down under it and bear it. And people who think they are honest and half-decent will stand it, and not put these people so far out of sight that they never would appear in decent, respectable society again.

There has hardly been a department of our city's

affairs that has not been full of this which we slangily and half-amusedly call "graft," but which means stealing. I wonder at the average citizen. He thinks the man that he is voting for smart. Why? Because he was a poor man, and he got into office, and, before he is there two years, he is rich: and the voter is rather proud of it sometimes. It does not seem to occur to him to ask where the money came from: it certainly did not come out of his salary. It does not occur to him to think that some of it came out of his own pocket, and the rest out of the pockets of the poor, the great mass of people who pay the taxes.

We want honest government, then,—that is the first thing we want.

Another thing: I have not time to go over the whole ground. I want to refer to the fact that we want a wise and honest administration of the Department of Public Health. For deliberately, knowing just what I am saying, I charge these men that not only have they been thieves, they have been murderers.

What do we mean by murder? Not simply that a man is knocked down and stabbed on the street or in an alleyway. If men in authority, managing great public institutions, do it in such a way that, instead of making things safe and sane and sound and healthful as they ought to be, they are using their position to waste and steal the public money that ought to be used for the public good, and then hundreds and thousands of people die as the result,—and they saw it, and they knew it, and they did not care, they only wanted the money,—what is it but murder?

Every man who has studied the management of these things in the city of New York, from the tenement houses to Blackwell's Island, and all over the city,—the management of precautions against fire and a hundred different things,—knows that I am hinting at a ghastly fact.

There is one other thing we want. We want the children of this great city educated. We want them educated. How? I warn you, and all who hear my words and all who read them, that there is a great conspiracy going on in this country, working underhand, pressing, crowding in every direction, taking advantage of every turn of the tide, against our public schools.

How do we want the public schools managed? If you take public money for the education of the children, you have no right to use it except to educate those children in such a way as will most benefit the public. I have no right to take your money to educate my boy in something that does not touch his relation to the public welfare. The only excuse for public education is the public weal.

Now what do we want our children educated for? How do we want them educated? We want them educated into fitness for self-supporting, honorable American citizenship,—nothing else and nothing other.

What do I care what the boy's ideas are as to the next life? Pressure is being exerted all the time in favor of sectarian religious education; and I warn you that that is one of the great battles of American civilization that has got to be fought out before a great while.

And note how simple the principle is. What business is it of President Roosevelt or Governor Odell or Mr. Low as to whether my soul is saved in the next world or not? They may be interested in it as individuals; but as President, as Governor, as Mayor, it is none of their business,—that is my affair. But it is their business to do what they can to see that I fulfil the duties of good citizenship.

The public schools, then, should be devoted entirely to educating people into fitness for good American citizenship and nothing else. Let the Catholics, the Unitarians, the Baptists, the Episcopalians, the Presbyterians,

educate their children into their own ideas in their homes and their churches and their private institutions just as much as they will,—they have a perfect right to do it; but do not let them dare to ask for public money to carry on sectarian education.

Suppose we allowed it, and carried it out to its logical conclusion. The Catholics would have Catholic schools for Catholic children, the Presbyterians would have Presbyterian schools for their children, the Episcopalians Episcopal schools for theirs, the Unitarians schools of their belief,—each kind would be segregated, and kept apart by itself; and that would be one of the greatest curses we could conceive. There is enough of separation, class separation, misunderstanding, misrepresentation, misinterpretation,—there is enough of it at present.

What would it mean if all the children were educated in this way, apart from each other? What we need is to have them all flow together, and understand that, while they have their own personal ideals, may attend any church they please and work for any religion they choose, they are American citizens, working together for the good of the country.

I do not know whether the story is true,—it is so good that it ought to be,—I saw it going the rounds of the papers a little while ago, concerning something that President Roosevelt's little boy had said. He was attending a common school, where there were all sorts of boys, rich and poor, white and black,—all kinds. A lady took him apart, foolishly, speaking from her society point of view, and asked him if he did not find that he came into contact with a good many "common" boys. His reply, as reported, was, "My papa says that there are big boys and little boys, and good boy and bad boys, and that those are all the kinds of boys there are."

We need to learn that, whether President Roosevelt said it to his boy or not. In our public schools we want

no Catholic boys, no Episcopal boys, no Unitarian boys, no Presbyterian boys, no white boys, no black and no yellow boys: we want good boys and bad boys and big boys and little boys, and we want no other kind, and we want to educate these all into the highest and noblest ideals of American citizenship.

I cannot follow this important question any further this morning. I beg you to think of it; for we shall have to think of it, and think of it seriously before a great while.

There is one other thing we want. We want the moral condition of the city to be made as clean as possible. Now I am no visionary in regard to this. Humanity has been here on this planet some three or four hundred thousand years; and we are not very near perfection yet. I suppose that, as long as any large number of people wish to gamble, they will find a way, they will gamble. This instinct seems one of the strongest in human nature. A man loves the excitement of taking a risk. People will gamble, then, I suppose.

The social evil always has existed; and I have no idea that this century will see the end of it, or the next. Intemperance has always existed: no people on the face of the earth but has discovered, hunted out, some substance to eat or drink which produced in them this sense of exhilaration, of freedom, of power. I have no idea, then, that any government can suppress, blot out of existence, either one of these three great evils.

What have we a right to expect? We have a right to expect that they shall be limited, that they shall be guarded, that their power for evil shall be made as small as possible. We have a right to expect that the streets of this city shall be safe for a woman alone any hour of any day or any night. We have a right to ask that; and it is possible.

We have a right to ask that the police and the govern-

ing authorities of the city shall not discriminate, shall not foster these things, shall not make money out of them. Think of it! Coining a man's integrity, coining a woman's honor, and getting rich and driving in the avenue, and going into good society, on this kind of devilment!

There are no words on the face of the earth forcible enough, red-hot enough, vile enough, to characterize what every man knows was the actual condition of things under Tammany in this city in regard to these matters. Every man knows it who knows anything, who has paid any attention to it.

There will be gambling; but when there is a particular gambling house which is protected by the police outside, away up here somewhere, so that, although they go through the form of sending men to raid it, from this mysterious, higher seat of authority there goes a warning, so that by the time the raiding party arrives it is as quiet and respectable as a prayer-meeting,—that is not quite the way to manage such things among decent and honorable people.

When it is known perfectly well that young girls are systematically betrayed and ruined, and the police protect those that do it, and make money out of it, and pass that money from hand to hand up to the high authorities that sit in respectable places and go into good society,—that is not quite the way to treat vice, because, forsooth, it cannot be immediately eradicated.

And so in regard to intemperance. Everybody knows that all these things could be carried on to almost any extent if a man had money and was willing to pay. They have been made the source of income for these men who have grown infamously rich out of the morals, out of the hearts, out of the brains, out of the lives, as well as out of the pockets, of the people of New York.

Do you want this thing to come back again? As I said, the condition is not perfect even yet; it is not likely

to be, if we continue the reform government in power; it will not be perfect at the end of the next two years.—I never expect to see it perfect, however long I may live.

But, as self-respecting, decent men, we can do what is possible to us to put these shameful things a little out of sight, to restrict them, to make them smaller and less in their power for evil; and, after all, in God's name, we can keep from voting for the scoundrels who make money out of them. We can guard the good name of the city, we can help create a higher and nobler type of civilization; and, if there is anything on the face of the earth that the Church is for, and this is not it, then, if I can find it out and be satisfied of it, I will leave the Church, and join some more respectable organization.

Dear Father, we thank Thee that we can gain at least glimpses of the truth, that we can set our faces towards it, that we can take at least halting steps towards its attainment, that we can put the evil behind us, and grow in light and in power and in love and in service. Amen.

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SERVETUS AND THE CHURCH.

A Three Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary.

I HAVE taken as my text from the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to Luke part of the forty-seventh verse,—"Ye build the tombs of the prophets, and your fathers killed them."

On Tuesday morning next, the 27th of October, it will be three hundred and fifty years since Calvin killed Servetus at Geneva. It is very strange—is it not?—that the world had to exist so long before the time came when it was safe for man to speak out the truth as he saw it and understood it.

On next Tuesday a strange thing is to happen,—something the like of which, so far as I know, has never occurred before in the history of the world. A granite monument is to be dedicated,—a monument of expiation,—not by the followers of Servetus, not by those who hold the ideas of which he during his lifetime was an expositor: the movement is headed by the biographer and admirer of Calvin.

The Fraternal Committee of the Reformed Churches in France, the Permanent Committee of the Non-official General Synod, and the Geneva Association of Ministers are the ones actively engaged in this. They have sent out their appeal all over the world, inviting contributions from those who are interested in the matter.

In dedicating this monument, they do not at all declare that they do not agree with Calvin's ideas, his doctrinal opinions: they do not declare that they agree with the opinions of Servetus. It is in recognition of the great

fundamental principle of Protestantism,—the right of private judgment. It is to declare their sorrow that that right was denied three hundred and fifty years ago. It is to assert their belief in the permanency of that right, and their joy that at last it is recognized.

I shall have but little to say about the personality of Servetus. He was a Spaniard; and he was forty-three years old when he was burned. Like many another at that day, he was a scholar in a good many different departments of human investigation. He was interested in mathematics and in law; he had studied and practised medicine. We remember him because he was interested in the study of the Bible and in theological debates.

He had already been imprisoned once at Basle, and had been released or had escaped. He had published a book in which he had declared that he could not believe in the doctrine of the Trinity. He made two main points: he said it was not the doctrine of the New Testament and it was not a doctrine held or taught by the early Church Fathers. This book of course, at such a time, raised a storm of controversy and opposition.

Among others, Servetus opened a correspondence with Calvin. Calvin at this time was the dictator of Geneva, dictating the policy of its civil government as well as controlling the policy of its churches.

Calvin at first replied to him in good temper, and with earnestness; but, when he found that he could not convince his opponent of the errors of his opinions, he seems to have become angry.

About this time Servetus wished to visit Geneva; and he wrote to Calvin, and asked for a safe conduct. This Calvin refused; and in a letter to Farel, one of the leaders of the Reformation, he said that, if Servetus did come to Geneva, he should never leave the place alive if he could help it. Whether Servetus knew of this threat or whether, knowing of it, he did not believe that it would

be carried out, I am not aware. At any rate, he took his life in his hands, and went to Geneva.

He stayed there for about a month. His purpose was to pass on from there, and make a home for himself in Naples; but a day or two before he intended to leave the city he was recognized, and arrested and thrown into prison. A speedy trial was held; and he was condemned to the stake.

Then the record says—and no wonder—that the young man was shaken to his very soul, and that he pleaded for pardon. This was denied him. He did have the opportunity of saving his life if he would recant, if he would deny his sacred opinions. This, however, he refused to do; and so the next day, on a hill beyond the rivers,—it was then outside of the city, but is now enclosed within its limits,—he was burned at the stake.

Some years ago, when I was there, I sought out the place, and tried to picture the scene, and wondered as to whether or not I should have had the courage to feel the fires kindling, the flesh crisp and crackling, and to wait slowly for a death of agony, for the sake of a conviction. I am glad I am not obliged to decide that question.

Now we must not judge Calvin too harshly. We must rather try to understand the feeling and the temper of the age. Why was a man at that time burned to death for his religious opinion? There are three or four considerations that we need to note, in order not to be unjust to the people who lived at that time.

In the first place, Calvin believed with his whole soul that he was in possession of an infallible record of God's truth, and that that truth was binding on everybody, and that the people who did not accept it were not merely ignorant, they were contumacious, they were wicked,—it was the moral evil of their hearts which set them against the truth of God. He believed he had this truth, and that his interpretation of it was the right one. That is the first point you must remember.

Next, try to carry yourselves back, if you can, and appreciate what was meant by the Holy Roman Empire. This carried with it two ideas. It had existed for hundreds of years; and the shadow of it lasted down to the time of Napoleon. It means one empire, including the civilized Christian world, with one emperor supreme over all: it meant one spiritual empire, with the pope as spiritual emperor, supreme over all; and it never occurred to the minds of the people of that age to question, not only the right, but the duty, of the secular empire to enforce the decrees of the spiritual overlord.

This for hundreds of years had been commonplace in the thoughts of the people of Europe. This was the atmosphere which Calvin breathed. He had indeed broken with the great spiritual empire under the pope; but he believed he had done it in the interests of a clearer perception of truth. He believed in a spiritual empire just as much, only the pope and his followers held certain ideas which were not true,—those which he held and which were true, as he conceived it, were none the less binding.

A third thing you must remember; and that is that almost from the beginning of the world until that time—and we have not quite outgrown it yet—there was a theory of corporate responsibility which was generally held. To illustrate what I mean: Go back, and read some of the stories in the Old Testament. You will find there that a man is guilty of sacrilege, or he commits some great crime. Who is punished? He alone? He is punished; but his wife and his children, and his cattle and his goods,—everything belonging to him is destroyed. To punish the individual is not enough: everybody connected with him is supposed to be implicated in the guilt.

David on one occasion is represented as taking a census of his people against the will of God. It implied a dis-

trust of the readiness of God to help him. He wanted to find out what his earthly resources were. Who is punished for it,—David? Thousands of the people of Israel are slain on account of David's sin.

This idea of corporate responsibility constitutes the very corner-stone of all the old Christian theology. Adam sinned. Who was punished,—Adam alone? No, everybody is punished: all his children, to the last generation of time, share in the guilt. This was the idea.

So it was believed at the time of Calvin that not only would a heretic fall under the wrath of God, and be punished, but that the people who permitted the heresy would be punished, too. When, for example, the Moors were driven out of Spain, it was not simply because the Spanish hated the Moors,—that was not all. They were heretics; and the people were taught by the priests to believe that, if they allowed these heretics to live in Spain, the country, the whole nation, would have to suffer, be punished for it.

And so at the time of Calvin it was the universal belief that not only would the heretic fall under the wrath of God and be punished, but that the people who permitted the heresy would be punished also. So it was a matter of self-defence, as they looked at it, as well as of the punishment of the offender.

Then there was still another point. It was believed that heresy led, not only to disorder, to schism, to breaking up the unity of the Church in this world, but that it meant eternal punishment for the heretic in the next. It meant also that this eternal punishment would be shared by all who were infected by this heresy.

Do you not see, then, in what direction mercy lay, according to the ideas which were dominant at that time? Be merciful to Servetus,—yes, and what would that mean? It would mean not only his punishment in hell forever: it would mean endangering the eternal salvation of the

souls of all the people that should become infected by the heresy of Servetus.

From Calvin's point of view, then, it was not cruelty,—it was mercy—to get rid of the heretic, and stop the spread of the contagion.

I am saying these things, not to justify Calvin, but in order to enable you to put yourselves in his place, accept his point of view, and understand him.

So Servetus was burned. But did Calvin stop the contagion? What did he do? He hindered for a while the progress of God's truth,—that was all; for now let us see what has happened since his time.

Calvinism is so faded out of the real belief, the thought of the world, that I doubt if there is a person in this audience who could tell me what it means. The "five points of Calvin" which were the centre and meaning of it all are dried now, like an ancient fossil; and you will find them only in some old theological museum. Let me tell you in very brief fashion what they were,—what were the five points that constituted Calvinism.

First was Moral Inability; that is, as the result of the fall, every man and woman and child on the earth was morally unable to do right.

The next point was Particular Election; that is, each person on the face of the earth who was going to be saved was selected and set apart to that end.

The third point was Effectual Calling; that is, he would be called by the Spirit in such a way that he would be obliged to respond, to heed and follow the call.

The fourth was Irresistible Grace; that is, God would extend his grace to this elected person in such a way that he could not resist it, would be obliged to accept and become a Christian.

And the fifth point was Final Perseverance. After he had been selected and called, he would be kept, not allowed to fall away, until he was finally saved in the next world.

What has become of Calvinism? Which has triumphed, Calvin or Servetus? Calvinism has practically died out of the vital belief of the world. The great positions on which Calvin insisted, those which were threatened by the ideas of Servetus, have been won at last by the principles for which Servetus stood.

Calvin believed in an absolutely infallible revelation of truth, and that he had a correct idea of what that revelation was. That thought has passed away from the world. Nobody to-day, except theoretically the Catholic Church, holds any such idea. At any rate, no free scholar holds it.

This Bible we reverence and love as the grandest body of religious literature on the face of the earth; but the scholarship of Germany, of France, of Italy, of Holland, of England, of America to-day, and all its leading representatives, come to the study of this Bible as they do to the study of any other matter whatsoever, applying the law of reason, historical criticism, all the canons by which truth is supposed to be discovered or judged in any other department of human thought and life.

Calvin ought to have learned better by studying what Luther was doing. Luther, the great leader of the Reformation, was criticising the Bible, selecting certain parts of it as worthy to belong to the canon, rejecting other parts as unworthy, asserting the right of private judgment and the dominance of human reason in the light of history and experience as the guide for the attainment of truth.

Then, again, another great thing which Calvin contended for has passed away. The theory of the Trinity which Calvin held hardly exists any longer, even in those Churches which still bear the name Trinitarian. It is enough, then, to say in general that Calvin only delayed for a little while the triumph of those principles for which Servetus, the great Unitarian heretic, contended.

They have triumphed at last in the scholarship of the world. To-day it is merely a question of intelligence and time.

You are aware of the fact that it is not enough for a thing to be established as true. The people must find it out: they must outgrow their prejudices. You must give them time to reconstruct their thinking and to get into accord with the new truth. This is always a slow and difficult process.

But you may be sure of one thing: what the scholarship of the world has settled to-day must be popular opinion to-morrow, when the people are intelligent enough to have found out what has taken place and have had time to readjust their thinking in the light of the new truth.

This is the way the world advances, always, in every department of human life. Some man thinks and discovers something new, and is looked on with suspicion. He is abused, he is maltreated, he is cast out; but, if it is true, by and by it is recognized, other people accept it, and then, when it is too late for him to know about it, come the recognition and the honor.

A triumph, then, of the principles represented by Servetus—the right of private judgment and the main opinions which he held, not necessarily in the form in which he held them—are to-day commonplaces in the scholarship of the world.

But note another point. Calvin believed that he was fighting for religion, for God's truth, for the welfare of men. What has resulted during the three hundred and fifty years which have passed since his day? Has religion suffered? Is the world less religious? Has any harm been done by the triumph of the belief and the principles for which Servetus stood?

We are obliged, as we look over the face of society, to confess that precisely the opposite is true. Religion

has grown to more and more; and humanity is unspeakably better in every department of its life than it was at the time when Calvin tried to hold the world still at the point which it had attained to at that time and prevent any further advance.

There never was a period since the beginning of man when truth was so cared for as it is to-day,—not merely truth as to religious aspects of life, but truth in science, in every department of the universe. Thousands and thousands of men, where there were tens in those days, have consecrated themselves to-day to the pursuit of truth, forgetting fame, forgetting to be selfish, forgetting to care for money, forgetting to care for social position,—devoting themselves to the tireless search for truth.

Was there ever a time in the history of the world when there was such a recognition of the principle of human brotherhood as to-day? Was there ever such sensitiveness to the wrongs of any one that can be called human, anywhere on the face of the earth? When you notice the storms of criticism that fill the papers over the slaughter of Jews in Russia, or of the abuse of the Filipinos, or of injury done to anybody, anywhere, under any sky, remember it does not mean that people are more cruel now than they used to be, that there is more of this injury going on than there used to be. It means a hundredfold more sensitiveness to it: it means that what used to pass unnoticed, public opinion to-day will no longer bear. That is what it means: it means an increase in tenderness and sympathy and human brotherhood.

There never was a time in the history of the world when there was so much practical love as between man and man, when there was so much of helpfulness, when there were so many millions of dollars ready to answer any appeal for the help of human need. There never was a time when essential Christianity had such power

over the world as it has to-day; for, if Christianity means anything, it means, not the five points of Calvin, it means not the infallibility of the Bible, it means no particular dogma concerning the personality of Jesus,—it means the Fatherhood of God, it means the Brotherhood of Men. It means love instead of hate, it means sympathy and tenderness and human help. The triumph of Christianity means the triumph of these ideals.

That which Calvin feared, then, has not come to pass. Rather, the triumph of the things which he thought threatened Christianity has meant a great advance in the life and the reign of real Christianity among men.

Now there is another side of this great question to which I wish to ask your attention for a little while. At last we have won our freedom. Let me recall your attention once more to the point I hinted at the outset,—that it is so strange, so strange that it has taken the world three or four hundred thousand years to reach the point where it is supposed to be safe to let another man say what he thinks.

Consider how marvellous it is. But we have reached that point at last, in the main,—not quite. We have won the right before the law to hold our opinions and utter them or print them as we please,—we have won that right before the law.

That we call "toleration"; but the world will not be completely civilized until we get beyond toleration. I do not want to be tolerated. I consider it an insult for any man to say, I am willing to tolerate you, and let you express your ideas. We shall never be civilized until the world comes to the point of freely and frankly recognizing the right of any man to think as he must and freely to speak his opinions, whatever they may be.

Is it not true still that the most of us think a great many people are very queer who differ from us? We do not like them quite as well, no matter how sweet and true

their personality may be. Since I have been in New York, a lady came to me to ask my opinion as to whether it was really the thing for her to do to invite a man socially to her house after she found out that he did not believe in a future life.

I say we are not quite civilized yet, sufficiently so to concede to every man a perfect right to think as he must and to speak freely his opinions. We have won the right before the law; but we still have to pay, not Servetus's martyrdom, but another kind. People with certain opinions are not treated as quite fit to enter sacred places. They are not permitted to take part in certain sacred functions on account of their ideas. Every little while a man is turned out of some chair which he occupies as professor in some institution because of his theological belief. Several times within the last ten or fifteen years men have been turned out of positions in colleges because it was found that they were evolutionists; and every sane and sensible and half-educated man to-day, if he knows what he is talking about, has to be an evolutionist.

We have won our right to our opinions, and to our freedom of speech, within certain limits; but have we along with that learned what our freedom is for? Freedom is of no account except as an opportunity. Freedom is something to be used. No wonder that, when a man is first set free, he merely exults in it for a time, and exercises his limbs and faculties for the sake of exercising them; but that is not what liberty is for. Liberty is only an opportunity for some high, significant, noble service.

Another point: I said a little while ago that I was glad nobody put me to the test to find out as to whether I should be willing to die for a conviction. But, at any rate, we can admire and love and reverence those men who have believed in such high and mighty and noble a fashion as that pain and imprisonment and torture, and even life, were as nothing in the presence of the truth.

When I look at one of these men and see how imprudent they were, I am overwhelmed with reverence. Those verses which were taught me by Mr. Collyer come to me over and over again when I think of Giordano Bruno, of Latimer and Ridley, when I think of Servetus, of the hundreds of those who cared more for truth than they did for life.

Servetus was imprudent. He might have saved his life in either of two ways: he might have kept away from Geneva; he might have told a little lie after he was arrested, and then taken it back again after he had escaped. But those verses:—

"Oh, a noble thing is prudence,
And they are useful friends
Who never make beginnings
Until they see the ends.

"But give me now and then a man,—
And I will make him king,—
Just to take the consequence,
And just to do the thing."

Can we not reverence, honor, admire, the man who three hundred and fifty years ago was willing to be burned rather than to tell a lie?—burned as a witness to what he believed to be a great truth, that touched the welfare and the growth of the world.

We admire a man like Nathan Hale, who said that his only regret was that he had only one life to give to his country. We admire such men; but, friends, have we learned to appreciate the debt we owe them, and to be loyal to the principles for which they fought and suffered and died? How many of us here in modern America so little appreciate the greatness of the gift which these men wrought out and bestowed upon us that we let any little slight matter of convenience lead us to be untrue to what they gave their lives for!

These free churches of ours, that it has taken the world three or four hundred thousand years to grow up to, and that have cost tears and imprisonment and torture and fire and blood,—a little matter of convenience makes us untrue to them, makes us go back to the representatives of those churches which were the persecutors and oppressors. We do not understand, we do not appreciate. We are not loyal: we do not know what these things are worth.

There is one other thought. Every heresy is not of necessity a new truth; but every new truth is a heresy. Did you ever stop to think that the world has gone forward merely by means of heresies? In every department of thought and life it is true. A certain body of truth has been discovered, and recognized; and people have settled upon it as though that were the end. Little minds are always very easily and very quickly made up; and they do not like to be unmade again. They do not wish to be disturbed. They do not wish to be compelled to reconstruct their theories of things; and so you will hear people on every hand say, Perhaps this thing is true, but I like my ideas, and I do not propose to be troubled by having any new ones.

But note that every step the world has ever taken ahead has been because some man has discovered a new truth, and has compelled the world to reconstruct its theories and find room for it.

I have quoted them a great many times, but they are so true I wish to quote them again,—those words of Lowell:—

"By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back;
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned."

Every new idea is not necessarily a new truth; but every new truth is a heresy. It disturbs people; but out of the discovery of these new truths comes all the world's growth.

What shall we do, then? Reverence and honor and love these men who have paid such a price for our freedom and for the truth that we this day enjoy. But, on the peril of your souls, do not turn these men into shibboleths, do not in their name forbid a new step in the world's advance.

Even before Channing died, he warned the people that there was beginning to grow up a Unitarian orthodoxy; and thousands of Unitarians I have met all over the country claim to be particularly good, and say, We are Channing Unitarians.

Channing would have repudiated with bitterness and wrath any such use of his name. If there ever was a man utterly free, forward-looking, ready for the acceptance of new truth, come from whatever quarter it might, that man was Channing.

We are not to honor Channing, then, by repeating, parrot-like, what he said, the truths which he discovered and recognized: we honor him by doing to-day what he would do to-day with our light and our opportunity.

When a new truth comes, how shall we feel about it? Do you not remember that wonderful fragment from a sonnet of Keats? It illustrates the point I have in mind. He had made a literary discovery, and he said,—

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific,—and all his men
> Looked at each other with a wild surmise,—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

When a new truth sweeps into our ken, we are to bow before it as a new step taken in the revelation of God

to his children; we are to be loyal to the truth, so far as we see it; we are to keep our ears attentive to hear any fresh word spoken out of God's sweet heavens; we are to keep our eyes alert for the coming of any new ray of light that may show us how to take the next step in advance.

Father, we thank Thee for Thy Christ, who cared more for the truth than for his life. We thank Thee for the thousands of others who have followed in his steps, and who in the same natural way and with the same loving devotion have been willing to give their lives for the truth. Let us be at least a little worthy of these; and, if we are not called on to give our lives, let us at least give a little trouble, a little thought, a little effort, a little money, a little consecration, to that which cost them everything and which is worth everything to the world. Amen.

MICHAEL SERVETUS.

AN EXPIATORY MONUMENT.

Sir,— October 27, next, will be the 350th anniversary of the day on which Michael Servetus died at the stake at Champel.

The execution of the unfortunate Spaniard was an act of intolerance, directly opposed to the true principles of the Reformation and of the Gospel.

We are desirous of publicly expressing our regret at this act, and seize this opportunity of most emphatically affirming our steadfast adhesion to the principle of the liberty of conscience, which was so very much ignored in the sixteenth century, both by churches and public authorities.

The proposal which we are submitting to you has had for one of its chief promoters Professor Doumergue, of Montauban, the historian of Calvin. It has been approved in principle, in France by the Fraternal Committee of the Reformed Churches, and by the Permanent Committee of the Non-official General Synod; at Geneva by the Association of Ministers. It has been duly considered by a committee comprising men of all shades of reformed Protestantism, who have unanimously agreed on the text of the inscription which appears below.

Our object is to erect at Champel, as near as possible to the spot where the execution took place (No. 6, Chemin de Beau-Séjour), a monumental block of granite, bearing the two following inscriptions:—

ON OCTOBER THE 27TH, 1553,
DIED AT THE STAKE AT CHAMPEL,
MICHAEL SERVETUS,
OF VILLENEUVE, D'ARAGON,
BORN SEPTEMBER 29TH, 1511.

REVERENT AND GRATEFUL SONS
OF CALVIN,
OUR GREAT REFORMER,
BUT CONDEMNING
AN ERROR WHICH WAS THAT OF HIS AGE,
AND STEADFASTLY ADHERING
TO LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE
ACCORDING TO THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF
THE REFORMATION AND OF THE GOSPEL,
WE HAVE ERECTED THIS EXPIATORY
MONUMENT,
ON THE 27TH OCTOBER, 1903.

The realization of this scheme will entail an expense of at least 5,000 francs (£200). We are hoping to receive contributions, however small, from Protestants of all shades of theology, from churches, from official and non-official bodies, in short, from all sincere friends of the Reformation and of the Gospel, who are devoted to the principles of the liberty of conscience and of religious liberty; that is to say, from all Protestants. In fact, the more numerous the participators in this proposed manifestation are, the better shall we be enabled to say, "The whole Protestant community repudiate this execution, this act of intolerance."

We beg you, sir, urgently to favor us with your support by returning the enclosed note signed and accompanied by a promise to subscribe.

THE COMMITTEE.

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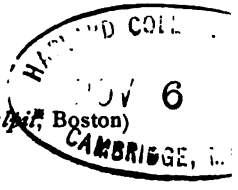

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WORKING AND RESTING.

"And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."—MARK vi. 31.

I THINK it is true beyond all question that to rest well may be as good and true in its own time and degree as to work well, while no doubt the time when we are most diligent seems to be our best estate. So that it is seldom quite clear that, when the true time comes for resting, we do as good service earthward and heavenward when we rest as when we are most busy.

In this land and time especially we are rather prone to conclude that to *do* nothing is to *be* nothing in the sum of our busy life. It is as if we should do nothing in the rapids of the St. Lawrence in a boat alone. The swift, strong motion of the life all about us overcomes us, so that the gracious word "contemplation" seems as strange to us as Sanskrit, and we scan the very heavens to find out how many miles the planets manage to do in a day. So "Work while it is day" is the watchword of our age, and it is always day.

Time means now the time to do things, while our creed rests and turns on the profit or loss. The old fight between faith and works has been fought out, as it seems to me; and faith in work rules the day, so that the most pregnant lines in "The Psalm of Life" are,—

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate."

Nor is this to be wondered at when you note how the worth of work well done confronts you wherever you turn, and how nature and the good providence forever urge you on to work. From the care of a garden to the culture of a state, and of the mother for the home and the children's garments to the mills of a commonwealth, from teaching in the common school to the education of the republic, always and everywhere the voice is heard crying, "Work out your own salvation."

The flowers you left in bloom over night are in peril this morning from the things that blight and devour. The garments of your boys, trim and whole when the school calls, are a sight to see at bed-time; and, while you forget to teach your boy some good lesson, he has learned a bad one. Many years ago the machines in the mills of a town to the eastward were as good and up to date as could be made in the yesterdays; but meanwhile a sister town had started machines that held all the worth of to-day, and so she must have them also, or take a poorer place. She got them, and came to the front again; and so it is that everywhere you find this to be the truth in our earthward providence as in the heavenward. All things work together for good when we all work together.

> "For so man toils and cares,
> And still through toil can learn great nature's frame,
> Till he can almost tame brute mischiefs,
> And can touch invisible strings
> Turning all warring things to purposes of good."

Once more, you can note how the genius of work well done is so handsome, and has so much to say for herself, compared with—shall I say?—her twin sister rest, that she takes us captive by her spell, and will admit no doubt to touch her supremacy. To see the homes crisp and bright as a new silver dollar because the good house-mother can never rest with a thing out of place or a

film of dust on it, with full and plenty in hall and cottage because the husband and father is hard at work year in and year out, with never a thought of resting: to see the farms, the forges, and the factories teem with the fine output because those who hold them in trust give their days, and nights, not seldom,—yes, and their Sundays,—in planning what shall be done, and done to the best purpose; to see a church full of men and women at work because the minister himself perhaps is a tireless worker, and knows how to keep his people at work also,—when we see all this, how can we doubt the supremacy of the good twin sister who holds us in her spell?

Yet I eat no word I have said—and I have said a great many in these twenty-four years of my ministry in this church—when I would fain say some word for the supreme worth of rest as well as of such work. For beautiful to me is the activity which works for good from the lowest lines of our industries to the highest; and then beautiful is the rest which only waits for good, and finds treasure of life and life's worth in the waiting. I may say—in no boasting spirit, I trust—that from the time when I was eight years old to the time, seven years ago, when my dear brother came to be our minister, I worked in one way or another to the line of my power, and in both the work and the rest have learned this lesson: that there are times when we should be "glad because we be quiet," when with the tribe in the Holy Book our "strength is to sit still," when the strong motion and the strong emotion which holds us and spurs us on should be over and done with for a spell, when we may lay aside, if we can, the stress of toil and say, because we need the rest and must have it, we will try to forget for a season how much we are needed among the workers, and be glad not alone that we are doing nothing, but that until the bell taps for our return we have nothing to do; for this may well be a holy quiet to the manhood and

womanhood I hold in my mind, the right of Nature she will never forego, while it may come true that just to obey her bidding is one of the best investments we can make of our time.

I remember a good friend many years ago in the West, a pioneer in the region of Cooper's "Oak Openings,"—one of these busy men who would work with no rest week-days and Sundays,—Sundays in the church, of course,—who told me he had taken not a day's rest for more than thirty years, but one day he was taken captive by the thought that he would take a day off, wander away to the hills and sun his heart in the sweet silence and the rest. So the very next morning he went on his way, rejoicing, to the uplands, and lay down among the fern near a cluster of small lakes. And in the blessed afternoon, as he lay with his face on the fern, lifting his head resting on his hands, he saw in a swift glance that some of these lakes could be tapped for his mill, and could be used to tide him over the summer drought, which had been a trouble to him, and a loss. The work had been done long before he told me the story, and had answered to a charm; and I said, "Old friend, you will believe, I trust, in the worth of resting now and then, as a first-rate business investment." And the incident suggests the thought of the way springs and fountains may be opened to our quietness we clean miss in our cares. And, standing more than once on a headland, on Nantucket, above the ocean where, they told me, the waters stretched clear away without a break to Lisbon, I saw how sometimes the blue waters would melt away into the azure heavens, full of innocent dimples that touched me as if the great sea was laughing with content. And then, again, I would stand there when the waters would surge and leap into white foam against the great calm cliffs, and noticed besides that on the still waters and in them rested the clear sun. In the

tumbling tides I saw only the broken lights: there was a swift shining on the edges, but not in the deeps,—a stormful grandeur, but no sense for me of the quiet winsome beauty.

And so, I think, there are quiet souls that drink in and mirror forth the light, as the still sea drinks in and mirrors forth the sunshine. Men, like Hawthorne, who for doing things, as we understand the term, are, it may be, like to starve. Hawthorne had a brain, I have read, as large as Webster's; but, because he had the still soul, there were times when it was hard to win bread for his wife and children. But what a wealth was born of the stillness! and where in this New World will you find his match in the work he was selected from on high to do? And Tennyson lounges and dreams in Lincolnshire, doing no thing well worth the doing in the early years, while the seed sown secretly must reveal the blade in due time, then the ear, and ripen to the harvest of his genius gathered and garnered when the call came to "cross the bar," and find the rest that remains.

And now we come to the words I read for my text from the heart of the Master,—"Come ye yourselves into the desert apart, and rest awhile." He had sent out the little band to preach the gospel, heal the sick and cast out devils; and they have returned to report how they had fared. There is no hint from them that they needed a rest; but he must have known they were tired, no matter whether this was clear to him through the fever or the chill in their eyes and the timbre of the voice. So he bids them go into the desert, and rest awhile; for, if they do not rest now, they will not be able to work when they must to a fair and true purpose. He knows that virtue in the form of energy and efficacy to preach the gospel, heal the sick and cast out devils, is no longer in them, the wells of salvation have run low, and must have the time and space to fill again; while,

it may be, they are not aware of this any more than we are when the fever to still be up and doing usurps the throne of our primal strength, and we drop in our tracks.

I said to one of the most eminent ministers in this city, who was suddenly struck down with paralysis some years ago, "How is this?" and he answered with a moan, "For four years I have had to flog myself to my work." We would meet on the Sunday morning on our way to our churches, and exchange good greetings. He was only in his later middle age,—the dear good brother; but this was the end of all his labor under the sun. He died of overwork. So we must not doubt the Master was aware of the peril from the work, not alone for his friends, but for himself, when, as we are told in the Gospels, this virtue of energy and efficacy, the salt of our human life, had gone out of him, and he must steal away by himself alone, when he came to the dead wall,—steal away to the lake or the hills or the quietness of some desert place, to rest from the labor and the care, let the beauty of the earth and the glory of the heavens touch his heart, note the flowers at his feet and listen to the birds in full song, drink deep at the fountains of re-creation and be aware that he was not alone, for the Father was with him. Was he by pre-eminence *the* preacher? There were times when he would say no word because no word came to him from the Father that he must say. Was he the healer pouring out his life for the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind? There were times when he was powerless to make good his own gospel,—"I have come that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly." The springs in his life also must have time to fill, and the wells of salvation to run strong and clear.

And, as it was then, so it is now. Your true minister, no matter of what church, must have his time for rest and re-creation, or the day comes when overwork will

have him on the hip; and so this is a wise and most gracious usage in all the churches in our great cities, especially where the demands on the minister are so intense and potent, that their minister shall rest in the fervent heat of our summers, that he may return to us glad and strong for the work which waits to be done. While no better reason can be given than this which lies in the tender suggestion and command of the Master,—"Come ye yourselves into the desert apart, and rest awhile."

You may have read the story of the man who dreamed he was dead, and, going up to the gates of heaven, found them closed with this notice: "Closed for the summer, the Saviour gone away on his vacation." The dream does not meet and tie. When he was with us in this world, he was subject not alone to our infirmities, but to our limitations, as we have seen,—made in fashion as a man, and not in heaven, but on the earth. So we must cancel the impact of the dream.

It is a wise and gracious ordinance, again, for the church as well as for the minister; and so I love to remember what my dear father in the faith said to me about the close of half a century in his ministry to the one church,—what a delight it was to return from his vacation, rested and refreshed, and to notice how his people were glad to hear him as he was to preach, because they were also rested from much hearing as he was from much speaking, and would answer to his delight, as face answers to face in a glass. The boon of silence had been good for them all. The sermons were not a repetition now, but a revelation fresh as the morning and the morning dew. The dear father did not say this, and there was no need he should; but I could guess the truth,—that the true men and women he held by the heart's love had gone forth bearing the treasure of his wisdom and grace with them, so that there was no dream for them

of the closed heavens with the notice on the gate. They had dwelt with Him—while they rested—

> "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the heart of man."

And, again, if I may speak from the heart of the truth, after forty-four years of this ministry in the two churches, the minister does not leave the church, as it dwells in the heart of his people, when he goes away into the silence. He takes it with him, and finds time and space while he rests to measure the worth of his work by the standards of the eternal truth, and to find if he has been faithful to his trust. It was found in the early days of the iron steamers that the compass did not point true to the pole-star because they were themselves the mightier magnet. There may well be such a magnet, powerful and predominant in the intimate fellowship of the church and the minister, so that he shall be in danger, for very love of his own, of asking what will please them rather than what holy truth he must them tell, whether they will hear or forbear, so that his sermons shall be like the manna in the wilderness we read of,—"the taste was like the taste of fresh oil." So we may be tempted to say smooth things that will touch you as a wisp of silk, when the demand is instant and imperative that the word shall cut like steel or burn like fire.

But he shall go into a desert place, and in the rest and isolation from his work he shall have time and space to note the drift, and become God's free man again,—free from the magnet of the many whose very love and care may make him less true to his trust; and then his absence shall be of more worth than his presence until the times comes for his return. The work of the true minister as well as the true poet rests and turns on the inspiration, the life, and the truth he gathers, as Israel

gathered the manna fresh every morning. He shall be like a full honeycomb rather than a sponge, or as one who drops a bucket into an empty well, while who shall know so surely as those who hear him when the bucket scrapes on the sand, and he preaches because he has to say something rather than has something to say.

If he is the man I hold in my mind, the time comes in his quiet isolation when there is no need to wait for the new life and inspiration, because these wait for him, so that, when he returns, he shall speak to the purest and noblest purpose,—yes, and mark well the line between the seen and temporal and the unseen and eternal. For we may still be busy trying to prove that the sun stood still over Gibeon and the moon over the valley of Ajalon, and forget that the Most High holds the constellations in the hollow of His hand, binds the sweet influences of the Pleiades, looseth the bands of Orion, bringeth forth Mazzorath in his season, and guides Arcturus with his suns. But we pass into the sweet silences of the mother nature, and the still small voice whispers, "You must not misspend your time over the old myths and legends to brace up beliefs which are doomed to dissolution as the leaves are that in the autumn clothe the woodlands in vestures of gold."

And no true minister comes back from his rest to his work again who does not feel away down in his heart that the church is the great factor, not the man. He is here for a day,—nay, for a moment,—in the grand march of the millenniums; but the church of the living God abides, under all names, the faithful and true witness.

> "Our little systems have their day;
> They have their day, and cease to be";

but the church of the living God is immortal.

And you will be sure, finally, that I have been moved to say this word for the brotherhood, not for myself;

for most welcome my rest has been these seven years since my brother came, while still he must increase, and will, but I must decrease. Nine years ago I said, "You must find a younger and an abler man." You found him, and filled my heart with a joy which has only grown sweeter and deeper year by year; and I am still glad to be with you and do the little I can do,—stand with him shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart, while I am sure he will say Amen to these last words:—

"This would we be, and would none other be
But loyal-hearted servants of our God.
And we would always say this simple prayer
For all mankind, that they may find His grace,
That no true hope may ever touch despair,—
Prayer for the help of those that go astray,
His comfort unto those who are afflicted,
His mercy unto all that have offended,
And help to all, that all may be amended."

NOTE.

This sermon was prepared for the first Sunday after the summer vacation, when I usually open the church before Mr. Savage returns A great personal sorrow prevented my doing this; but it seemed best to preach the sermon now with this note, which will account for some references which might otherwise seem mistimed.

ROBERT COLLYER.

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THINGS I HAVE NOT DONE.

My text may be found in the twenty-fifth chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew, a part of the forty-fifth verse,—"Inasmuch as ye did it not."

There is one striking feature of the Bible which seems to me not to have been sufficiently regarded. Some of its severest condemnations are not for crimes committed, for visible evils wrought, but for—nothing, or for doing or saying nothing at all. Let us review briefly a few illustrations.

In the Book of Revelation there are certain special churches referred to, and messages delivered to them. One is the church in Laodicea; and it is held up to bitter condemnation forever. Why? For being lukewarm, for being nothing in particular. The writer goes on to say that he wishes that it had been something, even if it had been evil,—that would have been a more hopeful case—"either cold or hot"; but it is condemned for being nothing.

In the Acts of the Apostles we have a picture of one Gallio, a Roman official, before whom some of the disciples were brought for trial. Gallio lived at perhaps the most important crisis epoch of the past, when greatest causes were at issue. He did not comprehend, he did not take the trouble to comprehend: he gave the matter no consideration, he cared for none of those things; and so Gallio stands pilloried throughout the ages as the type of a man who did not take the trouble to know and to care.

There was a certain self-righteous man, Jesus tells us, who went into the temple to pray. There is no char-

acter in the New Testament, I suppose, who is looked upon with less favor than he. What had he done? Had he committed any crimes? Not at all: he boasts that he has not. He says: I have not done anything wrong. I have committed no adultery, I have not stolen, I have not done this, I have not done that. I am not even like this common publican. He stands there condemned for pride in that he had not done anything.

Away back in the beginning of the Bible, in the Old Testament, is Eli, in charge of the service of Israel at the time when the prophet Samuel is a little boy. He is held up to the severest condemnation because, when his children went astray and did wrong, he did not correct them or try to lead them into the way of right. He did not teach them the wrong, he committed no overt act of evil he simply did not.

Let us go out on to the Jericho road for a moment. Here is a man who has been set upon by thieves. He has been robbed, stripped, wounded, and left on the highway half dead. A priest comes that way, a Levite is passing by: what do they do? Nothing. They do not rob him of any last remnant of property, if there was one that remained. They do not strike him a blow, commit any physical injury. They simply pass by on the other side, and leave him there. And yet no persons, I suppose, in all the Bible are more bitterly condemned to-day than they.

And it is a very remarkable thing, in my judgment, that Jesus should have used the words that are put upon his lips in describing the judgment scene. Did you ever note who they are that are on the right hand and on the left? Those on the right hand are the ones that did something,—that fed the hungry, gave a cup of water to the thirsty, clothed the naked, visited those that were sick or in prison,—who did something for humanity. No other qualification whatever is referred to. No be-

lief, no prayer, no church membership or church attendance,—none of these things is mentioned. They are the people who did something.

Who are they on the left hand? Not criminals, in the ordinary sense of the word. Nothing is said about their having been positively or overtly wicked. They are the people who did not. They did not give a cup of water to the thirsty, they did not visit the persons in prison or the sick, they did not feed the hungry, they did not clothe the naked. They are condemned for nothing at all, for being nothing at all, for doing nothing at all.

And there comes to my mind, as I speak, a remarkable poem of Kipling's. If you have not read it, do so. It is called "Tomlinson." Tomlinson dies, and goes into the other world. They will not receive him up yonder: they will not receive him down there. He is wanted nowhere. Why? There is not enough of him even to be saved or damned. He has never done anything. He is simply a reflection, an echo of other people's good deeds or bad.

And so he is sent back to his house in London to see whether he can develop enough individuality so that it is worth while to do anything with him either in a good world or a bad one.

It is a remarkable feature of the Bible, I say, that so many people are condemned for not speaking, for not acting.

I ask you to review with me for a little while this morning some typical scenes and situations, that we may see the application of this principle in the modern world. I shall take such cases as you are all familiar with,—perhaps you may have played a part in some of them.

Here, for example, is a man in company,—may be an evening reception or at his club or with a knot of men on the street; but some friend of his or some man

that he knows about and respects is maligned, he is condemned, his character is assailed, or some action of his is misrepresented.

Now you happen to know enough about him to feel sure that the statements being made are incorrect,—they are at least exaggerated, the man is not what he is held up to be. Do you speak in his defence? Perhaps; perhaps not.

I have had some personal experiences—I will make this confession—when I have not spoken, and have been ashamed of it afterwards. I have wished I had. Perhaps I have persuaded myself that it was hardly worth while, or, possibly, the sentiment of those persons talking was so strong that I felt I should be laying myself under suspicion if I did speak, and put myself beside him who was being maligned. I do not think I have often failed in this way.

Cases like this are occurring frequently and on every hand. A word would set things right. A word, at any rate, if it did not turn back the current of malignity and misrepresentation, would help at least to deflect it, so that it would work less mischief: the man's character would stand clearer; and you, at any rate, would have put yourself on record as being brave enough to speak an unpopular word.

To give a concrete illustration of what I have in mind: I have known cases over and over again where Colonel Ingersoll has been bitterly attacked. Now I am not coming to the defence of Colonel Ingersoll: he does not need it. I do not altogether agree with Colonel Ingersoll's opinions; but there has been no more bitterly misrepresented man during the last fifty years than he,—and he was noble, true.

How many times have there been cases when he has been attacked in the presence of others, and people have kept still lest they should be supposed to share all of his ideas?

What is true of a man is true frequently of a cause. Some reform movement, some religious idea that is in advance of the time, is being misrepresented in the presence of other people, and, if you do not altogether share it, you are at least in general sympathy with it,—you believe that there is a big truth wrapped up in this movement, and that its serious consideration, at any rate, means an advance in the intellectual, moral, and spiritual life of the world.

But nearly all the people who are present look upon it with condemnation. Do you take the trouble to come to its defence or do you sit still, and let the current of opinion go wrong, injuring yourself, injuring these people who are misinformed and who need themselves to be enlightened? How much evil is wrought in the world concerning persons, ideas, causes, great world movements, simply by those who keep still, who do not speak, who are not courageous enough to bear the brunt of opposition and disfavor!

Then there are people who need help,—oh, how many of them! If here in New York we could only find out just the genuine cases; but there is one of the difficulties. People are coming to us for help, for material assistance, for guidance, to be helped to a situation, to be helped in some mental trouble, to be helped in the solution of some spiritual problem,—coming all the time.

What shall we do? I am not urging you to give time to those who on the face of the case are hopeless tramps; but there are cases where there is a doubt, a question,—you do not know whether they ought to be helped or not. What do you do? The chances are, nothing; for we get discouraged with the multitude of such applications.

And yet among these perhaps is some young man at the crisis of his career. An outstretched hand, a sympathetic word, may mean all the difference between success and disaster. Do we take the trouble to look into

the cases? We cannot, all of them; but do we as many as we might? Do we take the trouble to be sure that we are helping the right ones, or do we not, as is so frequently the case, give a little something or do a little something for everybody who comes along, right or wrong, because that is the easiest way? That, again, is only another way of doing nothing,—at least of not doing the right thing.

Then I have cases in mind like this: A man has a son who is grown up, and has not fulfilled his father's ideal. He is not willing to enter the profession or take up the business that his father has desired for him; and so there is a break. There are hard words. Perhaps the son has gone wrong, perhaps he has committed some outright evil deed, disgraced himself, disgraced the family, if such a thing can be. There is a break between the father and the son; and the son goes away, vowing that he will never return. Or the father tells him to go and never cross his threshold again.

After the breach has come, both of them think, each of them knows, that he has been wrong himself; for, friends, I do not believe that there has been a case from the beginning of the world until now when a son has gone wrong and the father has been altogether free from blame.

But they are separated. Both proud, neither of them is willing to speak,—to speak the word that might mean reconciliation, that might mean happiness in the old home again, that might mean freedom for the boy to come back. But the evil goes on because neither is willing to say the word.

Or, possibly, it is a husband and wife. They have had a falling out, they have had a misunderstanding: this is not so uncommon. I do not suppose there is on the face of the earth a man and woman so perfect, and so perfectly mated, that there never has been a question on either side, never has been a difference.

But perhaps it goes so far that the relations are strained, and a separation has come. Here, again, does anybody believe that the wrong has ever been all on one side? A word might heal the breach, bridge over the gulf, and the home might be re-established; but neither is willing to speak, and so the evil goes on.

How many times is this the case in regard to friends! They misunderstand each other; and both are proud, and neither is willing to take the step that would lead to reconciliation. And so the evil goes on and on.

How many of these heartaches and tragedies of the world are caused, in the last analysis, by what is not said, what is not done! or, at any rate, how many of them might be healed if one or the other was willing to swallow pride and court justice, and take the step or speak the word!

I turn now to another class of cases; for I wish to make this bear, if I may, to-day on the religious side of our life. I get letters almost every week from people who are away off in the country somewhere, comparatively alone so far as their religious ideas and beliefs are concerned. I had one only the other day; and the young man who wrote it asked me if I would advise him to tell the truth,—that is what it amounted to. Shall I speak out my convictions? I am a teacher in the Sunday-school. If I tell what I believe, perhaps I shall have to give up my position. Shall I tell it? What shall I do about it?

Cases like this are to be found, coming in all sorts of ways. If you are in the midst of those who do not agree with your religious ideas, how can you live if you are at least not honest? Speak the simple truth, hold up your flag, if it is the only flag like that visible even with a telescope on all the horizon. Be honest. Count one.

Do not thrust your ideas upon other people in a way that is discourteous, but, when challenged, give utter-

ance to what is the deepest thing in your soul; and perhaps others,—for a man is never quite so alone in regard to these matters as he thinks he is,—perhaps others who are beginning to think or who are looking for a little sign of fellowship will respond, and you will find yourself in the midst of a group instead of alone.

On one occasion in the Old Testament Elijah is represented as saying to the Lord that he is the only person left who believed the true religion; and God tells him he is mistaken, that there are at least seven thousand others who have not bowed the knee to Baal. So, if a man speaks, he may find himself in company.

There is another case like this I have in mind; and this is a practical one, concerning which I know. A little group of people went off and organized a new Unitarian church in a place where a Unitarian church ought to be; but at first it was weak, naturally,—all things are likely to be weak just after they are born and before they have had time to grow up and get strong.

And what did certain persons connected with the movement do? They find that it is weak; they find that, if they stay there, they will have to pay some money, do some work, think out the practical problems that face the little society,—they will have to carry some burdens; and they are not willing to.

So they go off to a church that does not need them, that is rich and strong and flourishing, and is not very far away; and the other movement is on the edge of failure. Why? Because these people do not, are not willing to think, to speak, to sacrifice, to pay a little something,—not willing to help carry the burden.

How many cases are there like this all over the world! It is so easy to come rushing in at the last and share in the triumph, and then perhaps take a little credit to yourself for being there and helping in the shout of victory,—a victory that other people have won.

"There is nothing that succeeds like success"; and people are always willing to share in the success. But if the world is to go on, if light and truth and love are to triumph, somebody must be willing to work, to bear the burden, to join the movement when it is weak, to give it their thought, their time, their effort, their money, and to help on the victory.

We have just passed through here in New York a crisis which capitally illustrates the great truth I have in mind. The forces that believed in simple honesty and good government in this great city have met with a disaster, a disheartening defeat. And why? Is it because there are not enough people in New York who, when you approach them personally, care for good government? Not at all. An overwhelming majority of the people in New York really want good things. If they did not, the city would be too rotten to save. The majority is in favor of good things if—if what? If they do not cost too much in the way of effort or thought or self-sacrifice.

How many people in New York voted as they did because they had not thought out the problem sufficiently to see that good government was better than partisanship? And then—I am not sure of my figures—I have seen it stated that there were sixty thousand men who did not vote,—sixty thousand men.

Here is one man. Personally, he does not like Mr. Low or something has happened during the last two years to make him out with reform movements; and he does not like Tammany. He does not wish to commit himself to that; and so he says, I will stay at home. He does not make much difference,—one man. Of course that is not very important,—one man. The only trouble is that there are fifty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine others of these single individuals who think that they will not count and that it is not over-important.

And so by default, because people do not, the city

is given over into the hands of the worst elements in the town. It is not what the people have done that has discredited us in this last election so much as what a lot of fine, educated, intelligent, respectable people have not done.

Most of us are old enough to remember the time of the Civil War; and we had—I had, at any rate—infinite respect for the man down South who believed thoroughly in his cause, was ready to leave his home and let his business go to ruin, and face disease and possible—and frequently inevitable—death for the sake of his belief. He was a man: he did something. Those that we looked upon with unspeakable contempt in those days were the ones who did not take sides, who were neither in favor of God nor of the enemy, who would not take the trouble, would not sacrifice enough, not give time or money or effort when the great cause of human liberty and of continued goverment of the people on this continent was at stake.

We respect the men who care and the men who do, even though they do wrong; for if a man is going astray, if he is honest and earnest, he is at least manifesting power,—he means something, he is something. And, if we can only convert him, only get him to understand, then this power can be used for the lifting up of the weak, for the helping on the progress of the world.

There is one other point or one other illustration of this same idea that I wish to speak of because it touches so nearly the multitudes of the women of New York.

I have always been in favor of women's voting, if they wanted to. At any rate, I have always said that, if you talk about voting as a right, I could see no reason why a woman should not have the right as much as I. But that is not the question up for discussion this morning.

If the women wish to vote, the straightest way, in

my judgment, is not to work very hard for that cause, but to show themselves so intelligently interested in the great public questions of the day that men will feel that they can be safely trusted with the vote.

Now what can women do? The great majority of the women in New York lead quiet, simple, loving, sweet lives; but they have no conception as yet of the power which is in their hands for great ends if they would cease this attitude of negative goodness and become a positive force for the uplifting of the city.

There are great organizations of women now all throughout the State and the city, clubs innumerable, engaged in what is very good in this direction or that. But think a moment. One of the greatest problems of civilization in this city is the condition of our tenement houses. Another is the condition of the sewing women, the women who are on the edge of starvation and dishonor every day of every week of the year, striving for an honest living.

Now, if the women of New York would only organize, hundreds and thousands of them, and concentrate their attention on either one of these problems, they could solve it in a year. They have power in this direction, if they choose to use it, that is practically irresistible. But they do not. They have not thought yet, they have not roused themselves. They are unconscious of what they might do.

One further illustration in regard to the general religious condition of the time. You have heard me say, and you will probably hear me say again, that the battle of criticism, the battle concerning our intellectual conceptions of the Bible and of religion, has, so far as scholarship is concerned, been thought out and won.

There is no living, free scholar in Europe or America to-day who does not know that the great fundamental principles of rational religion are adequately estab-

lished. Where is the weakness, then, of rational religion? It is in what multitudes, countless thousands of people do not say, do not do.

We are passing through to-day perhaps the greatest crisis of thought that the world has ever known; and yet the great masses of people do not take the trouble, any more than Gallio did in the Book of Acts, to understand what is going on. Our Unitarian people do not take the trouble. I wonder how many times a year somebody says to me, I fell into conversation the other day, and was asked what Unitarianism is, and I could not tell. Could not tell!

These people were twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, some of them sixty years old, and could not tell! Why? I could put into their hands a book which they could read in a day or a pamphlet which they could read in an hour, that would tell them; but they have not taken the trouble.

This greatest movement of the ages has not stirred them enough so that they know even in broad outline what it means. There are thousands of people here in this city who, I know, understand and yet who do not speak, do not act, do not commit themselves to anything, do not help on the great movement. I know university professors who will tell you in private what their opinions are: their influence is the other way, if it is anything.

If the people in England and the people in America who have outgrown the old conceptions of religion would only do, only speak, only stand up and be counted, only think enough so as to take hold of hands, to stand shoulder to shoulder, there would be a right-about-face on the part of the civilization of the world.

The weakness of rational religion to-day is not because it has not won its battle in every field of science and history and criticism, but because of the thousands of

people who are too indifferent, too ignorant, who have not thought, who do not speak, who do not act, who do nothing.

I wish I could inspire people with the spirit which Lowell has put into one stanza of his great poem, "The Present Crisis":—

"Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied."

I wish I could speak to the great thousands of men whose figures loom before me as I stand here,—literary men absorbed in their literature, leading innocent, blameless lives, but who do nothing for the world; scientific men, absorbed in their studies, following it merely from the pressure of a curiosity that is restless and will not be satisfied, leading innocent lives, but doing nothing for the great causes that are battling for existence; club men, who have won their business success and are easing up a little as they get on in life, who spend an hour, two, three hours a day perhaps at their club,—honorable men, innocent of any crime, kindly men, men clean and sweet in their family lives, but men by the thousand who hear not the calls and respond not when they are asked to give a little thought, a little time, a little money, to help on the great religious advance of the age.

I have in mind a woman who is typical of thousands. She does not belong to this congregation, so you need not wonder who I am referring to. She is a beautiful woman. She is intelligent. She is a reader in a certain way. She has a lovely family; and her family life is sweet and true. But her whole life is negative so far as any real help for the world is concerned.

She does not take any trouble to help even the church to which she nominally belongs. She is engaged in amusement, in society, absorbed in simply sailing under sunny skies over fair seas across the ocean of life; and the one condemnation, it seems to me, that she will face if she ever wakes up, is, "Inasmuch as ye did it not."

How these thousands on thousands of women might shake the world, might lift up humanity, might lead on human progress, might reform mankind, if they thought, if they cared!

Mrs. Thrale was once talking with old Dr. Johnson, and he was taking her to task for something, when she said, "But, Doctor, I did not think." "But, Madame," he said, "you have no right not to think." The ability to think is that which links us with the Divine; and, since we can, we ought. You remember those words of Hood's,—

> "But evil is wrought by want of thought
> As well as by want of heart."

Unless your life has been better than mine, as you come towards the evening, you will be obliged to make such confessions as I have put into some simple lines:—

There comes an hour of sadness
With the setting of the sun,
For, not the sins committed,
But the things I have not done.

I ought to have been stronger,
But the crisis found me weak;
And now I am regretting
The word I did not speak.

A cause, a neighbor languished,
And now while still I live
I must regret forever
The help I did not give.

I see an arm outreaching,
And vain its empty grasp;

And I must still remember
The hand I did not clasp.

I saw beside life's highway
A helpless outcast lie:
I might, but did not comfort
The fallen I passed by.

A great cause, lacking helpers,
Was weak because unheard:
I might have been its champion,
But did not say the word.

Attacked by stupid malice,
I heard a man maligned:
I stood in coward silence,
And did not speak my mind.

And so, as night is falling,
How bitterly I rue
The words I have not spoken,
The things I did not do!

Father, help us to begin at this hour and henceforth open our eyes and look over the face of the world, unstop our ears and listen, be ready to heed and ready to help, so that by and by we may earn the word from Thee, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" Amen.

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SPIRITUALITY.

As a text, I have selected four words from the second chapter of the First Epistle to the Church in Corinth, the fifteenth verse,—"He that is spiritual."

The distinction between the spiritual man, the spiritual character, the spiritual life, and that which, whether called worldly or carnal or material, is ordinarily opposed to it, is one that is tolerably clear, at least in its general outline: it is universally recognized. That is, everybody knows that there are these two kinds of life, these two ways of dealing with the facts and experiences of the universe.

So far as this general truth is concerned, it makes no difference what a man's philosophic theories may be. There are those persons, as you are aware, who believe that what we call the mind, thought, feeling,—the whole range of faculties that passes under the name of "spiritual nature,"—is only a subtle manifestation of material forces; that just as the fragrance of the flower is purely material in its origin, so thought and feeling are equally material. They tell us that thought is the product of the brain, and that there is no possibility of thought without the brain.

On the other hand there are those who hold the theory that is called by the term "spiritual." These people believe that the soul is first. I might state their creed in a beautiful couplet from the old English poet Spenser,

> "For of the soul the body form doth take;
> For soul is form, and doth the body make."

I need hardly say that it is this latter theory which, however defined or explained, I hold. I believe that the soul is first,—that the soul is not the product of the body, that the soul uses the body, and that it is the real self.

So much, however, by the way. Whichever of these two theories anybody may hold, he recognizes the general distinction to which I have referred.

Let us look at a man now for a little, and see the different parts of which he is composed. I do not mean, of course, that you can draw any clear-cut, hard-and-fast line between the different elements or faculties of a man's nature,—you cannot map out these districts or territories with anything like distinctness; but we can recognize their main characteristics and outlines.

If a man lives in the body, for the gratification of his bodily sensations, cares chiefly for eating, for physical comfort, for what we call luxuries, for the gratification that comes of playing on the nerves, then of course everybody is ready to admit that he is leading an animal life. Whatever else it is, however innocent it may be, it is not the spiritual life that he is leading: it is the carnal, the fleshly, the worldly life which is predominant.

But a man can either degrade his spiritual nature down to the level of his body—submerge it, so to speak, in the flesh—or he can sublime and lift up the flesh into the ranges of the spiritual,—either one.

Because a man does enjoy things,—because he takes delight in his dinner or in the companionship of his friends, in love, or because he loves a fine horse, because he enjoys all these physical sensations,—that does not mean necessarily that he is living a fleshly, materialistic life. He may use the body in such a way as to get out of it all its legitimate delights, and yet lift it up into the ranges of the spiritual and make it the servant of his soul.

Substantially the same thing may be said concerning a man's intellectual life. Thought is ordinarily spoken of as a spiritual faculty or power; and it is spoken of rightly in that way. But thought, again, may be used in the interest of the sensual life, may be made to minister to it, may be degraded to its level, or it may be lifted up and made the instrument of that which we call the "spiritual life."

So of the affectional nature. The sweetest thing on earth—or in the heavens, either—is love. The finest thing that we can think about God is contained in that phrase, "God is love." But love may be made the instrument of the material life or it may be made the highest and finest and most spiritual quality of the purest, flaming seraph who is in the immediate presence chamber of God.

None of these faculties, then, is of necessity confined to the use of the material life or of the spiritual life. Our æsthetic natures—for example, our delight in beauty—may lift us or depress us according as we use them.

You will see that it is not anything that is necessarily inherent in any particular faculty or power of our nature which allies us with the carnal life or with the spiritual life: it is purely a matter of end and aim, as to how we use ourselves.

I wish now to note a few things which are frequently, it seems to me, mistaken for spirituality, but which are not necessary to it at all. I think that sometimes there are people who think that ill-health is a step towards the development of the spiritual life. Some one, I remember, has wittily referred to certain people as not healthy enough to be wicked. Because they are emaciated, pale, because their nerves are not thoroughly alive, because their senses do not leap against the bits like horses that are hard to drive, they are sometimes regarded as being spiritual, when it merely means that

their natures are negative, that there is no positive development of any character whatsoever.

This body of ours is right. I cannot insult the Almighty by giving my adherence to that theory which has been widespread and continuous through the ages,—that the soul is enmeshed in the flesh as a material that is hostile to the spirit. I do not believe it.

The body in every part and faculty, from toe to crown, is right, noble, divine, or else it could not be the gift of our Father in heaven. And I believe that the man who is keenly and sensitively alive in every one of his physical faculties and powers is better fitted to lead the spiritual life because of that vitality.

The body can and should be made the servant of the highest; and if a man is ill, instead of its necessarily making him good, it may make him irritable, self-conscious, rebellious. It certainly makes him less efficient, it takes away from the sum of his power for good.

I believe that every one of our natural capacities is something that we can consecrate to the highest. A man ought to be so well that he does not know he has a body except from the mere delight of being alive. If a man knows that he is breathing, something is wrong. If he knows that he is hearing, from any physical sensation in the ear, something is wrong. If he is conscious of the fact that he has eyes, as physical facts, something is wrong.

The body ought to be vitally attuned to every emotion, an instrument fit to be played upon by the entire surrounding universe, and thus lifted into the realm of the highest service of that which is divine.

There is another thing that is sometimes mistaken for spirituality; and that is a certain æsthetic sentimentalism. There are people who delight in certain types and kinds of worship, and who think that because of that fact they are spiritually-minded. There are persons who

love a beautiful Prayer Book,—there is no harm in that,—who give themselves to the external service of the church, to the decorating of altars, to all that lies in that direction of development. They take an æsthetic delight in these things. The service plays upon them and they respond, and they think that they are spiritually inclined because of that.

But this may be pure materialism. Indeed, the tendency always—a tendency that needs to be sedulously guarded against—is to develop this sort of thing into the very materialism of worship, something that holds the soul down, absorbs it in these outer and external things, instead of releasing it and letting it free to rise into the presence of the Divine.

There is another thing that has been mistaken very widely over the world for spirituality; and that is asceticism. Paul, indeed, says in one place that he beats down his body and keeps it under; but Paul, so far as we have any authentic record of his life, was no ascetic. He was not a man who laid any emphasis on what he ate or drank. He has told us over and over again that those were matters of pure indifference. He has told us that all these things were to be subordinated to something which was higher.

But there have been long periods in the history of the Church when people supposed that, if they wished to lead the spiritual life, they must retire from the world, mortify the flesh, go into a cave or convent or nunnery. The religious man, the spiritual man, has been supposed to be the one who denied all his natural tendencies and tastes. The woman who has sacrificed herself, crucified all her natural inclinations for the Lord, has been supposed to be the one who was leading the peculiarly religious life.

But the history of monasticism in the Church—and not only in the Christian religion, but in other religions as well, for it has not been peculiar to Christianity—has

proved the opposite of this. Men and women in cloisters and behind the bars have led lives that were selfish,—absorbed in the mere matter of trying to save their own souls,—have led lives of rebellious longing, of looking out over the world which they had forsworn,—a world which still clung to them and would not be driven out of their hearts; and they have led lives which were anything but spiritual in the true and noble sense of that word; for spirituality does not mean that you must necessarily drive the world in this sense out of your heart.

Is the man, for example, who consecrates himself to the celibate life, who has never had a child on his knee, who never feels the clinging of little arms around his neck, who represses and denies the noblest, sweetest, finest tendencies in his own life, necessarily more spiritual than the loving father of a family, who cares for and trains his boys and tries to fill a noble place in the world?

Is the woman who gives her loving nature to God, in the sense of denying it all human outlet, holier than the thousands of consecrated mothers with the children playing about their feet and learning from her lips the lessons of love and duty and service?

The ascetic life, then, is not necessarily a spiritual life. Indeed, the man who goes apart from his fellows, taking himself out of the world that he ought to help for the sake of saving his own soul, takes the directest path, as I believe, to losing it.

There is another thing to glance at briefly, which is not spirituality, and that is consecration,—even to-day, among us, to fasts, to feast days, to rituals, to services of any kind. Every little while there comes to me from some source the suggestion that spiritual worship must of necessity be formal worship of some kind. But look at Plymouth Church. No church in this country has rendered, probably, such a public service as has that

during the period of its history; and yet, so far as the visible manifestation of its devotion is concerned, it is the simplest and plainest service in all the world.

Take the Quakers, who have no forms, no rituals, no sacraments. Are they less spiritual than other religionists? No figure in American history stands as illustrating the finest type of spirituality more clearly than does that of the Quakeress Lucretia Mott.

Spirituality, then, is something different from all these. It is something different from any form, any ceremony, any external manifestation: it is of the heart and the life. Blessed be all services, all manifestations, which help the culture and development of spirituality; but let us remember that the thing itself is deeper than any of these.

I have hinted already that spirituality does not necessarily take people out of the world. I wish now to emphasize a little more at length that the field for it is the world, that we are not to go away from human life. If we love God and our fellows, we are to put into human life the leaven of spirituality, so that it may permeate and lift it in all its departments, that it may touch all its activities.

Here is a business man, who may think that he has very little opportunity to lead the spiritual life. He says, I am absorbed in my occupations all the week through,—from Monday morning until Saturday night I am absorbed. He comes home weary from his labor, and perhaps wishes to devote his evening, if he may, to some form of recreation. He finds it practically impossible to get rid of his business even on Sunday. It haunts him, it is in his dreams, perhaps it follows him to church, if he takes the trouble and time to go to church.

Can a man like that be spiritual? A man who has accumulated a fortune, who carries it as a burden, who feels the responsibility of it,—can a man like that lead a spiritual life?

Right in there is one of the best possible fields and opportunities for the spiritual life that any man can imagine. It depends entirely upon the man. It is not a question of business, of being absorbed and harassed by cares. It is not a question of whether you are rich or poor, whether you have five hundred dollars a year or ten millions as an income. It does not touch any of these questions: it touches the spirit and method of your life.

Do you not see, is it not plain? A man may go into business for the sake of getting rich,—simply that. He may be determined to get rich by perhaps any means. He may disregard the rights of his fellow-men. He may use his keener intelligence to outwit his competitors. He may take advantage of the ignorance of those with whom he deals. He may sacrifice everything to this one ambition.

Or, as it sometimes seems to me frequently the case, if he is a man whose hands are personally clean, he may as a member of a corporation consent to things that he would be ashamed of in his individual capacity. A man may lead this kind of life, and may say that the necessities of business make it impossible for him to lead what is called a spiritual life.

On the other hand there are men—you can find them, you know them; they have been in New York, I have known them in Boston; men who have dealt in millions, men who have been absorbed week in and week out in their business, men who have had little time for the ordinary routine of religious service, but men who have been spiritual in their aspirations, high, noble, clean—who have used all this tremendous power to help their fellow-men so far as they were able, who have recognized their power as a gift, as a trust, and who have tried to use it rightly, nobly.

You know that that is possible. For right in there is

the field for living the spiritual life. Consider the Lawrences, of Boston, as illustrations of what I have in mind, —of course, it would not be in good taste for me to speak of people who are living,—or Henry P. Kidder, of Boston, whom many of you know by reputation, a man who trained himself to use his money for public ends, to help on the cause he believed in, who was clean and sweet and noble and true, whom nobody ever accused, so far as I have heard, of a dishonest deed. Such a man leads a spiritual life; and the thing our business world needs is not that the high and noble-minded men should go apart by themselves, get out of the world, have nothing to do with managing its affairs. That is just the course to take to leave it to drift and slope forever downward. We need these men at the helm of our great businesses, who are capable of managing them, and who are inclined to manage them nobly and for the public good.

So in the case of a woman. I know women who are in society, women of wealth, of position; and some of them lead spiritual lives and some do not, the situation being very similar, so that the distinction cannot be found there.

If a woman makes it plain to the world that she is living simply for vulgar display; if, coming from some other city, she is ready to sacrifice any principles or training she may have had for the sake of getting into what is technically called "society"; if, when some member of the family is married, the newspapers are full of the most vulgar account of the value and number of the wedding gifts, and the whole thing is made a means for display,—that is not certainly what we mean by leading a spiritual life. That is vulgar of the vulgar, no matter who it is that leads it, no matter what millions may be associated with the name.

But in this same circle of people there may be a woman with all the money, all the social position, who cares for

high and fine things, who is anxious that her children should be trained in the midst of this distracting glitter to see the real gold, to know what is high and fine and true. I know there is a tendency that we need to fight against constantly, to allow these things to divert us from the finest and best.

To illustrate: I heard within a week of a lady who, when she was young, married the man she loved, who was poor. He has made money since, he has been a success. She said, I would do it over again a thousand times. But, said her friend, would you allow your daughter to marry a man in that position? No.

There, you see, she has lost faith in the very principle that was the consecration of her life. She is not willing that her daughter should have the opportunity to be as noble and true as she was herself. There is always that tendency, in the midst of this social display, for us to lose the sanctity of the highest and the finest things.

Did you ever read Charles Dudley Warner's book, "A Little Journey in the World"? He teaches there in most admirable fashion how people frequently journey away from the finest and sweetest and best things in themselves as they wander off into what we call the world.

But right in here, again, in society, what we need more than almost anything else is the woman who will not forsake society, but who will hold up high and noble and sweet womanly ideals in the face of society that only partly comprehends them.

And what is true of the business man, of the society woman, is true also in every department of life. The intellectual man may lead a selfish life and degrade his intellectual powers to the level of worldliness or he may make this a field for the development of the grandest and noblest possibilities of his character.

With regard to a scientific life. Kepler gave his life to the study of astronomy, and has left it on record that the result of his investigations was that he said reverently, "O Father, I think over again thy thoughts after thee."

Another astronomer has left it on record as the outcome of his studies that in his judgment, instead of the heavens displaying the glory of God, they displayed the glory of Newton and La Place.

One leaves out of account the highest and most significant thing: the other makes that the point of his highest and finest emphasis.

So in every department of life. The general may lead a spiritual life on the battlefield if he is fighting for country or cause. So of the literary man, the poet. Take as two contrasted figures Browning and Byron. Browning has never written a line that his best friends would wish him to blot, so far as its tendency and teaching is concerned, —he has written a good many obscure ones that we find it hard to understand,—Byron prostituting his genius until a large part of what he has written is put one side, and we do not care even to look at it.

And yet I must say, in justice to Byron,—and a similar thing might be said in justice to other types of character, that they are not all material, any more than the best men are all spiritual,—Byron at the last, in mid-life, gave his fortune and flung away his life for an ideal. So there must have been something grandly spiritual even in him.

Charles Lamb was full of faults. They say he drank too much frequently. Some of his faults were characteristic of his age, easily fallen into at that time. But Lamb has never written a line that has not made the world better; and he gave his life to the care of an insane sister, and in his later years to a father practically imbecile,—simple, loving, tender, sweet, an uncomplaining life.

So in every department the thing for us to do is not to get out of our position, not to get out of business, not to get out of wherever God has placed us, but to conquer that position, to make ourselves masters of it, and to turn its experiences into the means by which to bring out the higher and nobler cultivation of our own characters.

No man need be the victim of his condition. What it means for a man is that he be a man, wherever he is, living or dying,—be at least a man. That God has put into our power.

Now I wish by way of practical application to suggest two or three important things. In the passage which I read as our lesson, Paul says that he that is spiritual knows all things,—a statement which seems strained and a little extravagant perhaps to us. But note, it is the man who has climbed up into the spiritual ranges of his character who is the man who can judge the relative values of the world; and the man who has not is not capable of judging.

What do I mean? Take a little illustration like this: Here is a grub which, passing through several forms of evolution, at last emerges as a butterfly. Now, if you could confer upon that butterfly a sufficient amount of intelligence and a memory that ran back and linked together all its various phases of life, the butterfly would be able to understand all the lower steps of its evolution clear down to the grub.

But ask the grub about the butterfly, and what would he have to say? He would know nothing about it, and his opinion would be worth nothing.

Here is a man. He knows what it means to be a boy; he knows what it means to be a youth; he knows what middle age means; if he has lived to be old, he knows what old age means. But the boy does not know the meaning of youth, the youth does not know the meaning

of middle age, middle age does not know the meaning of old age. Old age knows the meaning of them all because it has passed through them all and experienced them all.

Now what Paul means, I take it, is just as natural and reasonable a thing as that. The man who has climbed up into the spiritual ranges of his being is capable of knowing and judging the lower ranges; but the lower ranges know nothing about the higher.

A man who has climbed up a mountain side can overlook the whole landscape: the man at the foot of the mountain sees next to nothing. So the spiritual man knows what is best in life and what is poorest. He is able to estimate that which is of value.

I was talking with ex-President Hill of Harvard one day, the old president of Harvard, a Unitarian minister of distinction as you know; and he said to me that there were problems enough connected with the arc of a circle to keep him interested and busy and happy for a thousand years. He was a great mathematician.

Now there are not problems enough connected with the arc of a circle to keep me interested and busy for five minutes: it simply means nothing to me. I have not climbed up into this ability to comprehend the rarefied outlooks of the famous mathematician.

But he knew very likely about the common levels on which I am accustomed to walk. His judgment about me might be worth something; while mine about him would be worth nothing.

The man who has climbed up into the higher ranges of life knows the lower; but the lower does not know the higher.

Right in here is the seat and secret of a large part of the scepticisms of the world. You find men who do not believe in high things. Why? Because they have never experienced them,—they have never seen them, they

have never tasted them, never touched them. They do not exist for them.

Go to a saloon during the political campaign, and talk with a man there about clean politics. It does not exist for him. He does not know and does not care what you are talking about. He believes, perhaps, that every man has his price. Now, when a man tells me that every man has his price, the only thing it proves to me is that he has his price: it does not prove that I have mine or that you have yours. It proves that the man has not risen to a conception of a disinterested life, that he does not see the meaning, the beauty, the glory of it.

A man has recently died in Massachusetts,—I wish you knew more about him,—Francis Ellingwood Abbot. He was one of the leaders with Frothingham of the Free Religious movement. He has written two or three books; and, thank God, he has left one manuscript to which I am looking forward with the utmost eagerness so soon as it shall be published.

He was a man who never sought happiness. He did not expect to find happiness, in any satisfactory sense, in this world. He said, "God is, right is, truth is; and that is enough." And he gave his life to God, to truth, and to right. I did not always entirely agree with his views; but I never doubted his utter, transparent sincerity.

Now go to a selfish man, a man who is grumbling about the universe because it does not always give him just what he wants, and place him face to face with Frank Abbot, and he would not believe that such a character existed. It would have absolutely no meaning for him. He would be of necessity sceptical about any such rarefied, clear consecration to truth and right.

There are some men who have no taste for music. Music does not interest them. Talk about it, and you might as well talk in Greek or Hebrew. I have heard

of a man to whom some one was talking of poetry, when he said, "Poetry,—what is the good of that? it does not prove anything." Of course, it does not prove anything. A sunset does not prove anything, the evening star does not prove anything, the smile on the lips of your little child does not prove anything, the love in the eyes of your wife does not prove anything,—the best things in the world do not prove anything.

But does poetry cease to exist because somebody who is utterly undeveloped in this direction, and utterly incapable of understanding or appreciating it, does not believe in it? I claim it as no merit; but, if I had to be for the rest of my life shut away with only one class of books, I would take the poets. It means simply that I love them, and that they create a world of truth and beauty and joy for me.

Now, when you find a man who does not believe that anybody has a soul or is a soul, and does not believe in God, in the ultimate triumph of truth, does not believe in the integrity of the universe, does not believe in

> "One far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves,"

find out what kind of life he lives, find out what experiences he has had, find out whether he is developed into the capacity to feel these things.

If he has not, his scepticism is of no more value as a means of making up the judgment of somebody else than is the opinion of a man who is color-blind or who is deaf, as to sight or sound.

I do not mean to say that no high and fine and noble men doubt. Doubt is the parent of discovery. There is no wrong necessarily in doubt. It is this moral ability to understand and believe in high and fine things, this kind of scepticism, of which I am now speaking.

Just one other thought at the end: Right here is a hint as

to the modern theory of salvation. Because we no longer believe in the anger of God and in a material hell, there are large numbers of liberal people who wonder whether there is anything to do in the way of getting ready for another life.

Now, if there is another life, and if that life is predominantly the life of the spirit, then there is something to do to get ready for it. A boy has something to do, does he not, to get ready to be a man? A student in college has something to do to get ready to go out into and control the factors of his life.

It is a blessed thing that we are learning that the true and noble life right here is preparation for any finer and higher life that is to follow: there is no contradiction between them. You must, if you are going to be a spirit and live the spiritual life,—that is, the soul life,—train yourself for it: that is simple, natural, human.

If you knew that you were liable any minute to be seized by somebody in the street and carried down to the wharf and placed aboard a steamship and carried across to France, never to return, you would think it a wise thing to learn what you could about France, to pick up at least the rudiments of its speech, to know something about its inhabitants, to make a little preparation, so that, when you got there, you would not be quite so lonely, so unfitted for its conditions.

So I hold the perfectly simple, natural belief that, since we mean by the spiritual those things that pertain to the eternal part of us, and since we are liable at any minute to be seized by a resistless force and placed upon a boat that sails out through the mist and across the invisible waters to a shore from which we are never to come back,—since we are liable to that any minute, I hold that the most natural and reasonable thing in the world is that we should live a part of the time in that range

of our nature which will be the only part to survive over there.

That is what I mean by getting ready for the next life.

Let me read you two or three words from Victor Hugo:

Deep hearts, sage minds, take life as God has made it: it is a long trial, an incomprehensible preparation for an unknown destiny. This destiny, the true one, begins for man with the first step within the tomb. In the mean while love and suffer, hope and contemplate. Woe else to him that shall have loved only forms, bodies, appearances! death will deprive him of all. Try to love souls: you will find them again.

That is what I mean by getting ready for another life. Learn to live here, so that in the every-day experiences you will cultivate and develop that part of you which will be the true self when the body drops off and you are spirit with spirit.

Father, help us to climb up into a comprehension of that which is highest and most essential in us, that which links us to Thee. May we give ourselves to these things, live for them and in them, until they are recognized as our real selves. Amen.

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TRUTH.

As a text, I have taken the words to be found in the eighteenth chapter of the Gospel according to John, the thirty-eighth verse,—"Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?"

When we say that a certain statement is true, we mean that the thought contained in that statement corresponds to some reality, that the words we have used are an accurate representation of a fact concerning which the statement is made. That, I take it, is what we mean by truth. If we say, for example, that a certain event happened on the 19th of January, 1492,—if it really did happen, why then the statement is true.

If we observe a flower, and declare that it is of a certain color, and if the consensus of healthy people who look at it is of the same opinion, we feel practically sure that the statement is true. In regard to any matter whatsoever, what we mean by truth is this correspondence between our thought and some reality concerning which it is uttered.

There are a great many different kinds of truth. There is what we call scientific truth, historical truth, æsthetic truth, moral, spiritual truth. And you might at first suppose that there were a good many different ways of finding out what is truth; but are there?

How shall we find out whether anything is truth? Our senses are not very accurate. They have misreported almost everything, first or last. We have to correct the first testimony of our senses before we can get at the truth.

Suppose we look at something, and report the way it seems to us: can we rely on that? Sometimes, sometimes not. Not only do people's eyes differ, not only are the senses inaccurate, but people are poor observers: they do not notice with care. Then they are poor reporters: they do not tell with any very great accuracy what they really have seen or what they think they have seen.

Then there are a great many people who are prejudiced, who will not see things just as they are. They wish to see them in a certain way; and they allow their feelings to color the impressions which they receive. I refer to these as specimens of a very large number of sources of error.

What is the method, then, that we shall use to get at the truth? There is only one, and that is what is called the scientific method; and there is only one ultimate court of appeal, and that is reason in the light of human experience.

Let us note these statements for a moment, and see. What do we mean by the scientific method? The first step in it is observation. We look and record the result of what we think we see. But, since we have found out that observation frequently mistakes, before we settle it we look again. We get somebody else to look, as many people as possible. In other words, we get a large number of observations, and then out of these we construct what we call a theory; and then we make observations again of new facts, test our observations, see whether they are in accordance with our theory,—in other words, as to whether the theory we have adopted will explain the larger number of facts. If it will, then we say that we have found the reality, that the opinion we have arrived at is true.

This, in rough and brief statement, is the method pursued by science. As an illustration of what I mean,

for hundreds of years the Ptolemaic system of the universe was accepted. As time went on and astronomers observed more and more, they found a larger and larger number of facts which did not agree with the Ptolemaic theory. The essence of this theory was that the earth was stationary, and that all the heavenly bodies moved around it.

But they discovered a large number of facts which were inconsistent with this theory, and at last they had to reconstruct their theory completely; and the result is the Copernican, which displaced the Ptolemaic.

The Copernican theory explained a larger number of facts: that is the difference between them; but there are some facts which are not clear in the light of the Copernican system; and it may have to be reconsidered, at least in some of its aspects, by and by. I speak of this only by way of illustration.

We must test things, our observations, our impressions, our feelings, the traditional ideas we have accepted, —test them, test them, test them in search for the truth.

I have said that the final court of appeal in accordance with the scientific method is reason in the light of human experience. But this has not been generally accepted in the past. Indeed, it is not generally accepted at the present time. There are large numbers of persons, for example, who in the matter of religion say that the final court of appeal is a book. But think just a moment.

How did they find out that the book was infallible? How did they arrive at that opinion? for it is an opinion. They arrived at it by the use of reason. They gave certain reasons for believing that the book was infallible. Then do you not see the reason is the ultimate court of appeal?

If a man accepts a book as infallible without any reason, why then there is no reason for his opinion. He might as well accept the Rig Veda or the Book of Mormon

or the teachings of Confucius. If he deigns to give a reason, then he admits that the reason is the final court of appeal. And then, after he has accepted the book as his teacher and guide, he must use his reason to interpret it, to find out its contents, to decide what it means.

Or suppose, with the Catholic Church, you take the Church itself as your seat of infallibility: how do you find out that the Church is infallible? If you come to that conclusion at all, you come to it as the result of a course of reason. If you accept it without any reason, then there is no reason for your opinion. If you accept it for a reason, then again the reason is the ultimate court of appeal.

So that, no matter if he be an ecclesiastic or pope, he must admit that in the last resort reason is the final test of truth,—reason in the light of human experience.

Can we find out ultimate truth? Can we find out the truth of things in themselves, as they really are? I have heard this question raised a great many times; and people speak of it as though it was a serious limitation of our ability to discover truth—because we cannot get at the ultimates.

To my mind it is of no sort of importance as to whether we can get at the ultimates or not. It does not make any difference whether I can find out what a thing is in itself or not; for the only thing that practically concerns me is what the thing is as related to me. If it is out of relation to me, then for all practical purposes it is non-existent.

If there be, for example, some star away off in the depths of the universe, beyond the range of the most powerful telescope, so far away that its attractive power does not appreciably affect this earth, it does not make any difference to me whether it exists or not: it is out of relation to my life.

We are perfectly competent to investigate and dis-

cover any truth which really touches us, which concerns us, which becomes a part of our life, which is practical, which is real for us. And those are the only truths that we need trouble about.

I do not mean that we can find out all about any of these things; but so far as they are important for us, so far as they touch us practically, come into contact with us, we can deal with them in accordance with the scientific method, and find out all that we need to know.

Now there are a great many theories in the world which people accept and which cannot be tested as to whether they are true or not. Why? Because they are all in the air, because they do not touch us anywhere. There are any number of theories about any number of things that are away off in some intellectual limbo. It makes no practical difference whether they are true or not and whether we believe them or not; except that it is not a healthy state of mind for a man to be in, to live in a world of imagination and suppose that it is real.

When we come to the great practical problems of life, we have to care for the truth. When an engineer is building a bridge, the first concern is as to whether he is dealing honestly and clear-mindedly with God's great facts. If he does not, the bridge will crumble under the first heavy train that attempts to cross it.

If we are building one of our great sky-scrapers here in New York, the architect is under absolute obligation to concern himself with the great facts of God. If he does not, the building will be down about his ears. In dealing with electricity or steam or any of the great forces of God that we call a part of nature, we must face realities. We cannot dream, we cannot fancy, we cannot imagine. We must be real, because it means property and it means health and it means life.

So the great truths of morality, the great truths of religion that are real, that touch human life, that have

to do with happiness, with conduct, with character, with well-being,—these cannot be played or fooled with. People may dream as much as they please when they are dealing with things that are not real; but, when they come to the great realities of God, they must care for truth and face the facts.

Now all truth, so far as our apprehension of it is concerned, is progressive. Perhaps the most lamentable, the most disastrous mistake that men have made is in not recognizing this fact. Consider for a moment. Man waked up on this planet a savage, a barbarian, intellectually, morally, spiritually a child, ignorant; and he had to feel his way, to find out by trying in every direction as to what was true, as to what was real. But, before the world had become more than partially civilized,—and it is hardly more than that now, except in certain favored places,—what did they do? Why, not only in religion, but in science, in medicine, in society, in government, they assumed that the opinions already arrived at were infallibly true.

In other words, they established in different departments of human life infallibility; and they were not willing to think any more or to take any new step ahead. They had got through thinking: they had found the truth; and it became to their thought wicked for anybody to question as to whether these things were true; and therefore progress became impossible.

Take one of the most striking illustrations of this fact. From the time of ancient Greece until the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth centuries, along about the time that is called the Renaissance, scientific study and advance were stopped, the world made no progress for more than a thousand years. Why? Because the Church had assumed that Genesis was infallible, that its scientific teachings were the ultimate truth of God; and it became impious for people to ask any more questions or to carry

on any more experiments. And when the human mind waked up at last from this lengthy sleep, and began to ask questions, men were persecuted, they were imprisoned, they were tormented, they were put to death. Why? For trying to find out what was God's truth in the realm of nature.

Take it in government. Go to France before the Reformation. The ruling powers had got it into their heads that the order of society at which they had arrived was divinely appointed, and represented the end of human progress; and so, when the seething, toiling masses became restless and asked for a little more liberty, for certain rights, for something in the way of comfort that they had not yet attained, a little release from their bondage and their sufferings, it was insolently refused. And so as a result of the repression there came at last the Revolution, the overturning of the world.

And so in every department of thought and life you can seek illustrations for yourselves. Men have reached points where they supposed that they had attained the ultimate truth, and that it was not right, not safe, to ask any more questions or to consider taking another step ahead.

But as a matter of fact, if we stop and think of it a moment, in the very nature of things our apprehension of truth must be progressive. If people would only leave men free to study and think and grow as they pleased, as they could, then the progress of society would be an onward flow, like some mighty river; but, if you dam the river and hold it back long enough, the outcome is a flood and devastation; and that is what has occurred over and over again in the history of the world.

People fancy—I do not know where the idea came from —that the beliefs of antiquity are somehow entitled to special reverence; but what is antiquity? You go back towards the beginning of human history, and you do

not get to a time when men were wiser than they are to-day. You go back to the world's childhood, and you are dealing with the ideas of the world's children, and not with those of vigorous, progressive men.

If the people want the ideas of the world's old age, where will they find them? Right here. The world never was so old as it is on this 22d of November, 1903. Here is the antiquity of the world, if you are looking after the opinions of the world's grown-up old age. The last opinions are most likely to be true; for there is no single department of human thought in which the world has not to-day better means for discovering the truth than it has ever had at any other period in the history of man.

Truth, then, is progressive. We ought to expect that opinions should be partial, be outgrown, be left behind. In every department of science this is true. We have a new chemistry, a new astronomy; and the wise men of the world are peering eagerly down into the microscopic mysteries of the constitution of matter, feeling that they are on the very verge of discovery such as the world has never known.

New revelations with every new day, God speaking some new word, unfolding some new and marvellous fact. This is what we ought to expect with a feeble, ignorant, growing humanity in the midst of an infinite unfolding universe.

Infallibilities, then, in any department of thought are an insolence and an insult. The only thing infallible is that which for the present and in the light of all our knowledge to-day appears to be demonstrated as true; but there is nothing that the human mind has not a perfect right to reopen for new consideration.

Even if I were absolutely certain of something, would I have a right to compel anybody else to accept it? There is another of the strangest delusions that the

world has ever suffered from. We are hardly free from it yet. We are free from bodily harm; but here the other day a man in the South is turned out of a professorship in a university. People are persecuted by being called names, they are subject to opprobrium, to contumely, to the ill opinion of their fellows, because they dare to think and discover new truth.

I can remember when I was a boy reading one of my Sunday-school books, in which the worst character, the one held up as bad in every way, was the free thinker. What kind of thought is it that is not free? What is the use of thought that is not free? How can I be sure that I am discovering anything that is true if I am only allowed to look at one-half of it or one side of it, or if I am not allowed to look at it at all?

How can a Catholic, if he is a good Catholic, be sure that he has the truth while all the latest and best books are placed on the index, and he is not allowed to read them except as being willing to incur the penalty of committing a sin?

Have I a right to compel people to accept my ideas, however sure of them I may be? Consider for a moment what it means. If I compel a man to accept a statement that I say is true, he either understands it or he does not. If he does not understand it, I am doing him an intellectual injury, I am making him tell a falsehood in saying that he believes something he does not know anything about; and, if I persuade him that he does know it, and he has not thought about, comprehended, or grasped it, then I am interfering with his intellectual development, which would come along with his studying it and comprehending it for himself.

There are thousands of people in the modern world who are under pressure to hold certain ideas on account of organizations to which they belong; and they either hold them or they say they hold them when they do not, or with some sort of mental reservation.

I do harm to any man to put pressure on him to make him agree with me. I am in danger of making him a liar, a hypocrite, or else of hindering his intellectual development, which might be brought to pass by a process of study and thought on his own account.

It is one of the greatest wrongs of the world to compel people to accept in appearance certain ideas which are not vital to them, which do not mean anything to them, or which, as they sit and think quietly in their studies or their rooms, they are compelled to dissent from. I have no right then to force my ideas on anybody.

Another question, and this intensely practical. Have I a right, because I happen to like a certain set of ideas, because I have been trained in them, because I have become accustomed to them or because they are associated with certain forms and ceremonies or rituals which are pleasing to me or because they are the foundation idea of an organization that I could conveniently attend or an organization that is patronized by my friends,—friends who wish me to go along with them,—have I under these conditions any right to accept ideas as true that I do not thoroughly, heartily, loyally believe to be true?

This, I say, is an intensely practical question, because there are large numbers of persons all around us who are in this state of mind.

Have I a right to support a church or an organization of any kind in holding to or propagating ideas which do not represent the utmost, deepest belief of my soul? If I do, I am traitor to the truth. If I do, I am false to my own highest nature. If I do, I am twisting and distorting my moral perception, I am making it harder for me to see what is true, I am teaching myself to be indifferent to truth. It is a moral and spiritual evil of wide extent in the modern world.

No matter what it costs you, be true,—true to your convictions. Support organizations and institutions which are true to those convictions. No matter now whether you are right or wrong, you must be true to your best thought where you are. Learn something better, if you can, and learn it as quick as you can; but, while you believe certain things to be vitally true, stand for them, and stand by them and work for them and help them in their power of influence over other minds. Only so can you be true to God, true to truth, true to your fellow-men.

Truth only, I have said, is sacred. It is very curious. You go back to ancient Greece or Rome, and you will find a man using language like this. He wishes to say that a certain thing is sacred to him; and he says, "It is old to me." That is, anything that is old, that has come down from his fathers, anything that he has accepted as a matter of tradition, he has become accustomed to,—that to him is sacred.

But think a moment. Here we are in this infinite universe. We know very little: any number of our opinions are partial or mistaken altogether. But an opinion, no matter if it is ten thousand years old, no matter if it has been embodied in the grandest institution that exists in the world, no matter whether it has its priesthoods and its rituals, no matter whether it has its moss-covered and venerable buildings, no matter how old it is, if it is a mistake, if it is found out to be an error, then it does not represent God, it is not one of God's words, it is not a manifestation of God's thought or God's life.

Now the only things in this universe that are sacred are the things that are true, because they are the only things that are the real, vital manifestations of the thought and the life and the love and the purpose of God.

One thing we should do, then, is not to find out what is popular, not to find out what is venerable in the minds of people who are governed only by traditions, not find out what people hold as the result of prejudice, but try to find out what is true.

And we must expect this,—that the people who represent the last and best ideas should be a few people. Think how inevitably true that is. Thousands of people wish to go with the majority. If they can find out where the largest crowd is,—they think they must be right.

But in literature, in science, in art, in morals, in religion,—anywhere,—the people who have the highest and clearest perception of the truth are the leaders in thought. They are the few, they are the vanguard. The great majority of people do not keep up with the last and best thought.

So, if you are with the crowd, it is almost inevitable that you are wrong, that you have not the last and highest and finest thought; because, as I said, the leaders in any department of life are always the few.

Disraeli said one day,—and it was a very shrewd remark,—"If you can find out what is popular opinion, you will discover that which is about to pass away." Because the leaders of thought are ahead, and where the leaders are to-day there the crowd will be to-morrow; but the leaders to-morrow will be still ahead. This is the way the world goes on.

It is the truth, then, and the truth only, which is sacred; but the truth is not for its own sake. Not truth for the sake of truth, truth for the sake of men and women. Why do we wish to find out the truth? That men and women may think rightly; and we want them to think rightly in order that they may act rightly; we want them to act rightly in order that they may be found healthy; well-doing, in order that they may find peace, happiness.

Truth, then, as we seek for it, is for the sake of humanity. I used the illustration once,—some of you possibly may remember it,—if a great ship is in mid-sea, what is it about it that is of chief importance? Is it the chart? Is it the helm? Is it the compass? No. It is the people, the passengers, the crew. It is humanity that is important; and the one great thing is that the ship shall be able to make its harbor.

So we seek after God's truth in order that the world may be delivered from its burden and come at last to its desired haven.

Father, we ask that Thy light may shine upon us. We ask that we may learn to love the truth as being Thy word, as being the manifestation of Thyself. We ask that we may seek for it as for hid treasures, seek for it because it is happiness, seek for it because it is life. And when we have found it, or think we have found it, may we be willing to pay the price, if need be, of work, of isolation, of misunderstanding, of whatever be necessary in order that we may be true to ourselves and true to Thee. Amen.

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SLEEP.

"If he sleep, he shall do well."—JOHN xi. 12.

I NOTICE the old Bible-men make much of sleep: there seems to be more in it by far for them than there is for the men of our time. The first man falls asleep before the blessing, which can alone make it worth his while to wake again, can come to him; that is, the first woman. The great ancestor of Israel wakes from a deep slumber, and is satisfied once for all about his future, which up to this time had been hidden in a sort of mist. And Jacob sleeps alone on the hills,—a youth far away from his home; and there is a blessing for him in the slumber which was not in the watching. So they go on sleeping through the books and ages in these old Bible times; while by story and prophecy, by psalm and wise saying, we are taught how a spark smitten out of sleep can kindle and renew the most potent forces of life. To sleep well, to their mind, is to do well; and it is a more gracious condition, when the true time comes, than to be ever so wide awake.

Yet it is very curious, again, to notice how, with this teaching of the Bible touching the worth of sleep, there has been a constant fight with it on the part of many who would be the last men in the world to allow that they held the Divine Book of a small account when it does not fit their humor. So your Romish saint has often been a man who could stay awake longer than any other man of his day, rise at the most unnatural hours, and banish sleep from his eyes and slumber from his eyelids, so that he was a world's wonder. One of these saints—

Saint John of the Cross, as he is called—would only sleep a few minutes each night; and then it was with his head on a spike instead of a pillow.

Among the sterner sort in the reformed churches also sleep has been deemed something to be ashamed and afraid of. "I am guilty," good Richard Baxter cries, "for all the sleep I enjoy over three hours in the twenty-four." And I found it was very hard work indeed for me to get through the door of his pulpit in Kidderminster; but it was ample enough, no doubt, for the man, thin as he was, and worn by hard labor and much watching. "Sleep is Death's younger brother," Sir Thomas Browne says, "and so like him that I never dare trust him without my prayers." And Jeremy Taylor, I notice, allows himself not more than three or four hours' sleep, and sometimes not even that; while William Law, a man of the purest religious genius and life, says, "Strive daily after the spirit of renouncing sleep: it is the poorest and dullest thing possible to a man." So the more religious you are, in those days, the more unlikely you will be to regard this great function of our life as a blessing falling softly about you from heaven.

And there were tracts printed in my youth—and are still, I presume—meant to make us ashamed for ourselves, and to fear for our children, through telling how much time we spend in sleep which would be so much better spent, in the opinion of the writers, in staying awake. So very good men, in their way of being good, still seem resolute to forget the hints, which come to us from the Bible, of the way God has compassed some of his most delicate and far-reaching providences while men slept: how Abraham was confirmed then, and Jacob comforted, Joseph warned, and Daniel instructed, and Elijah recovered while sleeping long and well under the juniper-tree; how Paul was succored and directed while he slept, and Peter saved from quite an overplus of bigotry; how the

Psalmist sings of God giving his beloved sleep; and in the oldest sacred book there is solemn and beautiful insistence of the truth that God speaks "when deep sleep falleth on man, that he may keep back his soul from the pit." So the records run. Yet sleep is still something to be cried down, I suppose, by a great many good souls, and to be reduced to its lowest minimum. "Lord," they seem to say, "if he sleep, he shall *not* do well,"—do their best to show that no good, wholesome, persistent sleeper shall enter the kingdom of heaven, and remember the words of Jesus perfectly,—"Cannot ye watch one hour?" —but quite forget the tender allowance that follows,— "Now sleep on, and take your rest."

But we have good ground, I think, for quite another conclusion from this in the help Science brings us first of all toward a true conception of this noble function through which, indeed, she is reversing the judgment of the saints, and teaching us that when we sleep, as when we wake, we shall do well,—teaching us that, as a rule, subject to such variations as may lie within each man's nature, a good, sound, restful sleep of, let us say, eight hours is, in its own way, holiness, while not to sleep so much as that, if we need so much, is a sin. So that a man, like Baxter, with his nerves all on the surface, and his delicate frame, ought to have blamed himself because he slept so little, and said: "I shall be a better man every way, and so, of course, a better Christian, if I can sleep more. Therefore, I will strive after this blessing as I strive after truth and virtue."

Because the first truth we touch is this, that a good sleep is, in the best and truest sense, what we may well call *re*-creation. In our active and troubled day, the books tell us, the pulse beats faster and faster, and the torrents of life increase hour by hour in volume and intensity. Action, conflict, thought, labor, and care demand fresh efforts; and through all this and by it all, as when with

file and emery wheel you work at some delicate piece of mechanism, so all day long, through this process, the fine tissue of life is worn away.

I use my hands and eyes, my brain and muscle, my nerve, and that wonder within the nerve no man can reach; and whatever I use is wasted or, shall we say, passes into other forms. So the words which are spirit and life when they reach you are in some sense material substances when they leave the speaker.

The finest ideals of the painter reach back into the finest organisms, and draw on these for the picture as well as on some higher power. And the immortal numbers of the poet, also, are born of a mortal body: yes, and as the body is, so are the numbers, so that Pope could no more write like Tennyson, or Byron like Wordsworth, or Herrick like George Herbert, than grapes can grow on thorns, or figs on thistles.

Here, then, is the worker; but within the worker stands the watcher. All day long there is a guardian angel bending over these fine tissues and substances of life, to see that they shall not be wasted beyond the line at which they can be made good again when "God giveth his beloved sleep." So when the true time comes, if we are wise to heed the angel, he whispers his word and weaves his spell; and we enter—not into the shadows of death, for that is a wretched mistake, but into the portals of a new life. Then these exhausted and wasted powers, fevered and feeble by the long day's work, feel the touch of renovation. If our sleep is that which nature has ordained, there are workers we know nothing of, so shy that they stop instantly and hide themselves when we do know. These restore the balance for us, weave new tissue for every wasted nerve and fibre, tone down the pulse again to its healthy beat, store new treasures of spiritual force and fire within the brain, transform us into new men and women; and then, when all this is

done, and well done, the bells can ring and call us to our labor or our prayers. But they ring before this at our peril. It is not in the service of God we wake before our time, except there be some clear need, which will not be said nay, for such waking; and no good man will try to save his soul even at the cost of so badgering and injuring his body. He may well do that for others, when the need comes, but not for himself.

When the old saint had cheated himself out of his rest so that he could not sleep at all, and was like to die, it was borne in on him to repeat his paternosters just as long as he could drone them out, and this would banish the fiend, he imagined, that was tormenting him. Well, he went off to sleep with the beads in his hand, and then concluded that the Evil One is helpless to keep you awake if you still persist in saying your paternosters.

But I think he should have said that to go through such a sing-song is as when you rock a child in the cradle. There was no evil spirit about except one of his own creation; and we can all create such an one if we persist in staying awake beyond the line Nature and the grace of God has drawn for our sleeping.

For, if the positive is true, so is the negative. Some mighty hunger to do things shall make us deaf to the whisper of this good angel of sleep. Then all through the day and far into the night we can work, while the organisms waste beyond the power of this merciful provision for their re-creation; and then, because the balance is lost, the forces of life run faster and faster, while the channels waste away, and the pressure on the brain and nerve becomes more tremendous all the time we become less able to bear it. The energies are wasted faster than they can be made good again by such sleep as we allow ourselves to take; and then we take that, perhaps, to sustain us in the struggle, which should never be touched for such reasons. We beat back these affluent

mercies which come for our saving through sleep, use eyes, nerves, and brain with quite a savage energy, and use up principal and interest together. And so we drive on until we break down. Then we send for our doctor to set us right again, who looks us over, makes his diagnosis, and says,

> "'Tis nervous prostration, 'tis fever within:
> He calls it a sickness, I call it a sin."

I note this truth, again, about a good sound sleep. I remember times—it may be you do also—when it was no use working any longer; and so we went to sleep with a feeling of despair about us, to wake up again in the sweet still morning to find the figures all ready to take their place in the problem, the lines riveted fast in the memory, the perplexity growing clear in our business, or the argument completed, so that it seemed as if some defter spirit than our own had been doing these things for us, or some friend had come and sown wheat over the tares of our half-frustrated yesterday.

So Coleridge sleeps, you remember, and hears them whisper a poem, of which, when he wakes, he can only catch a fragment; but no finer fragment ever fell on the human ear. It touches the mystery and melody of the inner heavens.

And Dr. Carpenter, in his fine chapter on Sleep, has many things to tell us of the way in which these powers have grown strong and sure while men slept, and how the most intricate problems or arguments would be found written down next morning, and the hand and brain wist not what the spirit had done.

There seems to be some such blessing for the spirit in sleep, then, as there is for the body,—not alone fresh fuel, but a purer flame. And we may presume such boons as these are hidden away in every life as it steals silently through the night; and, when deep sleep falleth

on men, God openeth their ears and sealeth their instruction. The cup of the spirit holds the fresh dews of the morning. The dust of yesterday is swept from its chambers, noble ideas and aspirations become natural again, new suggestions come trooping in, and we give them good welcome, and wake farther on in life, as well as in time. In our waking hours we think and feel, in our sleep we become. The poet finds in the morning sweeter imaginations, the thinker profounder principles, the preacher more pregnant arguments, and the very worker at the anvil a more subtle turn of the wrist and the stroke that goes right home.

None of us who sleep well begin the new day where we left the old. Each man in his rest has silently advanced to a new position. He can watch the world from a higher summit, and be aware of a wider sky than that on which the sun set yesterday. His flesh is fresh as that of a little child: he returns toward the days of his youth.

"Last night I weighed, quite wearied out,
The questions that perplex us still,
And that sad spirit we call doubt
Made the good naught against the ill.
This morning, when with rested mind
I try again the self-same theme,
The whole has altered, and I find
The balance turned, the good supreme.
A long sweet sleep, a good night's rest,
Has changed the look of all that is.
Sure, any creed I hold at best
Needs humble holding after this."

Now let me draw a few simple lessons from this truth I have tried to open. You, young men, must remember that one grand factor in your well-being and well-doing will lie in a good sound sleep. You may think it does not matter: take my word for it—the word of a man

who has had to walk through rugged ways to his rather rugged old age—that it does matter a great deal.

Your sleep is the hidden treasure of your youth to-day, and to-morrow it will be the margin you will have to draw on for your age. Do you think you can racket round into the small hours, snatch a brief repose, and then be just as good as ever to hold and bind? It is not true. Many a young man sells his birthright in this way, and cannot have it back again, though he seek it with many tears. Take your honest eight hours' sleep, if you may. There is life in it and grace. It is one of the good angels which will save you from the temptation to drink, give you an even mind, brighten all your powers, and do many things for you no other power can do. So, when you get farther on, and are in the thick of the world's business, do not forget what virtue lies in this good habit. You may make more money by sitting up nights, but the chances are you will not keep it; carve out a good business, and then have to quit; or grow eminent in your profession, and then break down. Good fortune turns greatly on good habits, and this is one of the best. We can go just so far, and then we have to fall back on Nature and on God for new power. But, if we say, "I will work double tides," and so get fevered and out of true with the laws of success in life, then the day comes when our power turns to something like paralysis.

Your true business or professional man is the man who rises well rested, with a cool clear brain and steady nerve, —the man who can shake off business after business hours, go to sleep like a yearling child, and rise like the sun, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.

And that word, a yearling child, reminds me that, if you quit yourselves like men, and all is well with you, the time is coming when you will have children to care for; and then you must remember that, "if he sleep, he shall do well," is true also of the child. Because we have

enough of the old leaven in us still to prompt us now and then to try and make our children ashamed of over-sleeping, while, if they are healthy children, the chances are that this is what they cannot do. They may want to go all wrong about the time for going to sleep: they are very apt to do that. All the same our children must not be tormented with the idea that all the sleep they want, and therefore need, is either a sin or a shame. Indeed, it is true that with the high pressure the schools put on their delicate little minds, and the keen quality which seems to be in the very air they breathe, they do need all the sleep they can compass. It is the breath of their life, the building up of their body, the other half the task they have only half done, and the help of the good angel when our help fails. No cruelty can well be worse than this that would rob the children of even the fringes of this robe which falls on them out of heaven, and no grace better than this gospel, "If *they* sleep, they shall do well."

So this is the conclusion of the whole matter. These powers of ours are not to be superseded, but made sacred; and this power by which we win new power is a sacred thing. Once sure that it is sleep, and not stupor, recreation, and not wasting, it is something to thank God for with all our heart.

And it is a great mistake in good men to say this is a shameful waste of time, when it may be, and so often is, the best possible use of time; or that we should be at our work or our prayers, while still we need this on which the worth of the work or the prayer is to turn.

I say that to sleep one hour more in such a case is better than either to labor or to pray, and may bring us nearer both to God and man.

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GROWING OLD.

My text you may find in the ninetieth Psalm and the tenth verse: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten, or even by reason of strength fourscore years; yet is their pride but labor and sorrow, for it is soon gone, and we fly away."

This is one of the most wonderful of all the Psalms. If you have ever written poems yourself or been intimate with some one who has done it, you are familiar with the fact that sometimes a short poem takes days or weeks or even months in its composition.

I do not know how long it took the old Hebrew poet to write this one; but it shows traces of different moods in different parts of it. When he wrote this tenth verse, he must have felt somewhat pessimistic. He said: People sometimes reach eighty years of age; but, even when they do, the pride of it is labor and sorrow. It is soon gone, and we fly away.

Growing old, according to this old anonymous Hebrew poet, was a sad business; but it is natural, it is inevitable; it ought to be sweet and fair.

How does the year grow old? At the time of the winter solstice they tell us that the sun is reborn. There is the beginning of Christmas, the beginning of all the legends and stories that hang about Christmas. The sun is reborn. He begins his journey towards the north; and there is a little changed feeling in the air, the soft winds begin to blow, and earth feels the growing power of the sun.

By and by the snows are gone. Little touches of green are along the fence by the roadside, even between the bricks and stones of the town. As Lowell expresses it,—

"Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

The spring is here,—beautiful, sweet,—and then the long, languorous, restful but laborious summer; for nature is at work, whether we are or not, and it all means the autumn; the blossoms are promises. And in the country every tree is laden, the fields are one manifestation of the bounty of the earth, the bounty of God.

And the fall goes by and leaves a touch, and the trees become bare; but is it desolation? It means a broader, clearer outlook. We lose the sense of this earth being all, and are abroad in the universe once more; and the year comes to its culmination; and it is grander when, as we say, it has grown old.

How does a leaf grow? First a bud starts. Then there is a little outbursting from the twig, a little blurring of the clear sky as we look up toward the branches. Then the banners are flung out, and the leaves blow in the wind, and bask in the sunshine, and drink in the dew; and the leaves live their laborious life,—for, if I had time, I could show you how they play the most marvellous part in the universe,—in vegetable life not only, but animal life as well.

By and by autumn comes. The frost kisses the leaf and it is ablush with a color and a beauty that it has never known before. It reaches its culmination when the wind shakes it free and bears it up as it rocks its way to the soil; and the subtle chemistry of God not buries it, not loses it, but picks it up and transforms it into a thousand new forms of wonderful and ever-evolving life.

How does the day grow old? If you are up early enough to catch the first tints of the east, you know the wonder and beauty of it all. At last the sun appears, and the world is aflood with light and everything wakes into joy. The birds and the brooks are in ecstasy, and it is pleasant merely to be alive and to see it all.

Then the sun climbs the sky. The day approaches its culmination; then down towards the sunset; and, as the sun sinks low and disappears, the stars, that the light had hidden, break through the blue, and before we know it the whole wide sky is full of wonderful worlds. The great German poet Schiller has somewhere the suggestion that possibly out of this revelation of other worlds came the first hint to man of immortality.

But the day is never so fine as when it is old; and its old age merges, not into death, but into revelation and unfoldment and marvellous suggestion. So things grow old in nature.

I wish to ask you now to go with me for a little while, as I note a few of the aspects of our human growing old. And first two or three suggestions as to the wonder of it.

The man who does not wonder is not alive, has not waked up, does not appreciate the kind of universe of which he is a part. We fool ourselves with names. We label a thing, and fancy we know it; but in the sense of comprehending the mystery of the universe we know nothing. Every fresh step in what we call knowledge means the unveiling of a new wonder.

Think for a moment. There is that little boy, away back there, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty years ago. He is in the country, perhaps, barefooted, ragged, dirty, playing, happy, without a care, as free as the sunshine and the birds. And yet you look back and say, "I was that little boy."

He is a young man, full of ambition,—his feet just touching the edge of life on which he is about to enter,—

full of love, of hope, of enthusiasm. You look at him, and rub your eyes and say, "I was that young man."

Then there is a man in middle age. He has succeeded or he has failed; but, whichever it is, he is full of the knowledge that comes with years, the experience of life, and you look at him and say, "I was that man."

What is this marvellous link of continuity that gives us the sense of personal identity through all these days and weeks and months and years of change? The identity of this body at any particular minute is no more stable than is that of Niagara Falls. You saw the Falls last year: you see them again to-day. They look the same: They maintain the same outward aspect and shape; but every particle composing them is changing every minute.

And so these bodies of ours are in constant flux. Over and over and over again have we had new bodies, and yet we are the same. Here is a scar on my finger, which I made with an axe when I was a little boy. There is not a particle of the flesh that was there then; but the scar remains. And here are these mental and moral marks and scars, that remain in spite of all the change. Think how wonderful it is!

Growing old, you keep your childhood and youth and middle age. You keep it all, and you say, It was I all along that line of advance and experience. Wonderful beyond any power to conceive!

And then the memory. I wonder if you ever stop to think of what that means. I do not know what it means; nobody does know; but it means inexplicable mystery and marvel. Where have I kept all these years the picture of that boyhood, the experiences of youth, the troubles, the cares, the triumphs of middle life?

What is this thing which I call mind, that without using any space in which to place them stores up all these recollections? How am I able to summon any one when I please? How can I sit down in my study, or

you in your sitting-rooms, and tramp through the Alps, walk on the edge of the lakes, smell the incense in the old cathedrals, walk the streets of foreign cities, call up at will all this marvellous past? Where is it? How have we kept it into old age, to make us rich and glad?

Is it stamped or printed on the particles of the brain? How? For the particles of the brain are changing every instant. Where is it,—all this wonder of growing old, and keeping all the past, and carrying it along with us?

And the wonder of the friendships we have made along the pathway of life,—what does that mean? You walk through a crowd of men; and they mean no more to you than the trees in a forest as you pass through them. But by and by some one clasps your hand; and you look into a face, and there is a friend springing out of the darkness. You did not know he existed. He did not know that you existed; but from that moment you bind each other to yourselves with hoops of steel. What does it mean? I do not know,—only that it means one of the sweetest things in all the world.

The wonder of love! Thousands of women, and they mean nothing to you! By and by one that means life, means health, means everything that is dear. And some people tell me that these things fade and grow less as we get older. Do they? Not in my case; and I do not believe it.

A young man when he first falls in love thinks he knows what love means; but he does not. There is a depth, a sweetness, a power about it in middle life and in old age that youth never dreams of. You see two old people toddling along together,—Darby and Joan sitting by the fireside; and you think love has cooled. Why, love never was so intense and sweet and dear as it is in the helpful, true, tender growing old.

Let us turn for a moment and note a few suggestions of another phase of growing old: there is a pathos about

it,—a pathos that is terribly sad sometimes, that is tearful even in the best of cases.

When we were young, boys and girls together at school, how many eternal friendships were made! Where are they? I do not know how it is in your case. There is just one boy left that I used to go to school with in the little village away down in Maine that I have kept track of and correspond with to-day. He is in Europe. I do not know whether I shall ever see him again.

Just one,—the pathos of it! Where are they? what has become of them? Some of them died in the war; some of them went to the bad; some of them tried business and failed; a few have won conspicuous success. Now and then one becomes great. But it is pathetic to look back to the playmates of childhood, and see how many of them are only dim figures against the background of memory.

Then the disillusions of growing old. How many of our magnificent visions have faded! Think what enthusiasm we started out with. We believed the world was going to listen to us. The case seemed so clear we thought we could persuade people to do something about it. But in most cases it has seemed as though our talk was breath thrown against a wind; our illusions, many of them, have vanished; we have found out that we can do very little; and we wonder, sometimes, whether the little we have done has amounted to anything.

It is a little pathetic to wake up to what is a fact about every one of us,—that the world can get along without us just as well as not; that we are not really necessary to a single great world movement; that, if we were suddenly removed, a little circle would miss us, and a few dear friends would break their hearts for a while; but the world would go right on just as though nothing had happened.

And then, as we get older, of course as we go on we

make new friends for those we lost in our childhood; but, as we grow older, this inevitable thing happens, the ranks of those we marched with, breast to breast, shoulder to shoulder, side by side, grow so thin, one drops out here, and another one there. And we wake up by and by to feel that we are so alone.

I can remember when my mother,—pardon this personal reference,—having reached fourscore and eight and a half, came to a time when she longed to go, because nearly all those she had loved since childhood were over there. This is pathetic.

But there is another side to it, sadder than this; and that is the pathos of the kind of growing old that we too often see around us; not of those who grow ripe and rich and sweet and strong, but those who shrivel, those who shrink, those who wither as they grow old, so that they are less in head and heart and life and courage and hope than they were years ago. Instead of being like rivers that widen and sweep on to the sea, they are like rivers in some parts of the earth that decrease and at last lose themselves in a desert, and there is nothing visible of them all.

Sometimes a man reaches his poor, miserable old age because he breaks all of God's laws of body and mind and heart, becomes corrupted, and, like a tree rotten at the core, ready to break at the first touch of the storm.

Then there are men who succeed outwardly. They get rich, but they get close and narrow and hard. One of the most pitiful things I know of in all the world—and I have known a good many such cases—is to see a man clutching and holding tight everything he has gained, even from wife and children and friends, until, as he gets towards the old age limit, there is a universal wish on the part of everybody that he might get through and release his holdings for the good and blessing of somebody that would use them.

I think it is one of the most pitiful things in the world to live so that your wife and your friends are relieved when you get through. I want at least a few people to be sorry when I go; and I would rather go this minute and have them sorry than to wait ten or twenty years longer and have them glad. There is a pathos about growing old on the part of those people that do not grow rich and ripe.

There is another aspect of growing old. I wish to suggest to you a few things touching the glory of it when we grow old in the right, the natural way. What does it mean? We start children: we grow into youth, unformed bundles of passion, appetite, impulse, with no clear conception of anything, without knowing the nature of the life about us or the purpose and meaning of things. One of the first glorious things about a true growing old is the waking up to a consciousness of ourselves, and gaining through experience the mastery of ourselves, the mastery of the body, the mastery of the brain, the mastery of the heart, of the impulses, so that we can say, I am king here, I rule.

And I look out over the world around me, and adjust and adapt myself to it in the way I will for the sake of accomplishing certain purposes and reaching certain ends. This is the first glory of growing.

And then the glory of waking up to the idea that there is so much to be known. People talk to me sometimes of being overwhelmed with the majesty and mystery of things. I am glad to be overwhelmed by them. If the universe were not infinite, so that we could study and study and study forever and not get through, then the hope of immortality would be an absurdity. It is because it is infinite that it challenges us and thrills us and arouses us to the magnificence and glory of life.

On every hand problems to be solved, things to be studied, facts to be learned; the earth, the air, the sky

over our heads; invention, discovery,—everywhere an opportunity to grow, and to grow with intensity of studious and interested advance.

And the waking up to appreciation of our inheritance. This is a wonderful old race of ours. Nobody knows how long it has been here. It is only a few thousand years ago that we see it advancing out of the twilight, so that it is visible; but it was at work perhaps for hundreds of thousands of years back there. At any rate, it has accumulated an estate, experience, knowledge, achievement in the direction of literature, of art, or song.

Think of the books that have been written, the discoveries that have been made, the inventions, all that humanity has done; and the glory—one glory—of growing old is the waking up to an appreciation of these things and a conscious entrance upon our inheritance. It is ours because our fathers did it, our fathers made it, and made it for us.

And this mighty mystery of our universe. We come to recognize at last the world as an order,—as Pope says,

"A mighty maze, but not without plan."

And one of the glories of growing old is that we can learn to discern some dim outlines of this plan, this scheme, that the universe means something; that the marks of humanity from the beginning mean something; that things are going somewhere; that there is an outcome; that there are certain lines and tendencies that can be discerned. And so we wake up, as we grow older, to the glory of this consciousness, that we are in an intelligent universe, a universe that is not chaotic, that is not chance, or simply the play of mighty and irresponsible forces, but is guided by somebody to

"Some far-off divine event."

And then the glory of the consciousness that we can

co-operate in this,—is there anything equal to it? Have you ever waked up to what it means to cowork with God? There is not an angel in heaven that can dream of anything more glorious than co-operating with God. And we can do that. The farmer, the sailor, the blacksmith, the carpenter,—every man who does anything must do it, because all the forces of God are at work; and, when we use one of them, we are doing what we do by the help of God.

I have quoted it a great many times, but in the light of this thought it has wonderful significance, that saying of Kepler's. After he had discovered the laws of planetary motion, he bowed his head, and said, "O God, I think over again thy thoughts after thee."

That is what we do when we find out that the world means something, and wake up to the idea that we can co-operate with God in bringing certain things to pass.

It is a marvellous thought that we need God not only, but that God needs us. It is only a little that we can do; but we can do that little, and that little needs to be done.

The glory, then, of growing old, of coming to a consciousness of ourselves, of our inheritance, of the meaning of life, of the purpose of life, and the thought that we can do something to help God—is there anything better, to help him through helping our fellows?

Here is a man who is bewildered over a problem. Can you help him solve it? Here is a man whose load is too heavy for him: he is fainting. Can you put your hand under it and lift it a little for him? Here is one whose eyes are dim and blinded, and who cannot see. Can you take him by the hand and lead him? Here is one who is stumbling over an obstacle: he has grown faint and weak and weary. Can you show him the way around it or help him to climb over it?

You can co-operate with God in helping to make the

world sweeter and fairer. This is the glory of growing old. You climb at last to the mountain peak and look back over the way you ascended, and you see the sunset and the stars beginning to shine out; and you stand there with hope that this is not the end.

Moses, the story tells us, was taken up into a mountain to look across a river into a country promised to his people, but which he should never enter. We, as we grow old, and master ourselves and climb the mountain peaks of the years, are on a mountain looking across a river to a promised land that is not denied us. We will enter. We only gain glimpses of that which shall be ours.

I want to read you a few verses from Tennyson, written in his old age, on the philosophy of growing old, as he interpreted it:—

"The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said, 'Am I your debtor?'
And the Lord—'Not yet; but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better.'

"If my body come from brutes, my soul uncertain, or a fable,
Why not bask amid the senses while the sun of morning shines,
I, the finer brute rejoicing in my hounds, and in my stable,
Youth and health, and birth and wealth, and choice of women and of wines?

"What hast thou done for me, grim Old Age, save breaking my bones on the rack?
Would I had past in the morning that looks so bright from afar!"

OLD AGE.

"Done for thee? starved the wild beast that was linkt with thee eighty years back.
Less weight now for the ladder-of-heaven that hangs on a star.

"If my body come from brutes, though somewhat finer than their own,
I am heir, and this my kingdom.
Shall the royal voice be mute?
No, but if the rebel subject seek to drag me from the throne,
Hold the sceptre, Human Soul, and rule thy Province of the brute.

"I have climbed to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher."

Of course, I cannot treat this subject without some word as touching a matter that brings us nearer home. You and I know one example of a life nobly lived,—of grandly growing old. Eighty years ago a little boy, the oldest of a group, was born in a little two-roomed cottage in Yorkshire. They were poor; but it was an honest, sturdy poverty, like that which has nurtured thousands of the best men that the world has seen.

This little boy played, ate what he could get, slept, dreamed, grew. By and by he was the fortunate possessor of a few pennies; and here happened something typical of the whole life, a prophecy of what was to be and has been from that day to this. With this, which was wealth to him,—and I know what it meant,—the question was debated as to whether it should be spent for taffy or a book; and the book won. The higher triumphed; and it has been triumphing ever since.

He not only loved the moors and the sunset and the birds and the summer and the winter, but his heart was naturally touched with the instinct for religion; and the religion shaped the life, and itself took shape from the dominant influences about him. He grew up, was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and, working at the anvil, he became a Methodist local preacher. He struck blows on the hot, softened iron; and he struck blows for truth and right and love in other shops of work as well.

By and by, as he grew and loved and mated, he began to long for a larger life, a wider opportunity, and so came across the great sea to these shores. Here in New York for a little; and then we find him a blacksmith in Pennsylvania, only a little way from Philadelphia, working at the forge and still preaching the gospel as he sees it.

He believes in a better God and a more hopeful humanity than the most of those that are about him, and so wins the ever-to-be-honored title of heretic. He comes to the notice of him who was father and friend from that day until he died,—good, noble Dr. Furness. By and by he was asked to preach in Dr. Furness's pulpit; and now comes his first great victory. Dr. Furness has to go West to marry a couple in Cincinnati, and asks this young man to preach for him; and, after he gets out there, he wants to stay another Sunday. So he sends home to find out if can be spared. He wants to know whether the supply has been satisfactory enough so that they can get along well enough for another Sunday. And word comes to him that he can stay just as long as he pleases. They find no fault with the supply.

And so he comes into our larger and, we believe, grander, ministry. He goes to Chicago and starts a ministry among the poor, out of which grows the great Unity Church. He becomes famous in England and in America as well as a preacher and lecturer, his name a household word.

Then come the fire, the devastation, the shock, the blindness, the despair; then recovery, and out of it a Unity fairer than that which was burned. And then, twenty-four years ago, he comes to New York and to this church; and you know what his life has been as he has gone in and out among you, as he has christened the children, married the young men and women; as he has stood with you in your hours of sorrow by the casket containing those you called your dead.

He has won a name here, and the love of everybody that has known him. I have never heard that he had an enemy. If he has one, it is of the kind a man should be honored for possessing. He has no enemies among those who love truth and care for the right.

And now he has grown old among you, he has climbed

to the height of eighty years; but to my mind there is no pathos in a sad sense about it. I know his life has grown a little lonely. Some of those that stood nearest to him and whom he clasped to his heart with infinite tenderness have faded into the unseen; but he and I and all of us know that they are not lost. He knows it, he believes it; and his pathway in the streets is not walked without companionship. The invisible forms of those he tenderly loves and expects by and by to see again walk by his side. They keep him company in his room; they visit him in the dreams of his sleeping hours.

He has grown grandly old,—eighty years,—climbed to the mountain summit; and away over there he sees the sunset. But there is nothing sad about it; for he knows that, as in God's sunsets here the going down of that orb means the rising of countless others grander, greater, brighter than that; it means the opening of the universe to his advancing feet.

Or, if you choose to change the figure, he is standing not far away from the shore lapped with the waves that reach off under the mist towards the Infinite; but, as he stands there, he can say with Whittier:—

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air:
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

He looks back to the Yorkshire moors, and remembers the boy. He sees the young man, his first love, the birth of his children, and all that has made his life varied and rich and sweet; and now at the last he is surrounded by all that should accompany old age,—"as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

All of us love him, all of us are glad he was born, all of us are glad that he has grown old. And when, by and by,—God postpone the day!—he shall say good-bye to us, I for one shall not count it good-bye, but only good-night; and I shall look for a hand-clasp in the morning.

Dear Father, we thank Thee for the great and sweet lives that have been lived, that are inspiration and comfort and help to us. We thank Thee for him, our teacher, our friend, and for all he has been to us. We are glad that we can grow old together, that we can taste the experiences of life together, and glad that we can know that beyond every sunset there is a dawn. Amen.

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THE DEBT OF RELIGION TO HERBERT SPENCER.

I FIND my text in the forty-fourth chapter of Ecclesiasticus, the first and second verses,—"Let us now praise famous men: the Lord hath wrought great glory by them."

In England, in the city of Brighton, last Tuesday, the 8th of December, rested from his labors the greatest thinker of these recent centuries, if, indeed, not the greatest of all the centuries.

It has been my personal pleasure and privilege to have met him twice. He visited this country in 1882. I was one of those fortunate enough to be present at the farewell dinner which was given to him at Delmonico's in this city on the evening of the 9th of November in that year.

The next year I spent with him at the United Service Club in Pall Mall the afternoon of the 9th of September. Mr. John Fiske had given me letters of introduction; and I had a long and intimate conversation with him in regard to the great themes of which he was the exponent.

We talked of the universe, of God, of religion, of immortality. I outlined for him a carefully prepared definition of religion which I had myself framed, and was of course pleased when he told me that he would gladly accept it as his own without amendment or change of any sort.

He was one of the simplest men I ever met. Mountains do not have to strain and lift themselves in order

to appear great. I have met people who wished to seem somewhat, who have apparently made an effort in that direction: such people perhaps need make such an effort: but he was one of the most approachable, least pretentious men I ever knew,—nothing whatever of condescension or of the appearance of being gracious or of giving me time.

I found him playing billiards. This was the great recreation of his life. Some of you have perhaps seen an anecdote going the rounds of the papers, which I would like to correct, because Herbert Spencer was never discourteous. A young man, an expert, had easily beaten him at his favorite game. He did not say to him, however, "You play so well as to show signs of a wasted life." He simply remarked playfully, "You play too good a game for a young man who does anything else." The tone, the temper of the two things, you see, are quite distinct.

He was a tall man. I am not quite sure how tall; but he impressed me as being above the average. He was very slight. He could not have weighed a great deal. He had sandy hair and the conventional English side whiskers; but the one marked thing about him was his head. I have never seen such a dome on any human figure; nor have I seen it in the portraits of the great men of whom I have read.

You wondered that he could carry his head upright,—at least I did. He seemed to me like a stalk of wheat that must bend beneath the too heavy weight which it carried. I am reminded, as I think of it, of Browning's picture of Napoleon which represents him standing with his feet wide apart, his shoulders thrown back and his arms behind him, "As if to balance the prone brow oppressive with its mind."

The life of Spencer of course is his work. There were very few incidents in it beyond the accomplishment

which he pursued from the first until the end. He was never married. His only bride was Truth, to whom he consecrated every energy of his being,

You will be interested perhaps to know—what he told me in our conversation,—that the first thought of the great philosophy and science of evolution came to him at the age of twenty. He was reading Lyall's first work on Geology; for his work as it stands to-day has been entirely reconstructed in the light of evolution. He opposed evolution in his first book,—or not evolution, because evolution as we understand it was not heard of then,—but he opposed the suggestions of Lamarck and Geoffry St. Hilaire in the direction of natural development; and Mr. Spencer told me that the first thing that put the great idea into his mind was the fact that Lyall did not make his points against the men he opposed; and he began to think and study in that direction.

He gave himself untiringly to this work. One of the most striking things about the man to me is the moral intrepidity and devotion displayed by his lifelong consecration to truth. He was an invalid from the start. I might say, were it not for the example I have behind me in the pulpit (Mr. Collyer), that he illustrated the truth of what Oliver Wendell Holmes has somewhere said,—that, if a man wished to live to a good old age, he ought to get some incurable disease when he was young: then he would take care of himself.

He was an invalid almost from the first: so that most people in his physical condition might have considered themselves reasonably released from the necessity of doing any hard work. A large part of his life he was able to work no more than three hours a day, sometimes only an hour and a half, sometimes an hour; but what he could, that he did, day by day, persistently, week after week, year after year, until his very life's close.

Think of a man starting out, as he did, under these

conditions to undertake the achievement of so stupendous a work! He had no backing, no friends, no publishers, no money, no organization behind him. And yet he laid out a scheme of work, published it to the world, which would take him twenty or thirty years to complete; and patiently, persistently, he worked at this scheme, year after year, until it was finished,

It is interesting to me to know that a woman is responsible largely for his first introduction to America; for he was known and accepted widely here in America before he was quite appreciated at home.

Mr. E. L. Youmans was for many years the publisher of the *Popular Science Monthly*. Spencer's first book came into his hands; and he looked at it cursorily, and threw it aside. But his sister, Miss Eliza Youmans, who was a coworker with him on the magazine, picked it up, read it, and saw its meaning, and brought it to her brother, and said, This is a great book; and her brother then entered upon a serious study of it, and from that time devoted himself to what you might call a Herbert Spencer propaganda in this country. So that Miss Youmans stands as the one who first introduced him to the American world.

There is nothing significant, specially, about his origin. He was born in Derby, in England, the 27th of April, 1820. His father was William George Spencer, and his mother Harriet Holmes. Up to the age of thirteen his father educated him. After that his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, a Broad Church clergyman; and it is noteworthy for us to remember that he was the only clergyman in England who took an active part in the Corn-law agitation. It was in the midst of suggestions and influences like these that Spencer grew up.

There is another thing worth noting. He is one of that great number of wonderful, famous men who, in the technical, narrow sense of the schools and the universities, was

never educated at all. He never went to college, he never graduated. He had no degrees attached to his name. The universe was his school; and he became the teacher and master of the teachers and masters of the world.

It is time now for us to raise a question as to just what it was that Spencer did. Spencer originated, created the great scientific philosophy of evolution. If you should ask the first person you met on the street after going out of here to whom we owe evolution, the chances are that he would say, Darwin; but, as Mr. Fiske has said over and over again, and with emphasis, "Nothing of the sort."

Spencer had outlined his whole scheme of evolution and wrought out in detail certain important parts of it years before (at least four years before) he heard of "The Origin of Species" of Darwin.

Darwin himself has recognized this fact; but because there has been associated with the name of Darwin the idea of our having been descended from monkeys, and because it has been talked about so much, and so many poor jokes have been made on the subject in the newspapers, the fact has come to pass that the name of Darwin is associated with this matter ten times where that of Spencer is once.

It is worth saying, in passing, that neither Darwin nor Spencer, nor anybody else, ever taught that man is descended from the monkey. But that does not spoil it as a newspaper witticism.

Spencer is the originator, the one who wrought out, expounded, demonstrated, the great scientific philosophy of evolution. It is as though some master architect had created the grandest temple or cathedral of all time. It is possible that a pillar here and there may have to be moved, some subsidiary part may be amended or changed; but the great temple stands. Under its dome humanity

is to live and worship; in accordance with its scheme humanity is to grow in all the coming time.

Herbert Spencer dealt with the entire kingdom of the universe. Darwin wrought in one little province. All of Darwin's work is devoted to biology, which is simply one province of evolution; and there are large parts of the general scheme of evolution that Darwin never studied at all, and perhaps did not even understand.

Spencer grasped the universe with his comprehensive mind, and he put it into a formula; and there is no department of human thought or life to-day that is not being reconstructed, wrought over, in the light of this theory, the demonstrated science of evolution. The stars in their courses illustrate it, the growth of this little earth as a planet illustrates it. It includes the origin and development of every form of life, even up to man. All societies, all races, all civilizations, all religions, are included in its mighty grasp. Every detail of human life is a part of it and illustrates it; every art, science, invention, discovery, and the growth of the family, of nations. History is being rewritten in accordance with its teachings. There is no sane and competent man on the face of the earth to-day who does not know that in its magnificent outlines it is established scientifically beyond any reasonable question.

Everything is being made over into its image: it is the air we breathe, it is the food we eat. We look back, and interpret the past by it; we read the present by its illumination; we forecast the future along its lines.

And this gigantic work is the work of Herbert Spencer. All the other great men of the last hundred years might have lived and done the work which they did apart from the fact that they were influenced by him; and, if he had not lived, there would have been no evolution as we understand it to-day.

This, then, is his achievement: this is to be his eternal

monument, which will stand as long as the world stands; for we cannot conceive a single step of human advance except along the lines which it marks out.

This is what Herbert Spencer has done, this is what he has accomplished.

I wish you to note—I shall publish the opinions of a few people as a supplement to this sermon, so that you may see that what I am saying is not my own extravagant opinion—that Herbert Spencer is as much above and beyond all the other great philosophers that have ever lived as is the telegraph to-day beyond the carrier pigeon, or the railway beyond the sedan chair. These comparisons I have borrowed from Mr. John Fiske, as you will see in a note which I shall publish.

All other modern philosophers are pygmies beside him. His is the most comprehensive mind that I know of in history. Note one thing as illustrating this. If you are familiar with current discussion, books, reviews, magazines, platform addresses, you must have noted this: no man at the present time can discuss any one of the great problems of the world,—astronomy, geology, any of the great sciences, biology, psychology,—cannot discuss government or religion or art or literature, even written style; there is no great theme that a man can discuss to-day without dealing with Herbert Spencer. He has got either to agree with him or fight him: he cannot ignore him. And no other man that has walked the earth so wrought, so wrote himself into the life of the world.

And, when you remember that there never was a time when to claim to know something of everything was so difficult as it is to-day, you can see the significance of that remark. It might have been easy for a man in ancient Athens to possess all knowledge. Even for Bacon, in the Elizabethan age in England, it was a comparatively small task; for the world was petty and narrow

then compared with the boundlessness of its reaches and problems as we overlook them to-day.

And Proctor, the great astronomer, said that, although Spencer was not a specialist in the sense that some of the scientific men were,—of course he could not be, covering, as he did, the universe,—so broad was his comprehension of great general principles that he could make suggestions, as he frequently did, to the specialists in their particular departments which, with their narrow outlook, they would not be able to see and would never think of.

Such, by way of hint, is the work that Herbert Spencer has achieved.

Now I must turn sharply, and devote the rest of my time to the special service which he has rendered to religion.

A good many people may think it is strange that I should think of him as having rendered religion any service at all. He has been spoken of as an agnostic and an enemy of religion; and yet note this one thing. He is going to be recognized in the future as the man who has rendered a greater service to the religious life of the world than any other who has lived for a thousand years,—I care not in what department of life he may have wrought out his work. Let us see.

In the first place, Herbert Spencer, for the first time in the history of the world, has planted religion itself on an utterly impregnable and immovable foundation. The Church has been afraid that religion was going to be injured. It has had to persecute and kill people by the thousands to preserve religion from destruction. This indicates the kind of confidence that the Church has had in the basis of the religious life itself.

Comte, the great French philosopher, taught that religion was only a phase of superstition that belonged to the childhood of the race and would be outgrown.

Thousands of men have been wondering, as they have seen the theological break-up and change, as to whether religion was going to pass away.

Here comes this greatest man of his age, and proves beyond any question, scientifically demonstrates, that religion is an integral, inherent, eternal part of the universe, of human nature, and of human life. It can no more be destroyed than the innermost meaning of the world can be taken out, because the essential thing in it is the attempt on the part of man to get into right relation with the Infinite and Eternal Power manifested in the universe. That means man's necessary search for the secret of life: there is no possibility of escaping it or of its being outgrown.

This is the first service that Spencer has wrought.

What next? He has demonstrated beyond any rational question that the one most certain item of all human knowledge is the existence of "an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." This is the scientific name: we religionists call it God,—that is all the difference.

Spencer has demonstrated that the one thing we know, as we do not know and cannot know anything else, is the existence of this Infinite and Eternal Energy manifested throughout the universe, and of which all the phenomenal and changing manifestations are only fleeting expressions.

In the next place, you will see, when I come to define this a little more closely, that he has killed scientific materialism forever, because he has demonstrated as the very heart of evolution that this Infinite and Eternal Energy manifests itself in the lower, in the material and phenomenal universe: it is not produced or manifested by the material or phenomenal universe.

The Infinite and Eternal Energy is the heart of things: all else is temporary and changing manifestation. Here

Spencer has given the religion of the world scientific ground for believing in what we want to believe in—as God—such as no other thinker of the world has ever been able to do.

He has also taught us that it is this same power which wells up in us under the form of consciousness. So we are akin to this power.

But some of you who have read Spencer may be saying to yourselves, "But he told us that this Infinite and Eternal Energy was unknowable, and he also denied personality and consciousness as the attributes of it."

Will you think for a minute, and see what he did teach and say in regard to these matters? I know, not only from the study of his books, but from his personal utterance; for he told me a good many things which then had not been published, but which since have become a part of the works he has given to the world.

What did Spencer mean by the Unknowable? It is good old Bible doctrine. One of the characters in Job says, "Canst thou by searching find out God? It is high as heaven; what canst thou do? It is as deep as the underworld; what canst thou know?" There is the Unknowable.

Isaiah represents God as saying, "As high as the heavens are above the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

If you wish to understand Herbert Spencer's doctrine of the Unknowable, you must know what he means when he talks about knowledge. Did you ever stop to ask yourself, What is knowledge? Whether you agree with him or not, you must judge his Unknowable in the light of his definition of knowledge. He calls it a process of classification.

You see an animal over in the distance: you do not know what it is. You get nearer, so that you can say it is a dog. You simply classify it with all other dogs;

and you think you know all about it. That is what ordinary knowledge means,—simply a process of classification.

Now, of course, when you come to deal with the one Infinite and Eternal Energy, since there is no other with which to classify it, you cannot know it in the ordinary sense of knowledge. Spencer does not deny that all we do know is so far a manifestation of the working of this Infinite and Eternal Energy.

There are a great many people disturbed over the question as to whether God is personal and conscious. I will tell you what Herbert Spencer said to me,—that he did not think it reasonable to think of this Infinite and Eternal Power as personal or conscious in the sense that we, in our human understanding of the definition, would give those terms. God is not personal in the sense that he was born and is going to die, or is outlined or limited, as we are: he is not conscious in the sense that we are.

But he made one of the grandest affirmations of the world; and, if you wish to understand Spencer, note this. He said, "It seems to me reasonable to think that this Infinite and Eternal Power is as much above and beyond what we mean by personality and consciousness as we are above vegetable growths." A grand affirmation, do not you see, and not a denial at all. This Power includes in himself all we mean by personality and consciousness, and perhaps infinitely more.

This grand conception of the universe, for the first time in history, gives us a worthy conception of a house, a home, a universe worthy of being the dwelling of an infinite God.

I wish you to note now the next step. The one I have already dealt with, this Infinite and Eternal Power not identical with matter, nor produced by matter, but of which matter is only a manifestation,—this Infinite and Eternal Power is the one first great basis of religion.

The next is what? Another fundamental principle

of evolution, that this Infinite and Eternal Power is in favor of righteousness,—as Matthew Arnold says, "The power that makes for righteousness." This, again, is one of the demonstrations of modern scientific evolution.

There are people here in New York to-day—thousands of them, I am told—who are questioning as to whether there is any reality in ethics, whether there is any standard of ethics, whether there is any basis for goodness, whether it is not merely a whim of fashion, a passing phase of life.

Herbert Spencer has taught the world with absolute authority, not his, but the authority of demonstrated truth, that the universe at heart and all throughout its dimensions is inevitably a moral universe, a universe that is in favor of the keeping of its laws, a universe in which the keeping of its laws means life, prosperity, health, happiness, all that is good.

The breaking of any law is so far a departure from the conditions of life: that is essential in the teaching of evolution. You break a law, and you must suffer to the extent of that breaking; and God himself cannot help it any more than he can make a round square or a square circle. It is a contradiction in terms. The Eternal Omnipotence is back of the tiniest law, the condition of life.

And it is eternally true, that word from the old Scripture,—"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Just to the extent of the sin it must die; and, as I said; God himself cannot help it without contradicting his own nature and interfering with his own eternal conditions.

Evolution, then, has given us a world worthy of God, has given us a religion which is an integral, inherent part of the nature of things, has given us an Infinite and Eternal Energy, not material, of which all the material universe is a partial or temporary manifestation. It has given us an eternally righteous universe.

What other man since the world began has given religion one-half as much in the way of demonstrated truth?

Now I wish to come a little nearer home. I must speak a little more definitely of that which touches us, us Unitarians, who are here this morning.

Evolution—and that is the reason it has been opposed so bitterly by so many of the Churches—has forever destroyed any intelligent belief on the part of anybody in the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve, or the Fall of Man. Evolution has forever removed those stories, and kindred ones, to the land of myth, where they belong.

Humanity has been on this earth for two or three hundred thousand years at the least. Humanity, however slowly, has been evolving, climbing from the far-off beginning. There never has been any fall. Evolution has wrought out as the corner-stone of the future,—not the Fall of Man, but the Ascent of Man.

You see what that means? It means the complete reconstruction of the entire theology of Christendom. It is coming, it has got to come. There are thousands of churches to-day in which the Eden story is quietly referred to as though it were poetry or allegory. There are thousands of others where it is quietly laid one side, as people look each other in the face and squarely state just what they believe. It is no question any longer. It is merely a matter of intelligence and courage to tell the truth, that is all.

That is gone, that old conception of the origin and nature of man is gone. Another thing must go,—it is merely a question of intelligence and time,—that whole scheme or plan of salvation, with all its doctrines, which has been devised to save man from the results of a fall that never happened.

There is not another doctrine in the great scheme that did not come into existence because men believed that. We have got an infallible revelation to tell us about it; we have got the birth of the second person of the Trinity, —an unnatural birth; we have got the suffering of this

second person as an atonement; we have the eternal hell for those who will not accept it or have never heard of it. All these are parts of this one scheme; and the moment you take the doctrine of the Fall of Man away, there is no reason for keeping a single one of the rest. Logic will put them all out of doors together.

They would have been out of doors long ago if intelligence had been allowed to have her way. They have been kept as the result of fear, tradition, of conforming, of a hundred things that are not quite worthy of our noblest manhood and womanhood.

Herbert Spencer, then, may be regarded in a certain sense as the great modern apostle of the rational religious life of the world,—this though he claimed no religious title and did not definitely or on purpose work for any so-called religious end. He simply worked for the discovery of Truth; and Truth has wrought all these wonderful results.

We are a feeble folk to-day as compared with the great denominations that have had sway in the past; but all babies are feeble when they are first born, and it takes them some time to grow up and be strong. But the truth of the universe,—the stars in their courses inevitably fight for the principles for which we stand; for we seek nothing of our own, nothing partial. It is the grandeur and glory of our Unitarianism that the one thing we care for is truth, whatever it be.

And the truth is in favor of these great principles for which we stand. Herbert Spencer may be regarded as the enemy of this theology, that doctrinal conception, some other myth or legend or tradition, just as the light, when the sun comes up in the morning, is the enemy of every shadow; but there has not lived for a thousand years a man who has done so much for the establishment, on firm, scientific, unshakable foundations, of the great essential, eternal principles of the religious life.

Dear Father, we thank Thee for this gift of a life; that he was consecrated as he was to the truth; that he gave himself so fearlessly, so simply, so untiringly, to it from the beginning to the end of his career. We thank Thee that his character was such a spotless illustration of that which he studied and for which he labored. Let us be worthy of the new light that has come to us, and follow it in our search after Thee. Amen.

ILLUSTRATIVE QUOTATIONS.

"It is work of the calibre of that of Aristotle and Newton. Though coming in this latter age, it as far surpasses their work in its vastness of performance as the railway surpasses the sedan-chair, or as the telegraph surpasses the carrier pigeon."—*Fiske, article on Spencer's Service to Religion.*

"In this connection let me for the thousandth time point out the fallacy of the common notion that we owe to Charles Darwin the doctrine of evolution. Nothing of the sort. On the other hand, there were large portions of the general theory of evolution which Darwin did not even understand. His theory of descent by modifications through the agency of natural selection was an immensely important contribution to the doctrine of evolution; but is no more to be confounded with that doctrine than Lyell's Geology or the Newtonian Astronomy should be confounded with it. If Herbert Spencer had not lived in the nineteenth century, although the age would have been full of the illustrations of evolution contributed by Darwin and others, yet, in all probability, such a thing as the doctrine of evolution would not have been heard of."—*Fiske, article on Evolution and the Present Age.*

"This was by far the profoundest special research that has ever been made on the subject of evolution, and it was published four years before Spencer had ever heard of Darwin's theory of natural selection. But, when Darwin's great work appeared, Spencer cordially welcomed him as a most powerful auxiliary."—*Fiske.*

"Had he only accomplished the former part of the task, his place in the nineteenth century would have been that of a greater Kepler. As it is, his place is undoubtedly that of a greater Newton."—*Fiske.*

"It seems to me that the most important effect which the doctrine of evolution is having is that of deepening and enlarging men's conceptions of religious truth."—*Fiske.*

"But amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there yet remains the one absolute certainty that he is ever in the presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed."—*Spencer.*

On the occasion of the Delmonico dinner to Herbert Spencer, Nov. 9, 1882:—

"What I wish therefore to point is that Mr. Spencer's work on the side of religion will be seen to be no less important than his work on the side of science, when once its religious implications are fully and consistently unfolded."—*Fiske.*

NOTE.—Spencer, in personal conversation with Fiske, indorsed this.

"To speak in general terms, I think that the doctrine of evolution and its relations to the work of Mr. Spencer,—it takes in that, but a great deal more besides,—to speak in plain language, is going to revolutionize theology from one end to the other; and it is going to make good walking where we have had very muddy walking hitherto. It is going to bridge over rivers which we have had to wade."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"With Mr. Spencer will abide the honor of special originality in developing this greatest conception of modern times, if not, indeed, of all time."—*Youmans.*

"Mr. Spencer has come nearer to the realization of Bacon's claim of all knowledge as his province than any philosopher of his time."—*Dr. Holmes.*

"Conforming throughout to the rigorous canons of scientific method, Mr. Spencer has given the world an amount of original exposition and of new and valuable truth that are probably without a parallel in the history of human thought."—*E. L. Youmans.*

"I maintain that this fundamental doctrine as propounded at that time was nothing less than a turning-point in the thought of the scientific world."—*Youmans.*

"I cannot here withhold my humble tribute of admiration to the courage, the pluck, the heroism of this thinker in engaging upon his great task. Everything was against him. Single-handed, with no church or party behind him, backed by no university or scientific society, with but little means, in broken health, without even a publisher, and in the face of public prejudice and a hostile press, he nevertheless resolved to carry out a comprehensive system of thought that would require twenty years of his life. The moral intrepidity of the undertaking was as original as its intellectual character."—*Youmans.*

"In revealing and demonstrating the laws which govern all progress, physical, moral, or social, he has contributed the most powerful impulse in the progress of the human race toward the good or the true than this or any other century has known. All other phi-

losophers (at least, in my experience) serve more to perplex than to enlighten. As it seems to me, we have in Herbert Spencer, not only the profoundest thinker of our time, but the most capacious and powerful intellect of all time. Aristotle and his master were not more beyond the pygmies who preceded them than he is beyond Aristotle. Kant, Hegel, Fichte, and Schelling are gropers in the dark by the side of him. In all the history of science there is but one name which can be compared to his; and that is Newton. But Newton never attempted so wide a field; and how he would have succeeded in it, had he done so, must be only matter of conjecture."—*Professor Barnard of Columbia.*

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THE GOD WE WORSHIP.

I HAVE taken as my text the words to be found in the fourth chapter of John, the twenty-fourth verse,—"God is Spirit; and they that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth."

The first forms of life which appeared on earth were horizontal. As life evolved and developed through its various grades, it rose, until, when we come to man, he stands on his feet in a perpendicular attitude. Not only does he look around him, but he is the one being, as the Greeks named him, who is an upward-looker; he is the one being haunted by an unattained ideal; he is the one being who can consciously worship,—worship in the true sense of that word,—not as going through certain set forms and ceremonials, but as to the attitude and emotion of the mind and the heart.

The man who worships admires: he admires something that he thinks of as above and beyond him. And, if you will think of it a moment, you will see that in this fact lies the promise and potency of all growth. Only the worshipper can advance: he admires something above and beyond him, and strives after its attainment.

Worship, then, instead of being derogatory and humiliating, is the one crowning glory of human nature. Indeed, the man who does not worship is not a man, because he has left out of his account that which is most essential and noblest in human nature.

If, however, we are to worship God in anything more than a perfunctory and formal way, we must have a God that we can worship, that we can admire, that we can reverence, that we can love, that we can think of as em-

bodying all our dreams, all our hopes, all our unattained ideals.

We cannot any longer worship the God of the old Hebrew tribes, that God who indorsed and exacted human sacrifice. We cannot worship the God of the flood. He was pleased, as he sat up in heaven, it is said, at the smell of the burning flesh, when Noah sacrificed to him, and on account of it promised that he would not send any more floods. We cannot worship that kind of a God.

We cannot worship the God of Babel, who heard a rumor up in heaven that men down here were going to build a tower in the attempt to scale the celestial regions, and, lest they should succeed in their high endeavor, comes down and confuses their tongues.

We cannot worship the God of the Egyptian plagues, who first hardens Pharaoh's heart, and then, because his heart is hard, punishes, not Pharaoh, but every family throughout the land by the slaughter of the first-born son.

We cannot worship the God of the conquest, who makes the sun stand still in heaven in order that a Jewish general may have daylight in which to slaughter his enemies; who commands one of his captains to put to death on a certain occasion, when a town had been captured, all the men, all the married women, all the children, and to distribute the young women among the soldiers. We cannot worship that kind, even if it is in the Bible.

We cannot worship the God of David. David's character was not one that we can admire to-day; and yet it is said that he was a man after God's own heart. He does wrong; and again, as in the case of Pharaoh, instead of punishing him, God slays forty thousand innocent Israelites. We cannot worship that conception of God.

It begins to clear itself,—this ideal,—as we come into the atmosphere of some of the noblest of the prophets.

We begin to find out that he does not care for blood-shedding, for sacrifice, but wants right thoughts, right feelings, right actions on the part of his worshippers.

One of the finest and noblest sayings in all the Bible is that which the unknown author of "John" has put upon the lips of Jesus, making him say, "God is Spirit; and they that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth." But when we remember that the Gospel according to John is all covered with the finger-marks of the Gnostic philosophy, and when we remember what their peculiar ideas were,—which I cannot stop to explain this morning,—we are not quite sure that even those noble words are adequate to the thought of this twentieth century.

We cannot worship the God of the Catholic Church, in its power, exclusive, arrogant, cruel, the God of the Inquisition, the God of the thumb-screw and the rack, the God who burns the majority of the people in the next world forever and thousands in this.

We cannot worship the God of Calvin, who selects certain ones, without any regard to their character, to be saved, and who passes by the great majority of the race, not because they are worse than those that are to be saved, but in order that they may illustrate his justice and his power, and lets them go to eternal torture.

We cannot worship the God of the Westminster Confession. We cannot worship the God of our Puritan forefathers, who divided the world between good and evil, God and the Devil, permitting the Devil to send judgments and to display his wrath upon people almost at his will, who could take possession of poor, distracted old women and make them fit only to be tortured and slain.

We cannot worship the God of the Episcopal Prayer Book as it is printed and distributed to-day, a God who saves such infants as the priest has touched with consecrated water, but holds out no hope for any others.

Let us remember, as we survey the thoughts that have been held concerning God in the past, that we are under no necessity to apologize or explain for thoughts set forth in the Bible which we cannot accept to-day. These were not God's thoughts. They were the ignorant, partial, many times barbaric thoughts of men about God, and of no more authority over our thinking or our conscience or our hearts to-day than any other barbarism which we are grateful to have outgrown.

Let us remember that, when we say "God" or when we look at it on a printed page, this word represents—what? Not the actual, eternal, infinite Being, but somebody's thought about him, somebody's imagination about him; that is, somebody's power to frame an image, a likeness, so far as possible.

And a thought about God may be an idol as much when it is merely a thought as it is when it is painted on canvas or carved out of a bit of wood or stone.

The word "God" represents either the highest and noblest ideal that the mind of man at any particular time can frame or else it represents a traditional thought which has been inherited, which has come to be regarded as sacred, and which people dare not change or improve; though I suppose it is always true at any stage in the history of the world that the real thought of God which loving mothers and noble fathers worship is better than the God of the printed creed which they feel traditionally bound to accept.

Let us remember another thing. We to-day have light thrown on this great problem such as the world has never possessed before. We have a better opportunity, a more hopeful opportunity, to think and frame some worthy conceptions of God than men have ever had at any time in the past; and let us fearlessly and frankly accept this light that has come to the modern world, be grateful for it, knowing that every new ray of light

is only a new revelation from the Father, remembering that a mistake, however old, is still a mistake, and a truth, though only discovered this morning and so called new, is still as old as the universe, as old as God, and that the truth is the only thing that is sacred.

I am going to ask you to follow me through a line of somewhat careful thinking for a little time in the endeavor to find a conception of God based in reality, according with our best knowledge, which can appeal to us as worthy of manly, womanly, reverent, tender, loving worship. Can we find any such God? Go with me and see.

In the first place, and as preliminary to this, it is worth noting that modern knowledge has given us a conception of the universe worthy of being a temple of the infinite God. The old thoughts about the universe were mechanical, narrow, contracted, unworthy.

The Church, curiously enough, has always been afraid of Science. I never could understand why; but it has. And yet Science is proving, in my judgment, to be the Church's best friend, a great true friend of the religious life.

We have then at last a universe boundless in range, infinite so far as we can think. Nobody can dream of a limit; for, if you build a wall from the zenith to the nadir, something is forever beyond the wall. If you think of a limit anywhere, infinity is beyond that limit.

And not only the infinitely great. Modern Science is leading us to the brink and helping us to look down in the abysses of the infinitely little as never before. By means of the Roentgen rays, the discovery of the new metal, radium, and other investigations of the chemist, we are finding that the small, the infinitesimal, is even more overwhelmingly magnificent than is that part of the universe which is revealed to us by the telescope. An infinite house for the infinite God.

And now, when we raise the question as to the nature of this revelation which this universe makes upon us, what shall we say?

First we stand in the presence of Omnipotence, infinity, measureless, boundless Power. If I had time to give you illustrations, perhaps I might impress something in this direction upon your minds, as the mere statement does not.

To take, in passing, one simple illustration. Here is our little moon, two hundred and forty thousand miles away from the earth, one of the tiniest objects in space. Have you any idea of how much power it means when we say that gravitation holds the moon in its orbit and swings it around our globe?

Suppose you should take a solid bar of steel a mile square: lay it beside the Catskills, and their highest peaks do not reach to its measure. Would one of those, a solid bar of steel a mile square, represent the power that holds the moon to the earth? It would take eighty-seven thousand of them to measure the power of gravity which keeps our little moon in its orbit.

If you should take bars of steel a quarter of an inch square and attach them from the earth to the moon, you would have to cover that side of the earth which looks towards the moon with these bars only six inches apart to represent this little tiny fraction of God's power. Multiply it by infinity, and then stretch the word "Omnipotence" until it begins to mean something to you.

Not only is it an omnipotent Power that we face, it is one Power. For the first time in the history of human thought we know that in the modern world. In old times they had a multiplicity of gods, because, so far as they could analyze the forces that were at work around them, there were a multiplicity of forces all in conflict and antagonism with each other, making weltering confusion everywhere.

Now we know, as the result of that demonstration which we sum up in the phrase "correlation of forces," that there is only one force in the universe, and that all the varieties of force that we think of are convertible into each other. An infinite Power, one Power, the basis, the guaranty of that great Unity for which as a Church we love to stand. Infinite Power, one Power.

The next step compels us to recognize that the manifestations of this infinite Power are orderly. It is an orderly universe, an intelligible universe,—never anywhere, so far as we can penetrate by our investigation with telescope or microscope, any sign of the tiniest infraction of the perfect law of order.

An intelligible universe,—what does that mean? It means intelligence: an intelligible manifestation must be the manifestation of a Power that is itself intelligent. An infinite Power, one Power, an intelligent Power.

Another step, and this startling in its significance, when we think of it as the dictum of the clearest modern science. Herbert Spencer has told us, as one of the results of the great demonstrated science of evolution, that the Power manifested in the universe is the same power as that which wells up in us under the form of consciousness; so that this infinite eternal Power, this intelligent, orderly Power, is like us. We are of kin to it; and on the basis of that kinship we can use those marvellous words of Tennyson:—

"Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit may meet,—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

This Power, then, is a quasi-human power: it is of kin to that which is deepest in ourselves. This is scientific demonstration.

Is it personal? What do you mean by personal? Is it conscious? What do you mean by conscious? The essential thing in personality is consciousness: a person

is one who can think and say, "I." In that sense this infinite, one, orderly, intelligent, spiritual Power is personal.

For this Power, you must remember,—it is demonstrated as the result of the clearest science,—is not material, not the manifestation of material forces. Material forces are only partial manifestations of this Power. This Power is first; and the material universe is only its flowing, changing garment. All the phenomena of the universe, so far as we can perceive them, are only partial and changing manifestations of this Power.

Now is this Power good? Have we a right to speak of it as good? I believe that it is the result of the demonstrations of modern knowledge that we can say that it is good, always good, everywhere good, and that it can by no possibility be thought of in any other way.

Think for a moment. All the good there is in the universe is the result of knowing and obeying the Power, the laws of this universe. If these laws were understood perfectly and perfectly obeyed, the universe would be perfect, human life would be perfect, everything would be precisely what it ought to be.

Do you not see, then, that this statement itself carries positive and eternal demonstration of the statement that the universe in itself is good? It must be good, because obedience to its laws results always and everywhere in good. We have no other definition for goodness, we have no other ideal of goodness, than this.

Let me obey the universal laws perfectly, and, so far as my body is concerned, I am in perfect health. Let me come into perfect accord with it mentally, and I am illumined by a perception of the truth. Let me come into perfect relations with it so far as the heart life is concerned, and I love all that is fine and noble and true. Let me come into right relations with it spiritually, and I am consciously a child, a loving follower, a friend of God.

Perfection means perfect obedience to the laws of the universe,—that is, the law of God; and this means perfect goodness.

But the suffering in the world, the sin in the world,—does this accord with the goodness of God? I am aware of articles being written constantly from this point of view. I get letters constantly, week after week, from people who are troubled by this aspect of affairs. This I know has been the stock in trade of those who have tried to think they were atheists. But let us consider it just for a moment. It depends upon what your idea of a good world is.

If a good world is simply a happy valley, in which people are secluded and guarded from every rough wind, from every twinge or touch of pain, where they never meet with a loss, never have a heartache,—if that is your ideal of a good, of a best world, certainly this is not the one.

But let us note. The universe, if it is going to be good, must be governed in accordance with universal, unchanging law. It must be the expression of a perfect order. Why?

In the first place, if you will allow me to speak of it in this anthropomorphic way, God does certain things a certain way under certain conditions. Why? Because it is the right way, the best way. Now let those conditions arise again, repeat themselves, God of course must do the same thing he did before or he must do a poorer thing. If it was the best thing in the first place, it will be the best thing under the same conditions in the second and third and fourth and thousandth place. You can deduce the universality of the constant action of God from that consideration.

But look at it in another way? If we are ever going to be able to learn anything about this world, it has got to be an orderly world. If the laws of nature were liable

to change any minute, or if we found a thing this way to-day and to-morrow some other way, how could we ever know anything? Knowledge would be impossible in a world like that.

The only basis of what we call knowledge is the constant order of natural forces, the thought that we can count on things. Water freezes now, we say, under ordinary conditions at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. Suppose to-morrow it froze at nineteen or forty-two, how would you ever know anything about water or ice? You would simply have to wait, and be living in a universe of utter confusion.

So, if you are going to have anything like knowledge, if men and women are going to be able to train themselves intellectually, grow, cultivate themselves as intellectual beings, they must be in a school-house where perfect order is observed; so this universe is the best kind of a school-house, if people are ever to come to anything.

Suppose they do hurt themselves now and then, because they are ignorant of the law or will not obey it? The only way they are to learn is through hurting themselves and finding out that it does not pay to hurt, recognizing limits and keeping within them. This is the only way to grow.

And this is the only way to grow morally. Suppose every time I did wrong, instead of meeting the necessary result in the way of suffering, an angel interfered and stood between the cause and the effect? Do you not see that moral growth again would be utterly out of the question? We should be living in a perpetual nursery: there would be no possibility of our growing up, of our coming to be anything.

Because growth, intellectual, moral, spiritual, in every direction, means learning how to live in the midst of a universe on which you can count every time. If people could have their way, and have God interfere to save

them from the results of their own actions, physical or mental or moral, it would be the most disastrous thing that ever happened to them. We should be in a madhouse instead of in a universe of order and growth and development.

I believe, then, that it can be demonstrated beyond question that the universe is a good universe; and, if the plan and purpose of things includes our intellectual and moral development,—if that is what we are living for instead of merely having our own way and following our own whims every five minutes of the day,—then I think it can be very easily shown that this is the best conceivable kind of world.

It is a good world, then; and the Power manifested in it is a good Power. All that we need to do in order to eliminate the evils which trouble us is to come into accord with the laws and the life of this Power; for this Power is a living Power, a spiritual Power. There is no such thing as dead matter. There is nothing dead anywhere in the universe. There is simply the transition and change from one thing to another perpetually going on; but the universe in every particle of it is throbbing and thrilling with an infinite life.

And then, again, while we can no longer keep Paley's idea of design, there is a larger, grander conception of purpose that, it seems to me, we must hold. The universe, we say, is evolving: it is alive, growing, reaching out towards something. In other words, it is going somewhere, there is a purpose that lifts and thrills and leads and reaches on towards something, so that we have a right to use again those other words of Tennyson:—

> "One life, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves."

The universe is going somewhere. And again, as bearing on the question of goodness, a thing which is in

process and is not yet complete is not to have final judgment passed upon it. You pick an apple in June, and it is bitter and sour. Wait until it gets ripe; then you may talk about it.

So you have no right to judge these processes of which we are a part until you know towards what "far-off divine event" they are moving.

Where is this God? I will use an illustration which I think I have used before,—I am not sure whether I have here or not,—which I have found to be helpful to many. I have used it in personal conversation with individuals a good many times, and found that it helped clear their thinking.

Do not imagine that I conceive it to be accurate in every part: no illustration can be that. It is only suggestive and helpful; but it ought to help us, when we remember that God is not the one mystery of the universe. He is no more mysterious than is a leaf or a flower. You remember Tennyson's "Flower in the Crannied Wall." He says, if we could only understand that, we could know God and man both. If I could understand a blade of grass, I could understand God.

In other words, every simplest thing with which we become familiar and think we know in the wide universe has about it as much of unfathomable, inexplicable mystery as has God himself. God is no more mysterious than I am. Let me talk about myself for a moment, and see.

You never saw God; you do not know just where to locate him; you cannot think of him as everywhere, and yet as all at any particular place. But you never saw me; you never will see me; nobody ever saw me. I am not this body: I use this body. I was alive twenty years ago. I did not have this body at that time; but I was there, and I have kept my identity in some inexplicable way through all these changes. If this body should die,

all of the body would be here; but I should not be here. So I am not the body; and I am invisible as much as God is invisible.

And, so far as this body is concerned, I am omnipresent. Where will you locate me in my body? Am I in my body? Am I in my hands, my feet, my heart where it beats? Where am I? I am everywhere throughout this body. When I am walking, all of me that is necessary for the process of walking is in my feet. When I am using my hands, I am in my hands. When I am thinking, I am somewhere in vital connection with the brain. When I am writing, the pen even becomes a part of my personality. I am at its tip, expressing myself in conventional lines that some one else can interpret as the expression of thought. When I speak, I am shaping this viewless air at the tip of my tongue and on my lips, turning it into sound,—again the expression of thought or feeling, of fear or hope.

I am as mysterious, then, as God is. And, when I look out on this universe and remember that it is all alive, why should I not in some large way think of it as the body of God, who is everywhere, omnipresent? And yet all of him that is needed is in this rose-leaf, its life, its beauty, its fragrance; all of him that is needed is in the wandering asteroid that never is lost, but always fulfils the law of its being; all of him that is needed is in the infinitesimal world, that reaches down unspeakably beyond the range of human vision; all of him that is needed is in the most distant star that shines on the outermost verge of space.

All of him that is needed is here. "In him we live and move and have our being." He is in the beat of my pulse, the throb of my heart: it is because of him that I can think and feel. We are all a part of this infinite and eternal Mystery; but God is no more mysterious than is any of the rest.

I want to read you—not because it completely expresses my thought, but because it is so full of the spirit of modern science—one of the sweetest and most beautiful bits of verse I know of as hinting at this larger thought of God which is coming into our modern world:—

"A fire mist, and a planet,
A crystal and a cell;
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And caves where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

"A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky;
The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod,—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

"Like the tide on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod,—
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

"A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
The million who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod,—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God." *

* Written by Prof. William Herbert Carruth, of Kansas.

So we think that God loves, that he cares, that we in our little personal lives are a part of his plan. Why think! Not only Sirius is a part of his plan, but the thousands of little, infinitesimal, inconceivable particles which we now know to be circling in their orbits within the limits of the tiny, invisible atom. Each one of these is in God's grasp, and kept in its order by his wisdom and power.

There can be no great order unless all little things and persons are a part of it. We are God's children: we can think about him, we can love him; and all this love and tenderness and sympathy which are in our hearts are only little, tiny, partial manifestations of what is infinite in him.

The hero, the martyr,—God cares for high ideals and noble deeds and truth as much as they; for they are only a partial manifestation of God

The mother watching her sick babe with an infinite yearning,—does God care as much as that? Why, that is only one mother; and there are millions of mothers, with the same love and tenderness. And these are only partial manifestations, here on one little, tiny planet, of the life and the power and the love of the infinite God.

Here a little while ago, in a vacant lot, a deserted four-days-old babe was found, clasped in the paws of a mongrel dog, that had found it suffering and cold, and was trying to impart to it its own warmth at the cost of its own life. Has God put as much as that into the heart of a dog and yet there is none of it in himself?

All the tenderness, all the yearning, all the love, all the sacrifice, all the sympathy, all the consecration of all the world, are only little hints, gleams, glints, of light, touches of that which is perfect in the one centre and source of it all.

God, hero; God, martyr: God, father; God, mother; God, lover; God child,—God in all the beauty, all the

fragrance, all the glory, all the tenderness, all the sweetness, all the hope of all the world.

Father, we thank Thee that there is a God whom we may worship; and we thank Thee that we can lift up our hearts towards him with some little gleaming light of recognition of the infinite and wonderful truth. Let us go on day by day towards that light until it becomes clearest, and shines upon our pathway, and fills us with joy and peace! Amen!

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SERMONS OF M. J. SAVAGE

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Eight Great Affirmations of Our Faith

II. THE CHRIST WE LOVE

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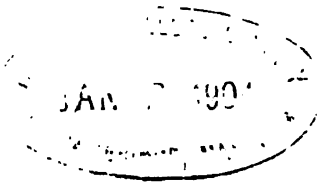

THE CHRIST WE LOVE.

I FIND my text in the Second Epistle of Paul to the Church in Corinth, the fifth chapter and the fourteenth verse, four words,—"The love of Christ."

Our topic, note, is "The Christ We Love." You are aware of the fact that "Jesus" is the personal name of the man, and that the word "Christ" represents an official title,—Jesus the Christ, the Anointed, as he came to be regarded in later years. Of course, we are all familiar with the truth that the word "Christ" has come to be used commonly, and somewhat indiscriminately, as though it were the personal name. It is not a matter of great importance, but for clearness of thought it ought to be borne in mind.

One of the most difficult things in the world, I suppose, is to get a clear and anything like an adequate conception of anybody's personality. How much do we really know of any one? Are we sure that the picture we have in mind of our closest friend is quite accurate, quite complete?

We are such complex individualities; and we touch only in certain superficial ways and at certain points. The image I have in my mind of any one of my acquaintances I would not dare to think of as complete. I have certain tastes. I meet this friend on the common ground of these tastes; but he cares perhaps for many things that do not touch me. These sides of him I do not know.

There are business men; and other business men think they are acquainted with them. All they know about

them is what they appear to be as business men. The home side of their life, the charity side, which they sedulously hide away, the inner heart of them, the aspirations, the hopes, the other man may not know at all. So his conception of his acquaintance may be so inadequate as to be a distortion of the reality.

If this is true of people we meet on the street and talk with day by day, how much more must it be true concerning historic characters, persons who are no longer living, about whom we have only partial and inadequate reports of impressions which they made upon the people of their time! How accurate these reporters were, how competent they were to understand, we have no way at present of finding out.

I suppose that there is hardly any man who has lived during the last two or three hundred years that we know more about than we do about Dr. Johnson. Boswell, his biographer, followed him everywhere, watched him under all conditions, set down everything that he said and everything that he did, so far as he could find it out, so that perhaps we have a more nearly complete picture of him than of any man who has lived for hundreds of years; and yet who would dare say that he knew all about Dr. Johnson?

And this is still more true concerning those men about whom passions and prejudices raged. Take a man who belongs to a certain political party, and who is prominent in it. He is sure not to be understood or correctly reported by those belonging to the opposite party. Even his friends may be over-enthusiastic about him, because they agree with him; and his enemies are sure to misrepresent him.

When we consider a character like Napoleon, what shall we say about him? You read Scott's Life of Napoleon, and then you read Abbott's; and here are two diametrically opposite characters. He could not have

been both: which was he? Perhaps an incomprehensible mingling of the two; for all of us have what appear to be contradictory qualities and characteristics.

But, when we go back nineteen hundred years and try to find the personality of a man like Jesus of Nazareth; the difficulty, you see, becomes unspeakably greater than even in these cases that have been used by way of illustration. For Jesus in the imaginations, in the conceptions of the world, has ranged all the way from the God of this universe to a myth who had no historical existence at all.

What shall we say about him? We have only four little fragmentary stories that we have come to call the Gospels; and they do not agree. The earliest writing we have that is now a part of the New Testament is the Epistles of Paul. Paul tells us nothing about the history, the earthly personality of Jesus. Paul has never heard anything about any story of a wonderful birth, never makes any allusion to it.

He treats his death and his resurrection as materials out of which he creates his great dogmatic scheme for the deliverance of man from the effects of the fall in Adam? He gives us no material out of which we can construct an adequate idea of the historic Jesus after whom we would gladly go in search.

But so marvellous have been the results that have flowed from something that happened nineteen hundred years ago in the little country that stretches as a narrow border along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean that we must believe that somebody was there. How near can we come to knowing a Christ whom we can love? Let us see.

I wish first, if I may, to find if there is a boy that I can love and admire. We know absolutely nothing, so far as the records are concerned, about his boyhood. It is a blank for the first thirty years, except for one little,

evidently unhistorical glimpse that Luke gives us of a visit supposed to have been made to the temple.

Very likely he did visit the temple at that time. Very likely he did ask the doctors wise questions. Very likely he did show himself an unusual child. He must have been an unusual child. The poet tells us that "the child is father of the man"; and from our knowledge of the man we can with some adequacy at any rate resurrect the childhood.

If in your journeys through a country you come to the foot-hills of a mighty range of mountains, and there, rushing out of the unexplored mystery of the hills, a river appears, dashing and foaming by at your feet, you can estimate with some accuracy the source and the nature of the stream that is hidden as yet by the hills as you look at what appears in the plain.

So, I think we can very fairly estimate the boyhood of Jesus. We know what was the ordinary life of a Jewish boy at that time. I think of him as born in the little hill town of Nazareth. His father was Joseph: his mother was Mary. The only angels that sang over his birth were the angels that love us and watch over the birth and the growth of all the lives of all God's human children.

The mother, Mary, went, as all mothers have done from that day to this, down to the edge of the shadow in her agony, and took from the very hand of Death the flickering torch of a new life, that she might pass it on to the generations that were to come; and Joseph looked on in that yearning, reverent, loving wonder that is in every true father's heart, loving the mother and loving the child.

And he grew up in that little quiet home in Northern Galilee. We can see him playing about the streets, sitting by the well when the women come at evening to get water and to linger for a little and exchange the gossip and the news of an uneventful day.

We can see him in the synagogue at his lessons, as every Jewish child was accustomed to study in those days. He learned the law, the Commandments, the history of his people, the dreams of the prophets and the seers as they looked out over the future and discerned the dim outlines of some better time that was to come.

He worked patiently and faithfully at his trade, thus glorifying work from that day to this. And then he dreamed. If you think of it, you know that some of the most important things that any boy ever does is to dream. He looked away over the hills towards where he knew the Holy City sat upon its Mount of Zion; and in the light of what had been foretold he saw the time coming when all the world should be blessed through the ministry of the religion of his people.

And, then, perhaps on some rare excursion he went to Capernaum; and here the great caravans passed by along the border of the lake, trading from East to West and from West to East. He saw not only his own people, but Greeks and Romans and Egyptians, and Arabians and Persians, and other dwellers in the Far East.

And he waked up perhaps then in some hour of illumination to what he showed that he comprehended afterward,—a conception of humanity. Here were other children of the Father besides those that were called children of Abraham; and so he had his vision of the time when they should come from the east and from the west and from the north and from the south, and should sit down in the kingdom of his Father.

So the natural, human, working, studying, dreaming boyhood went by; and this is the Christ that I love.

The next scene: he is standing by the Jordan. He is thirty years old. He has come up to be baptized by the man that he has declared to be superior to any of the prophets connected with the old dispensation,—John the Baptist.

He wishes quietly and simply to conform to the ordinary religious customs of his people. So he wishes to be baptized; and in the light of the wonderful things that happened afterwards the imagination of the people went back, and saw the heavens opened and a dove descending, and he was recognized in some peculiar sense as the beloved Son of God.

But he was beloved son enough in being a noble, enthusiastic young man. He takes up the message of John after the caprice of Herod has beheaded him, and proclaims that the kingdom of God is at hand.

I love this enthusiasm of the young: it is the mainspring and motive force of the world. Here is this young man of thirty standing against the prejudices of his people, standing in the face of the omnipotence of Rome, standing in the face of countless hordes of heathendom that stretch farther than his youthful imagination ever travelled; and in the presence of it all he proclaims the immediate coming of an ideal kingdom, a time when all the world should be fair and sweet and true.

Young men are always doing this; and old men are always shaking their heads, sometimes in mockery, sometimes in sadness and pity, but always with incredulity. They say the young man means well, but the forces against him are too great, and by and by he will be broken and discouraged, like the rest of us. That is the way old age generally looks upon this youthful enthusiasm.

But think for a moment how the young man looks at it. He says, This is palpably true; and of course people want the truth, all they need is to have it pointed out. But he finds afterwards, as I found in my young manhood, that sometimes the last thing that people want is the truth.

I remember a day when the leading man in wealth and influence in my church—it was in the days of my

orthodoxy—said squarely and frankly to me, "I have been trained in the old ideas; and, even if they are not true, I do not want to find it out."

So the young man learns that the enthusiastic reception of the truth is not to be generally expected.

There is some great reform that needs to be carried out, just as in the case of young Garrison in Boston. Why, he said, this slavery is plainly wrong; and of course all good people will join in putting an end to it as soon as they wake up to see it as it is. But the result with him was that with a rope around his neck he was dragged through the streets of Boston by the representative and respectable men.

They did not want the reform. Too many selfish interests depended upon the continuance of that condition of things.

And so, as we see here in this city of New York, one goes and studies the tenement districts, and it looks to him as though all he needed to do was to tell the people about it and the sore would be eradicated and healed; but nobody pays any attention.

I was reading only last night of the conditions under which the children of sunny Italy are manufacturing the flowers that go to decorate the bonnets of the women of New York and of the country. Eight, ten, fifteen people in two or three little rooms, the largest of which is perhaps ten feet square,—no light, no decent air to breathe, poor food, and a pitiful pittance of a few cents a day as wage.

It would seem as though the women who rush by crowds whenever a bargain is advertised would only need to know a fact like this, and clean and healthful and hopeful conditions would be created, and little children, who never run and play, and never sing, and never amuse themselves, would be given an opportunity for light and air and childhood.

The young man appears in his enthusiasm, and proclaims these things; but the old world, like a juggernaut, simply moves on, crushing by its wheels the helpless and the hopeless, old and young.

But if it be true that right is "forever on the scaffold" and wrong "forever on the throne,"—if it be true,—then it is also true that

> "That scaffold sways the Future, and, behind the dim unknown,
> Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

"Forever the right comes uppermost, and ever is justice done"; and it is the enthusiasm of the young Christs that does it. He is put to death. He fails, but it is remembered; and the world takes at least a little step ahead, and other young men kindle the flame of their enthusiasm at the embers of that which the world has heedlessly tried to trample out.

It is the enthusiasms of the young men, perpetually reborn, as new stars appear every night to light the darkness,—it is this ever perpetually recurring enthusiasm which ultimately redeems the world; and so it is this enthusiastic young prophet at Jordan,—this is the Christ I love.

I see him again; and now he is the patient, gentle, loving preacher and friend, walking with his disciples through the fields and by the common roadways of Galilee, sitting on the mountain side or by the edge of the lake.

He is going about doing good. He makes himself of no reputation. He is gentle with the ignorance of those that are about him.

One of the most wonderful things about the character of Jesus to me is to see how patient he is with stupidity. His disciples hardly ever understand him when he is giving utterance to any profound spiritual truth; but he always makes allowance for them.

And when they are weary, and cannot watch with him, he says, Well, the spirit is willing: it is the flesh that is weak. And, then, he is so tender towards people that go astray on account of their weakness and their temptations. I think one of the most wonderful things in all the world is to note the fact that Jesus is never severe against natural, human, fleshly sins.

I will tell you in a minute what he was severe about; but it was not this.

It is typical of him,—that story, though it has perhaps no historic basis, of how the woman who was a sinner was brought to him for judgment; and he stooped down and wrote with his finger in the sand. Then her accusers recounted her crime, and said: What do you propose to do about it? Moses ordered that she should be stoned. Jesus went on writing. He said, Well, stone her, if you will: only let the one who has never committed a sin cast the first stone. And he goes on writing.

Pricked to the heart by these simple words, they gradually slink away, until, when Jesus looks up, he is standing alone with the woman; and he says: Where are thy accusers? Hath no man condemned thee? Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.

There was the Jesus who was the friend of publicans, the friend of sinners, whose heart was one spring and fountain of sympathy and helpful love. Away there, nineteen hundred years ago, he taught the lesson that it was not the business of society to take vengeance, to vindicate the majesty of anybody's law, that it was not the business of society to try to measure the quality of a person's sin and mete out adequate punishment. The business of everybody was to try to help the sinner and save him from his sin.

That was Jesus' method. And, behold! after nineteen hundred years the penal legislation of the world is just beginning to wake up here and there to the idea that

it is worth while to try to save the criminal instead of merely crushing him.

This Jesus, then, so tender with ignorance, so patient with stupidity, so kindly towards weakness, so ready to lift up and help and save,—this is the Christ I love.

Another phase of his character. It is said that he —and that cannot be true unless he was a man—was tempted in all points like as we are, and yet without sin. He was tempted. Tell me that God was tempted, and I know it is pretence; for the Scripture says, as well as reason, "God cannot be tempted of evil." Of course, he cannot: he sees and understands. It is only a man who can be tempted; and it is a pretence to say that a man is tempted by something he does not want, tempted by the possibility of something that he does not desire to do.

If Jesus never wanted to do wrong, then he was never tempted. But, if temptation appealed to him; the sense of power; if the flesh with its stinging, keen appetites and appeals for delight,—if this was real with him; if whatever men had ever desired to do he could sympathize with,—then it is true that he was tempted in all points like as we are.

But the glory, the beauty, the hope of it for us, is not that he went through the appearance of being tempted,—for that would be no comfort or help to us,—but that he really was tempted, and that he climbed up on the temptation and made it a stepping-stone to self-conquest; that he was a man tempted, and yet a man victorious, a man triumphant.

If a man could do it, then I can. If a god could do it, what is that to me, not being a god? But, if a man be tempted and win, walk clean and sweet and true and noble through the world, harming none, helping all, then I can at least hopefully make the attempt.

This, then, the Christ who was tempted and who conquered, is the Christ I love.

I said a moment ago that he showed another side of his character. He was no weakling. He was no emaciated, bloodless, pulseless appearance of a man. He was angry; and his anger blazed and cut and burned—against what, against whom?

The weak, the poor, the tempted, the down-trodden? No. Against intellectual sins, against the respectable, against the pretentious, against those who set themselves up as patterns and rulers and guides of his people.

He went into the temple, you remember, and overturned the tables of the money-changers and the seats of those that sold doves, blasted them with his scorn, and said, My Father's house has been called the house of prayer for all nations, but you have made it a den of thieves; and he drove them with a whip of cords from the courts of the temple.

And he illustrated the same temper when dealing with certain scribes and Pharisees. Not that he condemned all scribes and Pharisees: he tells which ones he condemns,—Woe unto you, scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites: You bind heavy burdens and lay them on men's shoulders, and then never touch them with one of your fingers; you devour widows' houses, and make long prayers; you take your property, and then nominally turn it over to the Lord, so that you may be under no apparent obligation to look after those who need; you make a show of your religion, a sham.

I sometimes wish that we might have an hour of this Christ in the temple, in this modern world. When I see men in high places, bishops and leaders, who tell you in private what they believe, but never tell their people; when I see religion turned into a spectacle and a show, and charity and tenderness and manliness and help forgotten; when I see wealthy women, instead of seeking religion in the Church, hunting through its consecrated doors an avenue into good society; when I see the Church

thus turned from its ideal; when I see men who, I know, have got a new and white light that shines out of the future, but which they do not follow; when I hear men say, as I have heard, "What I believe in my study is one thing: what I think it is wise to give the people is another thing,"—when I see this, then I wish for the Christ with the whip of small cords, that he might cleanse the courts of his Father's house and make it once more the house of humble prayer for all people.

In this mood, then, this is the Christ I love.

Once more, the Christ who wins my uttermost worship and reverence and regard is the Christ who all through his life was faithful to his truth. Early in his ministry we find that his brethren did not believe on him. That did not make any difference: he was still true. We find that his disciples misunderstood him: he was still true. We find that many, after he had spoken some critical, crucial word, were offended, and went back and walked no more with him. Still, he was true to his convictions.

We find him at Jerusalem, with all the authority of the ages of the consecrated past against him. Still, he listens for the new word, and goes out like his father Abraham, not knowing whither it should lead, only sure that it was the word of God.

Most of us can bear a little controversy, most of us can suffer being called by some unpleasant epithet; but, when it comes to physical harm, how many of us would go forward? Cranmer was tried, and recanted. Galileo knelt, and took back what he believed to be true. Let us not find fault with them. Who of us would have done any better? Thank God, I have never been put to the test.

But, when Jesus faced it, he did not shrink. He knew what was coming. He needed no supernatural revelation. He read it on the faces of the people in Jerusalem. He had attacked the temple, the old religion,

had prophesied that it must pass away. He knew what that meant. So he had his hour in Gethsemane, when sweat like drops of blood fell from him. His disciples got too weary to watch with him; but he forgave them, and watched alone.

Then came the arrest, the trial before Pilate, the opportunity to escape by a word, but no. Then the sentence to the cross; and he goes out from the city, dragging the weary load of the tree on his shoulder until he faints and falls. Then he is hung up between earth and heaven, and weary hour after weary hour goes by, and no angel appears, and there is no voice out of the heavens; and he, being man, wonders if, after all, he has been right, if he is fighting the battle of God for man.

But whether any angel wing is seen or not, whether any whisper of the Divine, being the man he was, he must stand true to his conviction to the last; and, though he cries out, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?—he had expected others to; but why dost thou?—still, he does not shrink. He holds by his truth until he swoons into unconsciousness; and it is over.

They do not break his legs, as they do ordinary criminals, because they find that he is already dead. Dead, and the priests were contented, and Rome was quiet; and yet the "dead" Christ who died for his truth was mightier than the omnipotence of Rome, mightier than all the heathendoms that had ever dominated the races of the past.

The "dead" Christ is coming to rule the fortunes of the world; and this, the Christ who was true to the uttermost, is the Christ I love.

Not the Christ of the Nicene Creed; not that terrible Christ of Angelo's "Last Judgment," sitting on a throne, pursuing his enemies with his thunderbolts down to the lowest deeps of hell; not the metaphysical fraction of God embodied in the creeds,—the human Christ, the

Christ born in Nazareth, the Christ who lived the beautiful life of a boy, the young, enthusiastic Christ, who believed in his dreams, in the kingdom that still shall come, and which he has done more than any one else to help come.

The Christ of the waysides, gentle and patient, the friend of publicans and sinners; the Christ conquering himself, and so getting fit to conquer the world.

The Christ holding the leaders of his people sternly to their professions; the Christ ready to face death for his truth; the Christ who was the son of God; the Christ who is my brother; the Christ who is the ideal which we still follow, and which is to lead us until his dreams come true,—this is the Christ I love.

Father, we thank Thee for Thy dear Son, the Nazarene. We thank Thee that he came to teach us of his Father and our Father. We thank Thee for what he has been in all the years until to-day. We thank Thee that we may love and follow him. Amen.

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FACING THE UNKNOWN

A New Year's Sermon

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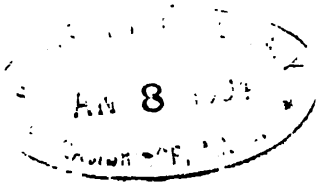

FACING THE UNKNOWN.

A New Year's Sermon.

My text I have found in the twentieth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, the twenty-second to the twenty-fourth verses, inclusive (it is Paul who is speaking): "And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Ghost testifieth unto me in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But I hold not my life of any account, as dear unto myself, so that I may accomplish my course, and the ministry which I received from the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

Paul is facing one of the great crises of his life. It is near the end of his missionary labors. He is addressing the elders of the church at Ephesus on the eve of his departure; and he says, "I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there"; and yet he is unmoved, takes the course that lies before him with unfaltering foot.

He is tried in Jerusalem, appeals as a Roman citizen unto Cæsar, and goes on his long and eventful voyage to Rome, where martyrdom seals and crowns his ministry.

He stood serious, earnest, touched with a sense of awe, and yet unafraid, facing the unknown.

In a certain very real sense every day is the beginning of a new year and the end of an old one; and yet such is the force of habit that to our thought, our imagination, our feeling, the new year in its rounded completeness

is a very real and definite thing. We stand facing it to-day. We have just crossed the threshold; but the mystery of it and of what shall befall us there,—of these we know nothing.

It is natural for us to be touched with the sense of hesitation, perhaps with the shrinking of fear, as we stand in the presence of that which is unknown, forced, as we feel, to go on.

I remember,—and in speaking of my own experience I am speaking of course for the rest of you,—when I was a little boy, how the woods appalled me. I was the youngest brother of four. I used to be taken by the older ones on their expeditions through the fields and the woods; and sometimes I was left at the edge of what appeared to me a limitless range of trees, and was told to keep still while they went forward and were lost out of sight.

I knew in a way that there was no danger; but I had read of bears and wildcats and wild Indians, and to my child's imagination they might somehow be in that particular place and in the modern world. And so I was touched with the feeling of fear of the unknown that surrounded me and faced me on every hand.

Most of us have been at sea. We have left the harbor, and gone out and out, until the ocean spread on every hand and we saw the headlands sink down the horizon, and found ourselves, as Coleridge expresses it in the "Ancient Mariner,"

> "Alone, alone, all, all alone,
> Alone on a wide, wide sea";

and we wondered whether we should ever reach the other side. We were touched with the awe and the mystery of it all.

You remember that familiar soliloquy of Hamlet, as he is considering the question as to whether it is better

to live or go on into the unseen by his own hand; and he is touched with the feeling of the unknown. It is whether he had better bear the ills that he knows about or take his chances of others that he knows not of. It was the feeling that it was an undiscovered country.

He might sleep, and then again he might dream: he did not know what might befall him there; and so he shrank from the experience.

We all are touched with this fear; and all of us, whether we will or not, must go on. You recall the story of the officer experienced in many a battle, who has beside him a younger man who was for the first time to know what the experience meant. And the older man's hand trembled as he held the reins of his horse, and his face was blanched a little; and the younger man, half jocosely and half in sarcasm, said, "You seem to be afraid." "Yes," he replied, "I am afraid; and, if you were as much afraid as I am, perhaps you would run."

It is a question as to whether we will face the unknown and go on with courage or whether we will shrink and be craven; for we must advance.

What is to befall us in the coming year? Here is a young man who has recently married. Happiness of the dearest and the sweetest is his; and before the year is out he will be alone. Here is a young mother, shadowed with the coming mystery and beauty and joy and glory of motherhood. Before the year is out, the babe will be born and she will have left it motherless. Here is a man engaged in some great business enterprise: he will succeed and be crowned with power. Here is another: he will fail, and his old age will be one of poverty. Another man is to be smitten with some incurable disease, and drag out his years in suffering and disappointment.

There is a man laboring hard to-day in the writing of a book. It will be published, and fall flat; and the people will not care, and he will eat his heart out with disap-

pointment. There is some one painting a picture; and it will win him world-wide fame.

Here are all these varied experiences that we know somebody must go through the coming year. Is it you? Is it I? Am I to go and leave those who love me alone? Is some one I love to go? I do not know.

As we stand facing this mystery, how we wish sometimes that we could rend the veil! how we wish we could pull it aside at least, and gain a little glimpse! And yet the mystery remains. And blessed is it that the mystery does remain. It is only a part of the universal mystery which means the infiniteness of God and the boundlessness of the universe; and, as I have had occasion to tell you before, all the sweetest and finest things on earth are hidden in the heart of this mystery.

It is because the universe is boundless, because we are surrounded by mystery on every hand, that we can go on with any confidence, that we can have hope of immortal experiences that shall never weary or grow stale.

Let us note for a moment how much of the beauty and delight of the world would be taken away if we lost the mystery of it all.

I have had the pleasure of flying along some of the government roads of France in an automobile. I do not like them. If the only purpose in life is to get ahead as rapidly as possible, then they are good; but there is no beauty in a straight line; and where you can look along a road, and see clear to the verge of the horizon and know that there are no delicious surprises, it becomes a weariness in a very little while.

I love the country roads of rural England, where there are hedges on each side shutting out half the view, and where they turn so frequently that you have no idea of what you are coming to; but, as you go on, here is a clump of wonderful old trees, here the half-hidden tower of a ruined castle, on this side a glimpse of a water crimp-

ling and crinkling over the stones, here a lake and there the peak of some high hill which they love to call a mountain, but something new at every turn.

It is this which is the delight of the voyage on the Rhine. If you could see from one end of the Rhine to the other before you started, the main part of the delight would have vanished; but, as you wander along and catch a glimpse here of the Mouse Tower, the Castled Crag of Drachenfels, of vineyards, of open fields, of some university town,—something new at every bend of the river,—the voyage becomes one unending delight.

A canal is a useful thing for commerce; but it is not a beautiful thing on which to take a pleasure trip.

The delight of the Christmas time is in the surprises of it all. I always take it as a personal offence when anybody tells me beforehand what I am to receive, no matter how slight the gift may be. The pleasure is gone. If anybody tells me how a story ends, I do not care to read it. If the writer is not ingenious enough to mystify me clear to the last page, I wish to throw it down. It is this constant series of surprises that make the beauty and the delight of life.

And there is another way of looking at it. If we knew what was coming, how many a man would lose courage and heart, and not nobly and grandly do his work as he is doing it to-day! It is said that Hawthorne labored very hard, and wrote one of his matchless romances; but, when he got through with it, he was disgusted and discouraged. It did not come up to his idea. He was not satisfied. So he hid it away in a drawer, and that it was as though it did not exist.

Now, if Hawthorne had known that that was to be the end of it, would he have had the courage and patience to labor night and day on the completion of his story? But his feeling about it misled him. His publisher hunted it out, and discovered a masterpiece. So

it was better that Hawthorne should not know how he was going to feel when he wrote the last page of his story.

Take some of the great painters, like Millet. If they knew that their work was to be rejected, that they were to labor in poverty and loneliness their whole lives through, that few were to appreciate and fewer still perhaps to buy their work, and that they were to die at last penniless and neglected, would they create the masterpieces which come to be the delight and glory of after-times?

If Magellan, the great navigator, had known before he sailed that, though his ship was to be the first to go round the world, he was to leave his bones on a lonely island in the Pacific, would he have had the courage to sail? I do not know.

How many of the martyrs would have begun to think and study and preach their new and finer and nobler doctrines if they had foreseen the thumb-screw and the rack, the prison, the gibbet, the fire? And yet how richer is the world because they labored and consecrated themselves in this way!

I do not know, I have sometimes wondered, over the career of Lincoln. Would he have given himself to study and thought as a boy, would he have developed just as he did, would he have labored hard to serve his country, if he could have foreseen Ford's Theatre, the assassin's bullet, and the tragedy that ended it all? Perhaps he would.

How much of our own work would we have labored to accomplish if we had known how apparently unimportant it would seem at the end? A man works hard to build himself a home; and he never occupies it. It blesses somebody else; but would he have labored to accumulate and build a home if he had known it was never to be his?

How much of the world's work ends in this way, so far as the person himself is concerned,—in disappointment and sorrow; and yet how much poorer the world

would have been if it had not been accomplished! So, I say, God be thanked for the mystery that, while we struggle and strive and toil, lures us on with dreams and hopes, though they may never be realized in the special sense of our personal desire.

For now let us go on to consider. We must enter this new year, whether we will or no. We go into it bound, as Paul started bound to Jerusalem. We are limited by our inheritance, by our native capacity. You are limited by what you did last year,—for good or bad, by your thinking, by your feeling, by your aspirations, by your ambition, by your desires. You have made yourself in a certain way what you are; and what you are has become your destiny, determining what you will be and what you will accomplish in the year that is ahead of you.

You cannot do as much in the coming year as you could have done if you had done the very best possible with last year. But you can do something. And here is a very important distinction I wish you to draw.

There are two things that every man does while engaged in his life-work. He attempts some definite thing, —writing a book, composing a piece of music, painting a picture, carving a statue, achieving success in business, creating for himself a home, attaining the object of his love, serving his country, being faithful in the place where he stands. It is an attempt to do something, attain something, create something.

Now you may or may not succeed in that; but, while you are doing that, you are doing something else, which is more important. You are creating your own character, you are building your own soul. And this which you are doing to yourself is a good deal more important than the particular thing which you are trying to achieve for the world.

This is what you can do, whether you paint a picture

that somebody will buy or not, whether you write a book that somebody will read or not, whether you achieve fame or obscurity, whether you become rich or fail in the attempt, whether you have gained the love of some one whom you desire or not: you can in the process of these experiences make yourself a nobler, better man or woman.

You have power to determine that none of these things shall harm you. You have power to keep yourself from becoming bitter, from becoming humiliated, degraded, losing your self-respect, losing the divine spark in you which links you with the Divine. And in the process of your life-work this coming year, whether you succeed or fail in the outer things, nobody but yourself can keep you from failing in the more important thing.

There is only one Power in the universe that could do it if he would; and that is God, and he will not. He will help rather. So there is no power that can keep you from being nobler and better at the end of the year than you are to-day.

There is one other thing. Whatever happens, you can stand up straight on your feet, untouched by the experiences you pass through. You can stand up on your feet, master of yourself, whether you have been able to master your conditions or not.

One of the finest bits of verse with which I am acquainted, which magnificently teaches this lesson, was written by Mr. W. E. Henley, the friend of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is called "I am the Captain of my Soul." I do not agree with all of Mr. Henley's ideas. He seems to me to be somewhat more pessimistic than I am, he has less hope than I have. There is a touch of stoicism about the attitude of his verse, where I would substitute loving trust in God; but it ought to be said for the writer that perhaps, missing these things, there is all the more heroism and grandeur in the attitude which he takes:—

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

"Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

A magnificent challenge, it seems to me, there for whatever is manly and noble in any of us. Whatever happens, whether we go up or down, succeed or fail, we can stand on our feet and be men, captain of ourselves, if masters of nothing else.

I wish to note another strange thing. It is a curious voyage on which we have sailed. As you stand by the port sometimes, and see ship after ship leave the harbor and sail out over the ocean, you feel of necessity some of these ships will reach port, some of them will go down.

But we have started on a stranger voyage. As we sail out, every single ship is doomed to go down. Whatever else is certain, that is.

And from this strange voyage what is to be saved? Only one thing,—not what you have done, not what you have achieved, not what you have gained. You remember that saying, repeated so often that it is trite, —the question and the answer. A rich man has died: somebody says, How much did he leave? and the answer is, Every single cent he had.

When we go down, there is only one thing that is to be saved from the wreck; and that is what we are. Is it not, then, the wise thing for us to do what we can to practise that kind of alchemy which consists in transmuting base metals to gold, the base things of the world into the gold of character?

I take it that this is what Jesus really meant when he said that the only proper thing for a man to do was to lay up treasures in heaven. He did not mean that we were to lay by something outside of ourselves there. We are to take the experience of to-day and to-morrow, the success, the failure, the laughter, the tears, the happiness, the sorrow,—we are to take the money, the things that are ours, the things we have done, and change these into ourselves, make them a part of us, a part of our thought, a part of our love, a part of our hope, a part of our sympathy, a part of our life.

And the things that we can thus transmute into character,—these we save from the universal wreck that waits all else.

A friend was in my room last evening, and referred to this, which is commonplace, that in so many years not a single person now living on the earth would be here,—new people everywhere. That is what it means: we shall have gone on somewhere; and we shall have carried with us just what we have become, and nothing else.

What then? Shall we turn back? We cannot. Shall we be discouraged? No. Shall we lose heart? Never. Remember this is God's universe; and remember another thing, which is not simply hope, simply faith, simply religious trust,—remember one thing that is demonstrated on the basis of the experience of the world.

Under the guidance of God this world from the beginning has been going on towards better things. Evolution means advance: it is something higher, finer, nobler;

and this has been the fact of the past. Not a step has been taken in this universe of God that has not led to something fairer, better. Every new reach of the telescope tells us of new wonders in the heavens, every finer downward look of the microscope opens for us new deeps of wonder and beauty.

Every step that the race has taken up the ages has been to something fairer, finer, better. True, it is mystery; and we do not know what shall befall us there. Still let us with courage and cheer go on.

And now, as voicing this thought, I must read you a few more verses. I do not know whether or not you will agree with me: but I think they are something very wonderful. They are by Joaquin Miller; and the title is "Columbus."

"Behind him lay the great Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules,
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: 'Now must we pray;
For, lo, the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?'
'Why say, Sail on, sail on, and on.'

"The men grew mutinous by day,
The men grew ghastly pale and weak;
The sad mate thought of home, a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
'What shall I say, brave Admiral, say
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?'
'Why you shall say at break of day,
Sail on, sail on, sail on and on.'

"They sailed, they sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said,
'Why now not even God would know,
Should I and all my men fall dead.
The very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas has gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say.
He said, 'Sail on, sail on and on.'

"They sailed, they sailed. Then spoke the mate:
'This mad sea shows its teeth to-night,
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite.
Brave Admiral, say but one good word,
What shall we do when hope is gone?'
The words leaped as a flaming sword,—
'Sail on, sail on, sail on and on.'"

And so we on this voyage of life sail on and on. Columbus,—remember that for our cheer,—though he died in disgrace and disappointed, had discovered unspeakably grander things than he knew. He thought he had found the other side of Asia: he had found another world.

If he could sail on, so should we; for the God that guided him guides us, and, whether the sea be known or unknown, we can carry with us Whittier's faith,—

"No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore."

And we can add,—

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air:
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."

Father, we are in Thy hands. Thou hast led the race in all the centuries of the past; and it has ever been to some better thing. Thou art leading it to-day; and, though we go out into the unknown, not knowing what shall befall us there, we will not let anything move us, not be troubled, but face it with trust and with cheer. Amen.

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

This is the call for help in the home. Besides this, a similar call has come from the Sunday-school. Multitudes of teachers have little time to ransack libraries and study large works. This is an attempt, then, to help them, by putting in their hands, in brief compass, the principal things believed by Unitarians concerning the greatest subject.

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THE HEAVEN WE HOPE FOR.

My text is in the second chapter of Paul's first letter to the church in Corinth, the ninth verse,—"Things which eye saw not, and ear heard not, and which entered not into the heart of man, whatsoever things God prepared for them that love him."

If there is any one thing of which it may be truly said that all men everywhere and always have believed, it is that death is not the end of personal existence. Of course, occasional exceptions are not denied. As a general truth, however, the statement I have made is based upon evidence which cannot be challenged.

Considering this fact, however, and considering that in ancient Egypt the belief in another world was as real and practical as was the belief in this, the attitude of Moses and the teaching of the books called by his name are very strange.

Moses does not definitely or clearly teach any future life at all. The rewards and the punishments spoken of in the books of Moses concern themselves exclusively with this life. Indeed, there is no clear teaching of continued existence after death anywhere in the Old Testament. There is no place where the word "heaven" has any reference to a place of abode for the blessed spirits who have left this life. There is no place where the word "hell" has any reference to the place where the wicked are supposed to go after death.

And yet there are indications all the way through of what was undoubtedly a fact,—that some sort of dim belief in this direction was common in the popular mind. How else shall we interpret the story of the witch of

Endor, for example, and the calling up of the spirit of the prophet Samuel? How else shall we understand the prohibition directed against having any commerce with familiar spirits?

Ignored completely in any direct and definite teaching in the Old Testament, yet the belief as in some crude way existing in the popular mind is everywhere apparent.

But we are not to think of it as at all like any belief which exists to-day. The underworld was a dim, cavernous sort of place beneath the surface of the earth. The spirits of the dead which had gone down there continued in a state unconscious or only semi-conscious.

In some places in the Old Testament the existence of any kind of life after death is explicitly denied. This of course you can understand easily enough when you remember that the books of the Old Testament, like the books of the New, were written by different men, from different points of view, and holding divergent opinions.

I want to ask you to notice a few hints as to the thought of some of the Old Testament writers:—

In the First Book of Samuel, the twenty-eighth chapter and fourteenth and fifteenth verses, you will find an intimation as to how the people thought of it in connection with the calling up of the spirit of Samuel. He seems to resent having been disturbed, as though he had been in a condition of rest or half-sleep and did not like to be awakened.

In the Book of Job, at the tenth chapter, from the nineteenth to the twenty-first verses, we find a statement like this: "I should have been as though I had not been; I should have been carried from the womb to the grave. Are not my days few? Cease then, and let me alone, that I may take comfort a little, before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death."

You see there was nothing whatever vivid, lifelike, attractive about this underworld to the writer of Job.

The author of Ecclesiastes denies continued personal existence utterly. Take this passage from the third chapter, the eighteenth to the twenty-first verses: "I said in my heart it is because the sons of men that God may prove them, and that they may see that they themselves are but as beasts. For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as one dieth, so dieth the other; they have all one breath; and man hath no pre-eminence above the beasts: for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."

There is an instructive and significant passage in Isaiah, fourteenth chapter, ninth to eleventh verses. The prophecy is directed against the King of Babylon, and it represents him in this way. It says: "Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations, and they shall answer and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to hell, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and worms cover thee."

You see that is not a very cheerful or vivid picture of the kind of life that the great kings who had died in the past had entered upon.

There is, however, in one of the Psalms, the sixteenth, and tenth verse, a hint, at least in certain exceptional cases, of another idea. The writer says, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in Sheol; neither wilt thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption."

This indicates precisely what we have a right to expect. We find what we should look for,—a growth, a change in regard to the popular conceptions of this other

life. Up to the time of Jesus, it is worth your while to note, only two persons in all human history are spoken of as having gone to heaven; that is, to the place where God holds his court. These were Enoch and Elijah; and they had been taken up into heaven very much as some demigod or hero in the old classic ages had been rewarded for some special deed, and received into Olympus.

Nobody else had gone to heaven: all had gone down into this underworld; and at first, and for hundreds of years, there was no separation in this underworld between the good and the bad. But by the time of Jesus this separation had been imagined. It was divided into Paradise and Gehenna, a place for the blessed, a place for the wicked. But it was only to be after the resurrection, the resurrection of the body, that any one was to escape from this underworld.

You see how little conception existed in those times of any heaven of which we dream or for which we are accustomed to hope.

I wish now to picture to you as briefly and clearly as I can the kind of anticipation which Paul had in mind; and note, it is not Paul's heaven that to-day we hope for. What does Paul say?

It seems it was the popular belief at that time that Jesus was to return from heaven, and establish his new kingdom before any of the saints should die. But some members of the church in Thessalonica send word to Paul, asking what does it mean,—people are dying; these church members are dying, and the Christ has not come, and the kingdom has not been revealed. Are they to be lost?

And in Paul's Second Letter to the Thessalonians he corrects what he regards as their misconception. He says, Those saints that die are not to have any advantage over those that remain until Christ comes. For Paul

believed, you see, that Christ was to come before all of that day died. He said, This is what is going to happen: the Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God; and the saints who have died will be raised from their graves, and the bodies of those that have not died will be suddenly, miraculously changed, and we shall all rise together to meet the Lord in the air, and so be forever in his presence. This is Paul's expectation.

It was believed by the early Church in general that Jesus was to come and establish his kingdom with its capital at Jerusalem, and reign on earth in millennial glory for at least a thousand years; and there are traditional words which have been placed on the lips of Jesus himself, giving most extravagant descriptions of the condition of things which were to exist during that millennial period.

If it is not the heaven of Paul that we to-day hope for, it is certainly not the heaven of the old Church Father Tertullian. He died near the middle of the third century. He has left his ideas on record. His heaven is the place where the few saints are to be gathered; and he expects to look over the battlements, and exult and rejoice to see his enemies burning in the flames of torment. This is his conception. Certainly it is not that we hope for.

Is it the heaven of Dante? I have said before—it may be because of some defect in my mental make-up —that I have never been able to get interested in Dante's heaven. I am interested, painfully interested, in his hell. I am a little less interested in his Purgatory. I find it almost impossible to get through his Paradise.

There is nothing whatever in it as he described it which appeals to me,—nothing living, nothing human, nothing that I should care to see or care to do. Certainly, it is not this,—being a part of a celestial rose made up of the

saints, and spending thousands of years in wrapt gaze upon the beatific vision. This is not the heaven I hope for.

Neither is it the heaven of Jonathan Edwards or of our Puritan forefathers. This was a place shut off, separated from all except those who had been elected, chosen from the foundation of the world—a place of ages of psalm-singing, of harp-playing, of praise. You remember how it used to be set forth in the hymns; and I remember with what dreadful anticipation I looked forward to it as a sort of eternal Sabbath,

> "Where congregations ne'er break up,
> And Sabbaths have no end."

Here, again, it lacks, to my mind, anything attractive, anything human, anything that we could naturally long for or care to do. And then, again, Edwards—saint, tender-hearted himself, noble, consecrated man,—he tried to teach and to believe that the saints would get so in perfect accord with the mind of God, and would so ratify his just decrees against the sinner, that the eternal sight of the torment whose smoke should ascend forever and ever would add to the ineffable joy of heaven.

This is the picture of Jonathan Edwards, this is the Puritan's heaven. It certainly is not that which to-day we hope for.

Almost throughout the Christian centuries the belief in the literal resurrection of these bodies which we wear to-day has been an essential part of the creed. Even since I have been in New York an Episcopal clergyman in one of the cities in New Jersey wrote me, commenting upon a statement I had made that this belief was passing away, declaring his conviction that no man had a right to be a minister of the Church of God to-day who did not believe in the literal resurrection of the body.

This, I say, has been a part of the almost universal

and age-long creed. That, before the scientific conceptions of the modern world, is simply becoming unbelievable. If we exist at all, death itself is only another kind of birth. We pass through the gateway, we enter upon that other life—what? Precisely what we are at the moment of our entry. There is nothing whatever in death to produce any change in character or capacity or taste, any more than there is in passing through the doorway of this church this morning. When we go out into the street, we shall be what we were before we went. When we pass through the gateway we call Death into that other country, we shall be just what we have become up to the time of our passing through.

The heaven we hope for then—and now I wish to note a few considerations concerning it—is not an exclusive heaven. I do not believe that there is any place in the universe where any one man is admitted that will not freely open to any other man, provided he can enter; and that "can" means simply capacity, character, taste, means no shut door, means no bar set up by the power of a judgment, or any supposed justice, of God.

I have in my hand a little passage from a part of a liturgy of one of the Buddhistic sects in China. Let me read it to you:—

"Never will I seek or receive private, individual salvation; never will I enter into final peace alone; but forever and ever and everywhere I will live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all the worlds."

If anybody tells me that that is not Christian, then I will say that I prefer Paganism.

Were the gate of heaven open at my feet, and all the unimaginable glory inviting, and I was told that one poor sinner, the wickedest man that ever lived, was forever to be debarred, I hope I should have grace enough to say: Then I will stay out with him. I will never enter

any heaven from which any seeking, lost soul is forcibly debarred.

The heaven I hope for, then, has no gates that are ever to be shut. It is wide open with loving, tender, tearful, pleading welcome for every child of God.

Remember, let me say incidentally right here, that there may be wanderers for thousands of years; but, if there are, it will not be God's fault. I have said, for example, that I cannot conceive of any child of mine ever becoming or ever doing anything so that I would shut the door in his or her face. But it might be years, and the door standing open, and they would not come.

The heaven we hope for, then, is no exclusive place. It is wide open for every son and every daughter of God.

Another point: the heaven we hope for is not essentially a place. That thought of course is familiar, has been made so during the last few years; and yet it was believed for hundreds of years that it was a definite place, with gates and bars, and that everybody inside must be happy and everybody outside must be miserable.

But it requires only the most superficial thought for us to understand that a location, material surroundings, —that these things have no power to create either happiness or misery. We know, for example, that some of the most beautiful parts of this planet of ours are inhabited by some of the most degraded and miserable specimens of the race. The place does not mean civilization, does not mean culture, does not mean development, does not mean appreciation of high and fine things.

Though all of us strive after money as though it contained in itself the potentiality of every conceivable good, we know perfectly well that it is not true. We know men who have built themselves beautiful houses who are lonely and miserable in the libraries, the dining-rooms, the parlors. We know perfectly well that there are people with almost nothing in cottages, in quiet

places, without reputation, who live lives of peace and satisfaction and joy.

I used to imagine that, if I could only get into heaven, that would be all that any one need to desire; but I have learned something a little deeper and more reasonable than that in these later years. There must be something of balance and proportion and relationship between the person and the place. Some men would be happy for a year shut up, turned loose, so to speak, amid the treasures of the British Museum: other people would regard it as a prison.

There are those who long for the fields, who love to study the flowers, who would be perfectly happy with the hammer of a geologist, but who have no taste for the seclusion of libraries. Some people would be happy at Bayreuth by the year, listening to the magnificent music of the great master. There are others, and some of the noblest men of the world, who have simply no taste for music. It would become weariness to them in a day.

So we understand perfectly well that the place cannot make the heaven. It is something a little deeper than that. We will come to it by and by. But, as I have described it, we all enter into that world; and there is no dividing line. What is to keep the bad people from coming into our society?

I speak of this, though the question seems almost childish, because I have had it asked me a great many times. Would the bad people take possession of things and destroy all our happiness? They do not do it in this world. I have never been troubled for any great length of time with the enforced companionship of people I did not want.

If you leave people free, they seek their own kind; and, if there were a heaven such as has been pictured in the traditions of the church, and the gates were left open, nobody would enter except those who liked it.

They would seek the scenes and associations which matched their thought, their feeling, their desires.

What do I think this heaven is to be? I said a moment ago that, as it is pictured by Dante and by the old Puritan fathers, there are no occupations that seem to me attractive. Why should we not believe that heaven is more like this earth than we ordinarily imagine? There are certain of our faculties and powers that are so intimately bound up with our present physical being that we cannot imagine ourselves as carrying them along with us. But what do we carry?

The things that are essentially ourselves,—thought, feeling, imagination,—all our intellectual powers. Will Michel Angelo never carve another statue? Will Raphael never paint another picture? Will Shakespere never write another play? Will Wagner compose no more music? Will the geologist find no field for study in the construction and growth of worlds? Will the chemist find nothing to occupy him in investigating the secrets of the composition of this marvellous universe? Will the astronomer have no field for his researches?

Why, it seems to me that it would be no heaven at all if those things that make us men and women, what we are, did not have free and wide and grand scope for their exercise. So the heaven I hope for is a heaven of work, a heaven of occupation, a heaven of study, a heaven of travel, of music, of art, of literature, of painting,—of all those things that we begin here, all that we have to leave broken off in the middle.

An old gentleman said not a great while ago,—and I suppose it has been said by a thousand others,—as he faced some new discovery: "Just think of that! How I would like to be here twenty-five years from now, and see what has happened by that time!"

The last hundred years have been marvellous in their development. Think of it! My father was born in the

year 1794. No man on earth at that day could travel any faster than Abraham could, or get his news any quicker. All the things that have revolutionized the world have taken place since my father was born; and we are only on the edge of it, we are just beginning. How we should love to see what is coming!

Why should we not? Why should we not be able to study, to discover, to help on the process of this marvellous growth, and rejoice in seeing the world that God and we together have made?

Is the life over there going to be without any effort? People sometimes talk as though they wanted to sit down and rest forever and ever. Is it eternal rest? If it is eternal rest, I do not want to go. It would be eternal ennui. Eternal activity, and activity of a kind that does not always see the end. I do not believe that heaven is a place where we are going to get everything we wish simply by turning our hand over. If it is, I should not want to be there.,

Some of the sweetest moments of this world at any rate are those when, after planning and laboring and waiting, at last we grasp, achieve,—the ecstasy, the triumph of overcoming obstacles, solving problems, conquering difficulties!

Is heaven to be easy and immediate and perfect achievement? I do not believe it for one moment. I believe it is to be a human place. I pity people who have nothing more to look forward to. A young friend of mine once told me that she could never remember the time when she could not have anything she wanted. I pitied her. I pity her still.

It seems to me that the zest of existence must have very much gone out when you reach a point where there are no surprises, no efforts, and no conquests.

And is it to be a place entirely without a shadow or a pain? I do not believe that either. Perhaps you may

be surprised at the kind of heaven I am hoping for. But let me illustrate what I mean:—

Here are thousands of people every day pouring through the gateways into that other land; and what are they? Are they all wise, all good, all happy? No. They are foolish, and they are bad, and they are miserable,—thousands of them; and they are not going to an eternal place of torment and they are not going at once to eternal felicity, because in the nature of things they could not.

They are going to need, they are going to wander, they are going to suffer, they are going to need teaching and guidance and help, they are going to call for pity, for sympathy, for aid. And true, noble, loving, tender hearts are going to feel pity, are going to suffer for them and with them, and help redeem and deliver them.

I would not respect myself if I am not ready for work like that. I would not respect you if you were not ready, either. So I do not expect a heaven of eternal rest, of seclusion, of aloofness from any human need or suffering or sorrow.

It will be different from the sorrow here, because it will be shot through with light and illumined by an eternal hope. But it will be suffering and sympathy, and will call on us for aid.

But the great thing that I hope for, hope for so much that the rest of it does not matter a great deal, is friends and the companionship of the loved ones. That is what makes heaven: it makes it here, and it will make it there; and it does not make much difference what the external conditions are.

I hear persons now and then trying to comfort one who has lost a friend; and they say, You must not mourn: this friend who has died is better off. Suppose the friend that has died is better off: that is not complete comfort to me.

If you could assure me that my boy is to be in eternal felicity somewhere, live in a palace surrounded by everything that imagination can conceive, and that I am to live in another palace, surrounded by everything that I can dream of, somewhere else,—if you assure me that, would you think you were offering me comfort? You would be putting to my lips a cup of bitterness unspeakable.

I do not want the one I love perfectly happy in one place and myself perfectly happy in another: that would be a contradiction in terms. Let me have the one I love by my side, then give me poverty, give me sickness, give me struggle, give me anything; and I choose it rather than eternal felicity alone.

Do you know I have always half imagined that Dante did not have only pity for Paolo and Francesca. I know they are in the Inferno; but they love each other with a perfect love, and they are together.

I would rather be in any hell that any power in this universe can send me to with the one I love for companion than to be in any heaven that the imagination of man ever dreamed about and be—alone.

The thing we long for then, the heaven we hope for, means the friends that are dear to us and the loved ones that are closest. We say, "God is love": we know that heaven is love; and we know that this is the one thing about which we chiefly care,—that you who have lost a wife may find her, that you who have lost a son may find him, that you who have lost a daughter may find her, that you who have lost a husband may find him.

Are not these the central things in the heaven you hope for? I am flooded with letters from all over this world, from people who say to me: I have lost such and such a friend. If I could only know that that friend lives and loves and cares for me, and that some time I shall find him or her again, nothing else would matter. That

is the deepest thing in the human heart, the deepest thing in life, and the highest thing in the heaven we hope for.

I said a moment ago that I did not believe in any heaven whose gates were shut. And yet let me suggest to you just here at the end—I shall have occasion to deal with this more at length next Sunday—that heaven is something that cannot be arbitrarily bestowed, something that cannot be arbitrarily taken away, something that cannot be conferred by a change of location.

Poetry is in the eye, in the heart. Beauty is in the power to perceive. The capacity for finding heaven is the one important thing about it all. You may change your place of abode, wander from star to star: you may travel for thousands of years seeking for peace; but you carry yourself with you everywhere, and in that self you carry your heaven or your hell. It is inevitable.

No devil can create a hell for you, no God can create a heaven for you. You must make your own heaven. There is no use in hoping for it until you begin to make it. You can make it here as well as anywhere else; and a good time to begin making it is now.

Father, our Father in heaven, in heaven because in love, in blessedness, in truth, in peace,—our Father in heaven, we may gain heaven so far and so fast as we can come into right relationship with Thee; and, when we have gained heaven and love, we trust that all sweet and true things which are a part of us shall be ours forever. Amen.

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THE HELL WE FEAR.

My text you may find in the sixth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the churches in Galatia, the seventh verse,—"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

I suppose all of us think we believe this. As a matter of fact, we do not. We accept the statement as touching matters of agriculture. Of course, we know that, if we plant potatoes, potatoes will grow; if we sow wheat, we shall get a harvest of wheat; if we do not plant anything, nothing will grow except weeds, the natural products of the soil.

This is all perfectly clear. Nobody doubts it as touching this department of life. But there is hardly a week goes by in which some one does not ask me a question showing plainly that he does not understand this law as pertaining to other departments of life. I find people every little while very much astonished that a certain crop grows,—a moral crop, a crop of happiness or misery; and yet, when I look into their lives, I find that they have been planting that crop for a good many years; but they are very much surprised that it has sprung up.

It is one of the commonest experiences of my life to have people say to me, in effect: I have tried to be a good and honest man; and yet I have not got on in the world. Here is somebody who, as far as I can see, is not specially honest, but who has prospered. And they think they have brought a charge against the justice of the universe; that is, they seem to imagine that God has somehow pledged himself to pay cash for good be-

havior. I do not know of any such promise. I do not know of any causal connection between the two.

Another thing: Every little while somebody is expressing his surprise at the method of divine government because sorrow or sickness, some trouble, comes upon a friend or upon himself; and he says: I have tried to be good. I wonder why God treats me so. Again, you see, no sort of perception of this law of cause and effect.

So, as I said, the law is not generally understood, and is not considered to be generally applicable in all the affairs of human life. I think in the light of it, however, we shall come upon, as the result of our investigations, the only real hell that we need to fear. We shall also come upon the path that leads to the only heaven that we can hope to attain.

I have no fear, at any rate,—I speak for myself,—of the old-time hell, which was located in and supposed to be confined to the other world. It has been imagined under a thousand diverse forms; but it is not that hell of which I am afraid.

Neither am I afraid of any prison-house in the other world in which either I or anybody else is supposed to be in danger of being confined. But this is believed by a great many.

Neither am I afraid of any hell which is created positively, purposely, arbitrarily, on the part of God. I am not afraid of any purposed, arbitrary infliction of punishment or pain in this world or any other.

In the centres of culture and refinement it is popularly supposed that these old-time ideas are outgrown. We deceive ourselves, if we think they are. There is not a country in Christendom where the old ideas are not still preached concerning this hell which is supposed to be the arbitrary infliction of divine punishment in another life as a penalty for the deeds done in the body.

I know that people are inclined to throw it off. Whit-

tier spoke for thousands when he said, pleadingly, tenderly, to the brethren who reproached him for giving up his old ideas,—

"My human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds;
Against the words ye bid me speak
The heart within me pleads."

Whittier, I say, in these words speaks for thousands; and there is no sort of question that the vital belief in this sort of hell is dying out. But some one last week, probably in anticipation of this topic, sent me the report of a sermon recently preached just across the river, in which all these old ideas of hell are explicitly and definitely proclaimed. It was said even that, if we have prisons like Sing Sing in this world, why should not God have hells in which to shut up the wicked in the next world?

I refer to this merely to show that these ideas have not all died out.

But, as a matter of fact, just as fast and just as far as men become even partially civilized, just so fast and just so far the continued holding of these conceptions of sin and punishment, of a wrathful God, become utterly impossible.

These fancies, these imaginings, are like the spectre of the Brocken. It is said that travellers in the Alps sometimes find their own images in certain conditions of the atmosphere projected upon the clouds; and in the old days they were supposed to be some terrible spectre, quite apart from the simple human cause of their existence.

So people have projected their own horrible thoughts, feelings, revenges, cruelties, against the sky, and have mistaken the images of their own barbarity for God.

The God of these old-time fancies is just as much

worse, as much more inhuman, as much more cruel, unrighteous, immoral, than any man that ever lived as you can possibly imagine; for he is the one that

> ". . . made us, foredoomed us,
> And does what he wills with His own,"

in the words of Tennyson.

These horrors are passing away. But note one thing: they still remain imbedded, either explicitly or by implication, in every one of the old historical creeds. I am aware of the fact that there are thousands of ministers who no longer preach these ideas; but they are in the creeds of the Dutch Reformed, the Lutheran, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Episcopal Churches, all. And I challenge the intelligence and the conscience of the age with this statement,—either these things are true or they are not true.

They are not sort of true, half-true, true as it were, true in a way: they are true or they are not. And, if they are true, they ought to be preached by every minister in every pulpit every week of every year.

If the human race is fronting a destiny like this, it ought to know it. If the ministers believe it and do not preach it, they are unspeakably false,—false to God, false to truth, false to the welfare of human souls.

Let them make up their minds, then! and if it is not true, and if the ministers know it is not true, then they ought to tell their people that, and they ought to find out what is the real hell that people ought to fear, and help them escape it. We ought to know the truth in regard to such tremendous issues as this, and face it fearlessly and frankly.

The late Phillips Brooks challenged the ministers of his own denomination by saying to them, There are a good many of us who know and believe certain things

about the Bible which we do not tell our people. Is it not true that there are a good many who know or believe certain things in regard to the hells and the heavens of this world and the next which they do not tell their people?

Lift off the false burdens, and lay on the brains and hearts of men the loads which they really ought to carry. What is a ministry for if it is not to tell the truth? I am ashamed sometimes because somebody compliments me as being brave enough to say what I think. What is a minister for but to say what he thinks? He is too contemptible for any name if he says what he does not think or if he declines to say what he does.

It is none of these hells, then, that we fear. And all ministers to-day are intelligent enough to know that they can find out the reality. The light is available. Let us, then, face the issues.

What is it that we fear? I sometimes hear Unitarians, liberals, spoken of as though they preached an easy kind of gospel, an easy salvation. If you will follow me until I am through this morning, you will discover, I think, that we preach the very hardest salvation that there is on the face of the earth, the most difficult heaven to find, the most difficult hell to escape. The ordinary salvation offered us by the churches is cheap and easy in comparison.

According to the old doctrine the world suffered on account of Adam's sin. It is sometimes said to us that our law of heredity is just as cruel as was that old idea; and it is, except for one thing. Those who believe that we were to suffer eternally in hell on account of Adam's sin believes that the penalty is to be arbitrarily inflicted at the moment of death, and that there was to be no escape from it.

We do believe—we know as a matter of scientific demonstration—that the children suffer for the sins of

the fathers, that we are enmeshed in a tangle of inheritance, and that, as a result of it, we find hells innumerable whose pains we must face and bear.

But it is not arbitrary, and there is not a dead-line at the point where we pass from this world into the next; and there is endless opportunity for working out of it and helping others to work out. That is the difference between the law of heredity and the doctrines of the fall and punishment of the race on account of the sin of Adam.

There are hells numberless in which we suffer as the result of heredity. Here is a man whose father broke some physical law, and who is punished for it his whole life long. Perhaps he has gout or rheumatism or an impaired digestion from which he can never escape.

Here is a man who has not inherited drunkenness, but a constitution that is inflammable in the presence of temptation and easily leads to drunkenness.

Here is a person who has not inherited consumption, but a consumptive tendency; that is, he becomes an easy victim when the conditions are fit.

Here is a person who has inherited a weak will, an irascible temper, an inclination to be sensuous, as was said was the case with Socrates.

So in every direction we have inherited hells in which we burn and suffer as the result not of our own sins. But there is another side to it. It is not as unjust and hopeless as it would at first appear. We have inherited tendencies for good, moral, spiritual power, splendid constitutions. We have inherited impulses towards the right and the beautiful and the good; and, although we are all linked together in this way, the good and the bad together, so that humanity is one organism, and one member cannot suffer without the rest suffering, and one member cannot rejoice without the rest participating in the joy, we are able under the

law of cause and effect to deliver ourselves from the burdens of these evils, to work our way out, to

"Rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves,"

and to reach on to a point where the whole creation shall by and by be redeemed from the travail and the burden and the sorrow and the woe.

Not only do we inherit these kinds of hells to which I have referred, we create hells,—create them here. Look out over the world, and see how many terrible hells there are that do not testify to any arbitrariness on the part of God, but which are a part of the eternal order of things. For remember,—and let me insert right here another consideration before I go on to deal with these hells which we needlessly create,—remember that we are in this world and in all worlds under a universal law, a changeless law of cause and effect.

The hell I fear is no arbitrary infliction: it is a result. The only heaven ever to be attained in this universe is a result: the only hell ever to be feared is a result. No devils make the hells, no angels make the heavens. God himself cannot interfere with this changeless and universal law.

Why? Because he is not outside of it, as though it were a mechanism that he could touch and make run some other way. God is in the mechanism, the heart, the life, the soul of it. What we call the mechanism of law is nothing in the world but God's habit of acting: it is God himself in eternal expression; and these are the inevitable conditions.

God cannot make a circle without having every part of the circumference at an equal distance from a point within called the centre. If he made something different from that, it would not be a circle. God cannot interfere with any of these laws that we have discovered to be the natural and necessary order of things, because

they are the expression of himself, the eternal, wise, loving, just, changeless expression of himself.

So to plead with God to keep you from suffering the result of the breach, or the keeping, of one of his own laws, is not only useless, but it is an absurdity. It is pleading with God to go against himself.

I break a law of my body. I must suffer the penalty, whether I do it on purpose or carelessly or ignorantly: I must find out. I break a law of my mind. I must suffer the penalty. Or of my heart, my loving nature: I must suffer the penalty. I break a law of my moral nature: I must suffer the penalty. Or a law of my spiritual nature: I must suffer the penalty; and the penalty must be precisely adequate to the breach, and must last as long as the breach.

It is this hell which is the natural and necessary result of law-breaking that I fear.

Come now to consider the point I took up a moment ago. How many are the hells which we needlessly create? Look over the face of society. Visit Sing Sing. Go over on Blackwell's Island. Go into a saloon, an opium joint, a gambling den. Go into the hospitals. Go down among the stranded and hopelessly and viciously poor.

Now nearly every one of these hells which these words indicate we ourselves are responsible for. They are inevitable hells so long as we break the laws of life and justice and truth and love.

And how many hells there are that do not obtrude themselves in this way! Here are mothers, tender, loving mothers, whom their own boys push into and lock up in hell,—a hell created by their own viciousness, cruelty, ingratitude. They wring the mother's heart, which must suffer by as much as it is loving and tender.

Here are homes, or what look like homes on the outside where husbands and wives are in hell,—hells which

they have created for themselves by jealousy, anger, discord of one kind or another.

Here is a man in his beautiful home. He is in hell because he is a disappointed man. He has aimed after some definite thing in life on which he set his heart; and, though he has gained a thousand other things, he has not gained that.

There are men and women whose lives and hearts are empty, who have found, as they have gone on in the world, that the beauty of the world has seemed to disappear. Their natures have shrunken, and earth seems to them a desert. They are in all the hell they would care to find.

There are hells created by envy, jealousy, hatred, by all sorts of excesses and evil passions. Let us not charge God with these. Let us not dare to bring them as indictments against his goodness and his judgments. Every one of them is the result of the breach of divine, perfect, just and loving laws on the part of ourselves.

I wish now to point out in two or three somewhat definite directions certain things that we do or certain things that we do not do to create the kinds of hell which we need to fear; and we do need to fear them. We are on the edge of them, a great many of us. One step over the border, and we are in the clutches of the malign forces, and a good many times hardly aware of it; and we think we are strong enough to do as we please, and we wake up and find that we are helpless.

Take those hells that come as the result of our cultivating persistently certain selfish, bad habits, giving way to certain indulgences. Take De Quincey as an illustration. Have you ever read his "Opium-eater"? Is there any hell to be imagined much worse than that which he endured as the result of becoming a victim to this drug?

Take the case of John B. Gough. I remember hearing

him say that there was a time in his life when, if he had stood on the edge of a fiery stream, and floating on it was a bottle of whiskey, he would have plunged in for the sake of the drink, at the expense of no matter what cost to himself.

And did he enjoy it? Was it pleasant? Was he having a lovely time? He simply had become so completely in the grip of a demoniac power, which meant merely his own voluntary breach of divine laws, that he was in a hell from which for years he could not escape.

Take Rossetti, the famous poet and artist, for years in a drug-created hell, in which at last he died. These are merely illustrations: you can multiply them as much as you please. There are habits which we cultivate which are not so dramatic in their effects as these.

I know men who have cultivated nothing but a common, every-day kind of selfishness, who are miserable the year round because they have become victims thus of themselves. You know men, you can see them every day on the street, you know how they get along in their homes,—people who have allowed themselves to become the victims of evil habits of one kind or another that are creating for them all the hells that they will ever need to discover in order to believe that misery is a reality in this universe.

Then there is another, just the opposite of this. There are thousands of people who are creating for themselves a sort of negative hell—and I shall try to make you feel in a moment that this is something terribly real—as the result of the atrophy of their faculties and powers.

We all of us have in us the germs, the possibilities, of unfolding in such a way as would bring us into vital and delighted contact with every phase of the universe. If we are properly developed, the world has a thousand fingers with which it touches and vibrates the countless strings that make up our being.

And the result is music,—that music which we call joy. But how many of these faculties and powers do we develop? I know people who by the time they are fifty or sixty years old have narrowed their lives down to the possibility of getting any satisfaction out of only one or two things.

I know of a man who said, as he got along in life, that the only real satisfaction to him was going down to his safe deposit box and cutting off coupons. That is what he had come to, that was the result of the shrinkage of his nature.

I know of a man in Boston, a millionaire: in his old age he was found down at the warehouse with his old clothes and an apron on, rolling about a barrel of molasses. And, when a friend remonstrated with him, saying that a man with all his money should spend his time some other way, he replied: You are not talking very much sense. As a matter of fact, I have just made three dollars and a half on that barrel; and it is about the only thing I take any satisfaction in. That is what he had come to.

You remember that eternal parable of Bunyan's, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," about a man with a muck-rake stooping over the ground and scraping together the stones and rubbish, eager to see that none escaped him, and overhead was an angel holding out a crown, and the man did not know he was there, had not time to look up. If he had, perhaps he would not have recognized him.

Is there no hell in this kind of deprivation? You remember the old story in Homer, of how on his voyage Ulysses fell into the hands of the sorceress Circe, and his companions were turned into swine. Now they did not know they were swine, I suppose. I meet people now who do not know it.

But was there no punishment about it because they

did not know it? Was there no hell because they had forgotten that they were ever men? I think that is the worst hell of all. Let a physician go into a hospital and operate on a patient; and, if there is no suffering under the knife, he knows the case is hopeless. If the patient is capable of agony, he may get well.

So you take these people who are contented in their hells; and they are the most hopeless cases of all. Swedenborg had very keen insight as he described the other world as the result of what he claimed to be his visions and journeys through it. He said that there were certain people in hell who would never get out, simply because they had learned to like it and wanted to stay there. That is the most hopeless thing in the world. The danger is that we get so used to the evil that we are not conscious of it, and learn to like it and do not know the good.

You see a person born blind; and you pity him infinitely for what he cannot see. And how pathetic is a case like that of Helen Keller! How the civilized world rejoices when one after another the avenues of intelligence are partly open, so that she can get a glimpse of the real world! Think of the countless appeals the infinite universe makes to us, aud how we cultivate the ability to respcnd to so few of them!

Beware of this hell that results from the atrophy of your faculties and powers, and in which you become contented, so that you are willing to remain.

Then there are hells,—I can only refer very briefly to some of these things,—there are hells, if we ever wake up to them, that we are creating by the evil we are doing to others. By and by, if we come to ourselves and look back and see, there will be keenness of suffering and regret that we can only partially at present understand.

Take the young man I referred to a little time ago. He has broken the heart of his mother by his conduct.

He knew he was doing it; but he was passionate and reckless, and for the time did not care. But by and by the mother dies, and after a while he wakes up and becomes a decent man again; and he carries a grief gnawing at his heart by the year. How much he would give if he could only find her somewhere and tell her that he cares!

Those are very real hells to people who are men, who are women, who are true, who can appreciate and understand. Take the man who has ruined the life of a loving, trusting girl. He has reformed: he can go back into good society. She cannot: she drifts, flotsam and jetsam on the turbulent stream of life, to plunge over the falls by and by into the abyss. As he sits years after in his luxurious home, with a wife who knows nothing about it and with children that he loves, and as one of his daughters grows up, and he begins to wonder what it would mean to have her treated in that way, do not you think there is a little hell for him?

And so in a hundred directions you can carry out the thought.

And, then, the contrary side,—the hells of regret for the things we might have accomplished, the cause we might have helped, the person we might have led, the difficulty we might have solved. I tell you, friends, the only way you can escape these hells will be by plunging into the deeper hells of indifference, and of the atrophy and dying out of your nobler powers.

But now I come to that which is central, crucial to the whole discussion. Every word you speak, every thought you think, every feeling you indulge, the entire course of your life, does two things. It not only flows out from you as an influence to touch and degrade or lift up other lives, but it is all the time making you,—making you what you are; and what you are determines what you can suffer, what you can accomplish, what you can enjoy.

You are making yourself, you are making your future; and, as I said a moment ago, the results of the law-keeping or the law-breaking are inevitable, and they are just as enduring as the law-keeping and the law-breaking.

When will people escape from suffering? Will it be immediately after death? I do not know: it depends. Will it be in a hundred years? Will it be in a thousand, in a million? That depends.

Just so long as a man breaks a law, just so long the result of that breaking will appear, will follow him, will cripple him, will hang upon him, will hinder him, will give him sorrow. It is inevitable. God cannot have a thing be and not be in the same sense, and at the same place and at the same time: it is a contradiction in terms.

So that here is the most tremendous thing that I could possibly put into words: Neither in this world nor in any other will you ever be able to escape yourselves. And you are making yourselves, by thought and word and conduct, every day, just what you are. You are on the down grade a little or on the up grade, which? You must determine: God cannot without your consent. He is ready to help you with all the power of his omnipotence, when you are ready to turn; but you cannot possibly escape yourselves.

I remember the late Colonel Ingersoll said a tremendous thing once, years ago. I use it as an illustration: it is capable of a thousand applications. He was speaking of the man who had not independence enough to be himself, who never dared to speak his own ideas or do what he believed to be right,—one of these negative, nerveless nonentities; and he said, It must be an awful thing for a man to wake up in the middle of the night, and be obliged to confess, after all, there is really no one here in this bed.

What must it be for a man to wake up in the middle of the night, and be compelled to say, Though my wife does not know it and my friends do not know it, there is a scoundrel in this bed, there is a dishonest man in this bed, there is an unkind man in this bed, there is a cruel, contemptible cur that I am really obliged to loathe in this bed; but he is I, and I cannot get rid of him. There is the horror of it, the hell of it, in this world or in any other world.

I have used the illustration here, I think, in this church; but you will pardon me for repeating it now, because it carries the lesson so terribly. There is an Eastern apologue. It tells of a soul just waked to consciousness after the swoon of death. He is fleeing along through the unaccustomed places there, and hears behind him the tread of footsteps, as if they were following; and he turns, and sees a frightful, hideous shape that fills him with horror, and he cries, What art thou? And the answer comes: I am thine own actions. Night and day I follow thee. That is the hell we need to fear.

And remember this last word at the end. It is not arbitrary. God is not doing it without your permission. You are doing it or you are not doing it. It is your own work, your heaven or your hell.

And remember you will never get into any more heaven in this world or any other than you first get into yourselves; and you will never escape any hell that you create yourself except as you work out of it by re-creating your own thoughts and feelings and aspirations.

I said at the outset, and here I want to emphasize it and show you how inevitable it is in the nature of things, that the old ecclesiastical method of salvation was cheap and easy compared with ours. Think of it. A man could lead the life of a selfish, bloody scoundrel all the way through, in the Middle Ages, and then call a priest, confess, receive absolution, and partake of the sacra-

ment,—have some oil placed on his head, and it was all wiped out, and the gates of heaven would open to him; or, at the worst, he would have only a little preparatory stretch of purgatory.

Think how easy it all is, how cheap that kind of salvation. But think how absurd it is. They sing such hymns—I have heard them over and over again—as

"Nothing either great or small
Remains for me to do.
Jesus died and paid it all,—
Yes, all the debt I owe."

Cheap and easy; for only a sacrament, only a baptism, only an "I am awfully sorry," only a prayer, and the past is wiped out; and according to that theory the hundreds of persons you have wronged, perhaps, and sent to hell not taken into account!

But think for a moment. Heaven cannot possibly exist except as you have cultivated a capacity to appreciate and enjoy heaven. Can you break into a Wagner's opera with a pickaxe or a club? You can get into the presence of the orchestra and see the actors and hear the sound; but it means appreciation, taste, years of cultivation, before you can really possess the opera.

Here is a man who finds great delight in botany and the beauty of a flower. Can somebody arbitrarily have injected into him, by opening a door where flowers are, that ability? Can you get it in that way? It means years of study, cultivation power to appreciate.

Cannot you see? It seems to me so strange that people can think for an instant that it is arbitrary, that by an angel's opening a gate and letting me through into a certain place I can get into heaven, that by locking me up somewhere they are putting me in hell. Heaven and hell are something that I make for myself.

"Heaven but the vision of fulfilled desire,
And hell the shadow of a soul on fire."

So says Omar Kháyyám.

"Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide."

So sings Milton. They appreciated the great spiritual truth that we make our heavens. We must make our heavens. And these hells that we make for ourselves and for others are the only ones we ever need to fear.

Father, help us to see these great, deep, eternal truths wrought into the very constitution of our being, and let us stand in awe before them, worship Thy wisdom, Thy goodness, Thy love, be afraid of Thy inevitable judgments, and do what we can to escape the evils and create the good, until the world is filled with the knowledge and the joy which belong to Thee. Amen.

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THE BIBLE WE ACCEPT.

My text is in the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, the one hundred and fifth verse,—"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

We accept gladly and gratefully the Bible for what and all that it is. Whether we should accept the claims it might make for itself we do not know, because it does not make any claims at all.

I do not know whether the statement will seem strange to you; but the Bible nowhere claims to be inspired, it nowhere claims to be infallible. There are some of the writers in the Bible who claim to speak for God. You will find the phrase, for example, "Thus saith the Lord," preceding some of their utterances.

I remember that on at least one occasion—I do not remember chapter and verse—Paul claims to speak with authority of the Divine Spirit concerning a certain matter; but he does not make this claim often, and he does not make any general claim of the sort for all of his writings.

You must remember that the Bible as we have it to-day was written by a large number of different people, so far as we know without any knowledge of each other, without any understanding with each other, in entire independence. So that, if a certain writer does make a particular claim, why then we must consider two things. We must consider first as to whether in the nature of things and in the nature of the utterances which he makes there is any reason for us to accept his claim; and then we must remember that he cannot in the nature

of things make that claim on behalf of any of the other writers.

People thoughtlessly imagine that, if they find a statement in any part of this book, it holds good for every other part. But why should it?

Let us notice for a minute what this book is. I hold it in my hand. There are sixty-six little volumes bound here together in one. They were written during a period of time covering perhaps a thousand years. They were written by different people, under different conditions, representing different points of view, expressing, so far as we know, only the individual imagination and outlook.

Who were the authors? Who wrote the Pentateuch? We do not know. Who wrote Joshua and Judges? We do not know. Who wrote Samuel, Chronicles, Kings? We do not know. Who wrote the Proverbs? We do not know. Who wrote Job? We do not know. Almost every book in the Old Testament is an anonymous book. This is true of every one excepting certain of the prophets. But who were these prophets? We know almost nothing except the bare names.

When we come to the New Testament, is the condition much changed? No. Who wrote Matthew, Mark, Luke, John? Nobody knows. Who wrote the Acts? Nobody knows. We know that Paul wrote certain of the Epistles. Beyond that every single book in the New Testament is anonymous.

When were they written? We do not know. We can settle the dates within certain rather loose and wide limits, that is all.

Where were they written? In regard to most of them we do not know. How does it happen that they are bound up in one book? Purely a matter of convenience and habit, for reference, for easy use. In reality, instead of dealing with one book we are dealing with a little

library,—a library containing sixty-six volumes. And it would be much more intelligently read on the part of most people if they had them as little separate books, and if then they would read them in the order in which they were written.

As I said, there is no definite claim made by these books as to either inspiration or infallibility. We know that claims have been made about the books. It has been said that they are inspired, all of them. It has been said that they are infallible, all of them. But these are claims made by people about the book, not made in any one single instance by the book itself or by any of its writers.

Now let us glance over the world for a moment, and note one striking fact, that it may throw some light on this matter. Is this the only Bible that is in the world? No. Each one of the great religions has its own Bible; and these Bibles are in general very similar to our own. In other words, all these Bibles reflect whatever scientific knowledge was possessed by the people at the time. They contain history, as it was understood then, tradition, legend, wonder-stories of all sorts. They contain the ritual of the religion, its ethical teachings. They contain biography. They contain psalms or hymns or sacred songs,—whatever name you choose.

They contain teachings as to the nature of God and his relations to the world. They contain teachings as to the nature and destiny of man. Most of them contain what are claimed to be revelations concerning the unseen world.

And the followers of each of these great religions hold that their Bible is inspired and infallible. And yet these Bibles differ so in regard to great essentials that they cannot possibly all of them be inspired and infallible.

Which one is the inspired and the infallible one? The

followers of each religion will tell you that it is theirs; and they say it just as emphatically as we do concerning ours.

Now have we any reason for thinking that our Bible is infallible and inspired that is not good for the followers of other religions? Frankly, to be honest, I must tell you that I do not think we have. This does not mean, mark you, that I do not place our Bible on a higher level than I do most of the other religious literatures of the world.

If I say that Shakspere is not inspired and infallible, that does not mean that I do not think that he writes any better poetry than does Mr. Tupper or some other author. Because they are not inspired and infallible does not place them all on the same level. One work of art, though the product of merely human genius, may be unspeakably higher and finer than the work of some other man.

Such, then, is our Bible. How shall we find out whether it is inspired and infallible? I want to ask you to notice a few of its characteristics. I beg you not to say that I am attacking it, that I am criticising it. I am simply trying with open eyes to look at it and describe it.

I cannot accept the idea of the Bible that is taught by the Catholic Church, I cannot accept the idea of the Bible that is taught by the orthodox Protestant Church, because I cannot find any adequate reason for accepting the beliefs about it of either.

Let us notice what the Bible is as a matter of fact, and some of its main ideas. As I told you, it was written during a period covering perhaps a thousand years. You must remember, however, that the time that it claims to give us a general review of is much longer than this, several thousands of years longer, perhaps.

We find the Bible, then, to be just what we should

expect it to be if we remember that the first parts of it represent traditions and beliefs and fears and hopes of the childhood world, and if we remember that it traverses a growth and progress leading from the lowest barbarism up to the heights of a spiritual civilization. And the Bible in its different parts reflects naturally, necessarily, the ideas and feelings of all these different stages of growth.

Go back to the beginning. Do you find accurate science in the first chapters of Genesis? Everybody knows to-day that the scientific ideas of the Old Testament were merely the reflections of the dreams and traditions of the early Hebrew race, of absolutely no scientific importance or authority whatsoever, any more than are the stories of the origins contained in other Bibles.

What about the history? Is the history of the Bible accurate? A large part of it we cannot put to the test; but we know that it is full of misconceptions and errors where we can test it.

What about its legends and myths? Does it contain these? Many of the stories of the Bible are as mythical and legendary as those about Hercules, about Saturn, about King Arthur and his Round Table, about Alfred. The Bible is permeated all the way through with these mythical and legendary stories.

What about its ethical teachings? Is it all inspired there? Go back with your eyes open and ready to see what is found. In some parts of the Old Testament, slavery, polygamy, divorce, witchcraft; such a treatment of women as is considered appropriate only to the savage stages of human culture at the present time; the loaning of money at interest condemned everywhere as wrong; and until very recently the Church has attempted to maintain this teaching, and yet nobody pays any attention to it to-day.

You find, in other words, moral ideals and practices such as you would expect to find in the lower grades of civilization; and then you find that the stream, as it flows on, clarifies itself, the teaching advances, lifts, until you have some of the finest and noblest and sweetest to be found anywhere in all the world.

In other words, just as you ought to expect, you find the different stages of the world's ethical growth reflected and marked all the way along.

Is the Bible consistent in its teachings about God? Did you ever notice carefully,—try to be frank with yourself there? Go back far enough, you find reflected a period when human sacrifice in the worship of God was accepted. You find a time when God was represented as walking like man and talking with people. You find God smelling the burning sacrifice of Noah and rejoicing, and promising that he would not drown the world again.

You find God represented as establishing as a sign for the first time in history the beautiful rainbow; and yet we know that the rainbow must have existed ever since water has fallen and the sun has shone.

You find God angry and jealous and partial. You find his worshippers supposing that he is a kind of being that they can carry about in a sacred box which they call the ark, that he can be captured by the enemy and the people lose the power that his presence gave them.

You find, in other words, all sorts of savage and barbaric conceptions about God in the early part of the Bible. And then you find the magnificent spiritual conceptions that were expressed by the lips of Jesus.

What about the nature and origin of man? Does anybody to-day seriously consider the Old Testament teaching as to the creation of man? Does anybody accept the teachings as to the nature of man? The Bible

is not consistent here. Some of the Bible writers declare frankly and plainly that man is of the same nature as the beasts, that he has no more soul than they have, and that as they die he dies.

Other Bible writers give us glimpses of magnificent outlooks beyond the grave. Some of the Bible writers teach that man is a fallen being, lying under the wrath of God: others teach nothing of the kind. The prophets do not teach it. They never have heard anything about Adam or the Garden of Eden.

Jesus does not teach it: Paul does. The whole conception of the condition of man, his needs and progress, as taught by Jesus and Paul, are hopelessly irreconcilable.

The Bible, then, reflects the life of the world from the beginnings in barbarism clear up to the highest type of civilization. There is no reason why it should not. It is not derogatory to the Bible to recognize the fact: it is simply seeing what kind of a book it is, that is all.

But it goes without saying, after considerations like these, that, if it be inspired, it is differently inspired in different parts, and that inspiration does not by any means mean infallibility.

I wish now to ask you to take a somewhat broader view of God's dealing with the world. I shall come back at the end to look at our Bible again, and to say some things about it that will tend to balance those to which I have already given utterance. But, before I am through, I wish to ask if there is not a larger, grander conception which we can entertain of the revelation of God to his children.

Is there not a grander bible than that which we are accustomed to think of under that name? Is it true that God wrote one book and stopped writing two thousand years ago? Is it true that God used to speak to people and does not any more? Is it true that God used to superintend this human history of ours, enter into it,

take part in it, help, lead, and lift the nations, and that he does not do it any more? Is he, as Carlyle used to say, "an absentee God"?

As prefacing this consideration let me read you a few words from Lowell:—

"God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor;
There towers the mountain of the voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends,
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit."

Now let me ask you to look abroad a little, and see how wide, how unspeakably magnificent, is the real conception of the growth of God's bible revelation to the race. The revelation of God began with the first morning. It is a progressive, continuous revelation: it is as wide as the race. God has always been revealing himself to men, just as fast and just as far as they could think and feel and hear and see and write down the record.

Think for a moment how petty our ideas are. Shall we confine God's scientific revelation to the dreams and fancies of certain Jews thousands and thousands of years ago? Where has God written his scientific record of himself? Is it not in the hieroglyphs of stars across the heavens? Has he not written with his finger on the strata of the rock leaves of the earth underneath our feet? Has he not written in the constitution of matter

that the chemist investigates and unfolds? Has he not written in the wonderful discoveries that have been made as to the nature of matter, as to light, as to all the marvellous forces that make up the universe all around us?

Here is God at work now, writing his truth, just as fast and as far as we can read it. We discover his revelation of truth; and his prophets and apostles here are Copernicus and Galileo and Kepler, and Newton and Herschel, and the great names of those that have reverently followed after the thoughts of God as manifested in the universe around us.

And there is that greatest revelation of all, so far as our scientific glimpse of this bible is concerned, that we call Evolution,—a conception of the universe in all its wonder and range; and Herbert Spencer is here apostle and prophet.

Is not God revealing himself in the development of life on this planet, from the lowest form in the ooze of the ocean shores up to the highest development of man? And here those who have read and written it down are the great biologists,—Darwin, Huxley, and their host of coworkers.

Is it not God manifesting himself in the unfolding and development of the race? And here are the great anthropologists, those who have studied man from the beginning, from the first steps that he took towards civilization until to-day,—are not these the scribes who have written down some fragments of God's holy and wondrous law?

And, when you leave the scientific side, consider another revelation of God. God shows himself to us not only as truth, but as beauty; and all those who from the far-off beginning until to-day have caught glimpses of the glory and beauty and wonder of form and color—

the artists, painters, sculptors—have helped shadow forth and reveal to us a little of the infinite beauty of God.

And the great musicians,—how they have attempted to give voice to that which cannot be put into speech,—the marvellous harmonies of this magnificent universe of ours!

And as to the ethical teachings of the world,—shall we shut our eyes to all that we do not find within this bible? If something that is true has been uttered anywhere on earth, a thousand, ten thousand years ago, in Egypt, India, China, the isles of the sea, no matter where, if it is true, it is God's truth, just as much as though it were in the New Testament or the Old.

Shall we shut our eyes to the ethical teachings of Lao-tsze, of Confucius, of the Buddha, of Mohammed, of Antoninus, of Epictetus, of Seneca, because they are not in this book? They have been wrought out as the result of the same experience in living on the part of struggling and sinning and falling and rising men as those that are contained here; and, if they are true, they are God's truth and profitable for our instruction.

What shall we say of the great lessons of heroism, of noble living, that we find all over the world? The martyrs,—they are not confined to one religion; the saints,—they are not confined to one religion; the heroes,—they are not of any one race. The men who have lived for truth, who have died for truth,—are they not God's heroes, though there is no record of them in this book? Are they not a part of the divine revelation of what it means to be noble men and noble women?

Is not God speaking to his children under every sky? Are not those of other colors and other races as dear to the infinite father heart as are we? Shall we not consider a part of this divine revelation the consecrations, wherever we find them,—mothers giving their health and their lives for their children; common, plain, simple men liv-

ing honestly and nobly and devotedly in the midst of commonplace conditions? All that makes up the sweetness, the beauty, the glory of human life,—are not these a part of God's revelation of himself to his children?

And when we come to the songs, the psalms, the holy verse of the race, shall we refuse to look at them or give them finer rank and power because they are not found in the Bible? We love and rejoice in the twenty-third Psalm, the forty-second Psalm, the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm; but shall we stop there?

What about "Abt Vogler" and "Rabbi Ben Ezra," and many another of Browning, as divine, as inspired, as helpful, as glorious, as any to be found anywhere on earth? What of some of the wondrous words of Tennyson, what of Whittier's "Two Angels," and "My Psalm," and the "Eternal Goodness"? No more inspired religious verses in any Bible, in any land, under any sky, than those of Whittier's.

What of Lowell's "Bibliolatres," "After the Burial," and a dozen others, touching the deepest and highest things in the religious feelings and aspirations of the race?

What of Walt Whitman's "Joy, Shipmates, Joy," "Whispers of Heavenly Death," and many another that on wings of light carry us over the borders into the blessedness of the immortal life?

So wherever we find a truth, wherever we find a beauty, wherever we find a precept of righteousness, wherever we find a song of religious life and aspiration, wherever we find heroic characters walking with their faces alight with that glory that "never was on sea or land,"—wherever we find any of these things, we find God again to-day; and we walk with him and we talk with him and we feel his touch, and we hear tones of his loving and tender and sympathetic voice.

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ."

It began when man began to live. It is not finished to-day: it never will be finished. Every race has written a chapter or a verse. Every age has contributed to it; and in all the future there will be ever new and fresh contributions; because there will ever be a wider and deeper and higher unfolding of the thought and the love and the life of God.

This bible then, the bible of all truth, the bible of all beauty, the bible of all goodness, the bible of art, of music, of song, the bible of the Divine manifested in and through humanity,—this is the bible we accept.

But it does not put any dishonor upon this or take this Bible away from us. Nay, it seems to me, friends, that it only adds to its beauty and its glory. I should not be happy, I trust you would not, to find out that God had been partial from the beginning of the world. I should not be happy to find out that he had let the world go on for several thousands of years before he spoke to anybody except a few selected patriarchs, let the rest of the world wander and stumble in darkness.

I should not be glad to find out that he selected only one little people, living in a country hardly bigger than the State of Massachusetts, and that he said nothing to all the rest of the world,—that all the rest was lying in darkness and wickedness, unpitied, untaught, unhelped. I should not be glad to find out that he came to this one people, and told them the only way by which anybody could be saved, and that since that day not a third part of the rest has ever found it out. I should not be glad to know that.

I should not be glad to think that God had confined his truth, his goodness, his love, his beauty, his care, in this way, to just a few of the years of the long history of the world, and to a few people here and there.

When I can think of this Bible as part of a larger and grander bible, when I can think of it as containing God's truth and love and life and guidance, and think that there is a larger bible that also contains God's truth and love and help and guidance, then I rejoice in the universal love of God for all his children; and I rejoice in this Bible as a part of that larger and wider universal and eternal love and care.

Let us note this Bible for a few minutes, and see some things that ought to make it peculiarly precious to us. What is it? It is one thing that the scholarship of the world can never afford to lose,—it is the religious autobiography of a great race. There is no other book in the world, any other bible in the world, that compares with it in this respect for one instant.

Here we see the origin of religion,—how it manifested itself among barbaric people, and developing and growing from those poor beginnings clear up to the pure inspirations and teachings of Jesus himself.

Then it is a great gallery of portraits. Rather shall I say it is a great hall or porch where we see wonderful men and women living and thinking and feeling and hoping and fearing, walking alive before us and teaching us morals and religion by their example.

Then it contains sweet and beautiful religious songs, that have been the comfort of thousands, and that we can take comfort in to-day as truly as men ever have done in the past. We can love these sweet and beautiful psalms, love the religious penitence, the inspiration, the suffering, the hope, the comfort.

We can love the precepts and teachings that the book contains because they are true, so many of them wrought out as the result of the experience of men, tested by human experience a thousand times over until we know they are true.

And, then, something sweeter and better than it all,—the one thing supreme over every other consideration for which I love this book,—Jesus is in it; and what does that mean?

It means the one ideal human life,—a life in such perfect relation with God, a life in such perfect relation with other men, a life that so bravely faced sorrow, a life that stood straight and strong in the presence of temptation, a life that rejected all the allurements of the world, a life superior to riches and poverty; a life that faced pain, that was true to truth at all costs; a life that did not shrink from death, that faced death down, looked through the shadow and caught the light that is back of and beyond death, and that tells us of immortality.

An ideal man, who goes before the progress of the race like the morning star, that we may advance towards by the swiftest conceivable means of locomotion as long as we please, and still see it serene, shining on high above and beyond and unapproached as before.

It is not the teachings of Jesus that we take as our practical guide. Sit down when you get home, and read the Sermon on the Mount, and ask yourselves, in spite of your constant praise of that sermon, as to how many of its definite, distinct precepts you ever think of paying any attention to. You do not mind it, you do not obey it. You do not pretend to. You do not take half of the teachings of Jesus as a practical guide.

What is our practical guide? It is the ideal of Jesus, the ideal of humanity. We ask ourselves, How would he feel, what would he think, what would he say? and, led by the spirit of Jesus, we walk our pathway, coming ever nearer and nearer to God.

It is this Bible then, the autobiography of a religious race, the growth of the religious life, the Psalms, the precepts, and, above all, the spirit and the ideal, the

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Eight Great Affirmations of Our Faith

VI. THE DIVINE INSPIRATION

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THE DIVINE INSPIRATION.

I FIND my text in the thirty-second chapter of the Book of Job, at the eighth verse,—"But there is a spirit in man; and the breath of the Almighty giveth them understanding."

Is there such a thing as direct divine inspiration? If there is, does this carry with it infallibility? And, once more, is this inspiration capricious, arbitrary, or does it follow some intelligible and knowable law?

The word "inspiration" as commonly used is a very loose and indefinite term. We talk about a speaker's being inspired by his audience. A poet is inspired by some beautiful view, so that he writes his poem.

The unknown author of the Second Epistle of Peter speaks of certain men, holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. He does not tell us who these men were; and he does not at all say as to whether what they said was infallible or not. The word, I say, is used in a very loose and indefinite sort of fashion.

I shall ask you this morning to review with me a good many varieties of human experience that have been looked on as illustrating this fact of inspiration in one way or another; and then perhaps we shall be able to get a glimpse, at any rate, as to what it means.

It is practically true that all the people of the early world believed that the doorway between this life and the other, if not wide open, was at least ajar. It was the commonest thing in the world for people then to believe that they were taken possession of that they were in-

spired by some invisible personality. Sometimes this inspiring presence was human, sometimes it was regarded as divine; but the distinction then between the divine and the human was not very clearly made; for many of the gods of the early world were the leaders, the heroes, or the great men of the tribes, who had been deified after their death.

But the fact for us to note is that this belief in inspiration, in possession, in speaking under this power, was a very common one indeed.

The founders of all the great religions have been looked upon as inspired, as taken possession of, as speaking and teaching under divine influence. The old Roman emperor, King Numa, was divinely taught in establishing the religious and other institutions of his people. The Buddha became the enlightened one as he sat meditating under the sacred tree. He saw, he knew, he was taken possession of, flooded by something more than an ordinary human light.

Mohammed was taught direct from Heaven; and so, as I said, it is practically true of all the religious founders. It was believed by their followers that they were inspired to teach and lift up and lead the people.

We do not find this simply as connected with ordinary religious teachings. The priestess of Delphi, for example, was popularly believed to be inspired as she delivered her oracles. Socrates, the greatest, the wisest, the noblest of all the philosophers of the ancient world, believed as a literal fact that he was accompanied by a spirit. This spirit warned him, taught him, led him, marked out his pathway for him. This was not only believed afterwards by his followers, but it was believed by himself. We find ideas like this throughout the ancient world and in all the early religions.

When we come to trace that line of religious development which preceded Christianity among the Hebrews,

we come upon precisely similar claims. It is supposed that the Urim and Thummim were used in divination by the Hebrew priests. The early prophets and teachers were taken possession of by the Divine Spirit; and sometimes this spirit seized people in the most unaccountable way. It is said that Saul, for example, in some of his wanderings, coming in contact with the prophets, was seized with the same spirit which possessed them, and began to prophesy. The Hebrew prophets all supposed that they spake as moved by this spirit that came and took possession of them. This is true all the way through from the beginning of the Hebrew life until it is ended.

We are told that Jesus, when he appeared at Jordan to be baptized, was taken possession of in a special and wonderful way by the Divine Spirit, which dwelt in him and led him from that day to the end of his career.

The early disciples received, according to the promise, the gift of the spirit. As they were gathered together on the day of Pentecost, there was "a sound as of a rushing wind, and the whole place where they sat was, as the report is, filled with the spirit, and the new spiritual dispensation in the Church then began.

Stephen, in the hour of his martydom, has his eyes suddenly opened, and gained glimpses of the other life. It was a common thing in the early Church for this spirit to take possession of the people, and manifest itself in all sorts of wondrous ways.

One of the most peculiar was what is called "the gift of tongues." If Paul is correct in his account of it, then the writer of the Acts is mistaken. The latter speaks as though these persons used different languages, or, at any rate, were understood by persons speaking different languages. Paul rather describes it as a curious phenomenon. The people are seized by this spiritual power and thrown into a sort of ectasy, during which they give utterance to sounds that are meaningless to

those who listen to them, but which are believed to have some mysterious significance, provided there is any one present who is wise enough to interpret them.

Paul discourages this manisfestation of the spirit, and says, I would rather speak five words that could be understood than to speak ten thousand words in a tongue that is unintelligible to the hearer. But this was a manifestation, as it was believed at that time, of the presence of the spirit.

Paul had times, he tells us, when he was rapt away out of his ordinary consciousness, gained glimpses of things and heard words which it was not lawful for him to communicate. So we find all the way up from the beginning this manifestation of what was believed to be the inspiration of spiritual power.

As we come towards the modern world, have these things all passed away? There has hardly been an age in the history of the Church when claims similar to this have not been made. George Fox, and the Society of Friends which he founded, have persistently made the claim that they were moved and guided in their teachings and in their lives by the Divine Spirit.

All through the Middle Ages—and indeed they are not extinct in the modern world—there was a class of men that we have called, for lack of a better term, "mystics." They believed that they saw truth, which they did not arrive at by the ordinary process of the logical understanding, that light shone into them directly or that the light imprisoned in their own souls flashed out and illuminated those things which were not known by ordinary methods.

If any of you have, as I have done, been present during some excited revival meeting, perhaps particularly in the West and the South, you have seen people believing to-day just as really as they ever believed in the past that they were seized upon and overpowered by the

Divine Spirit; and their actions and their words they regarded as undoubted tokens of the presence and the special activity of God.

Now I take it that we are not to blow these things all away with a breath of contemptuous criticism, as though they had no meaning: they are veritable human experiences. It is for us not to scout them, not to deny their existence, but, if we can, to find out what they mean.

This divine inspiration, as it is supposed to be, has a wider range. I said at the outset that we sometimes spoke of the poets as inspired. In the olden days they made this veritable claim, and believed that it was real. They were seized upon by this influence, lifted out of and above their ordinary selves, and chanted these weird and inspiriting songs.

Not only this. There are in the experiences of at least exceptional men certain things which we need most seriously to take account of and explain, if we may. There are men who have what they call "direct intuitions of truth."

Consider, for example, a case like that of Emerson. Emerson rather scouted the logical intellect, the slow, plodding methods of scientific investigation. He said, I see, I feel, I am in direct contact with the truth, with the reality of things. And some of the noblest and wisest souls of all this world have been conscious of experiences which at any rate they have interpreted in this way, whether accurately or not.

There are men who believe that at some great crisis of their life they have had guidance. A flash of light has come to them which illuminated this path and left that in shadow; and, whether they would or not, they must go this way. They have had warnings, suggestions that have come as the winds come, they knew not whither; and they have not been able to explain them except by supposing that it was the inspiration of the Almighty which had come to guide them.

There is another curious class of facts. You will find that some of the greatest writers of the world, however logical they may have been, however scientific in their training or tendency, have had the feeling, somehow, that they were helped, that there was some power outside of them that did things for them.

George Eliot, for example, agnostic in her religion, positivist in her philosophy, has left it on record that it was not she who did the finest things, who wrote the best things. She felt as though, somehow, she was taken possession of, and that some influence was working through her. I do not know that she would positively teach anything of this sort: she simply records this as a fact of consciousness, as an impression.

It is said of some writers—like the elder Dumas, for example—that he had the feeling that somebody else was doing the things, and that he was looking on and enjoying the processes and the results.

They tell a story of a friend calling on him one morning; and, as he approached the door, hearing him in boisterous laughter, he waited some time, thinking Dumas had a friend with him. But, on being admitted after a while, he discovered that he was alone, and that he was enjoying the actions and speeches of some of his own characters which he was engaged in producing. They seemed to him so apart from himself that he looked upon them as though they were the work of some other creator.

These are experiences the like of which I suppose many a man has, first or last.

Then there is another class of facts. I am going to trench here on ground that may to some of your minds be a little more questionable; but I am perfectly certain that I am on the ground of solid fact, whatever the explanation may be.

As hinting in that direction, let me tell you this. An

intimate friend of Mr. Beecher's told me one day that Mr. Beecher told him as follows. I speak in this way so that you may see how direct the report is.

Mr. Beecher said it was no uncommon thing for him to preach in a trance. He did not say that he always did it, but that it was an experience that was not unknown to him. He would rise, and begin to speak, when there would be a sudden rush of blood to the head, and he would lose consciousness. Those were the days when he preached his most wonderful sermons. He would come to himself to find the people holding on the pew in front of them, absorbed and intent with listening; and, when some one would ask him what he meant by saying a special thing, he would have to wait for the report of the sermon, for he was not clear as to what he had said. This is reported as an actual experience.

There are people illiterate, unlearned, who, while entranced, will deliver the most remarkable addresses, perhaps an hour in length,—intelligent addresses on subjects which they consciously have never studied.

There are other persons, who cannot write poetry, who will deliver very respectable verse on topics furnished them by the audience, when they are in this peculiar exalted condition. I can offer at the present time no explanation as to what the power at work is, whether it is some outside power influencing them, having possession of them, inspiring them, or whether it is simply an exalted condition of their own faculties, or whether, again, it is the work of the sub-conscious self breaking through the ordinary boundaries and delivering itself after this sort of peculiar fashion.

These, however you choose to explain them, are facts with which every one is familiar who has made any careful study of these matters.

Then there is another thing which needs explaining. What is genius? What constitutes a genius? A genius

is a man who at certain times in his life, at any rate, manifests unusual, transcendent power,—a power not ordinarily to be explained, a power of which we can give no practical account, or at least, so far as I know, there has never been a practical account given, unless it be by a writer to whom I shall refer in a few moments.

What is this genius? How is it, for example, that Mozart is a wonderful musician at the age of seven, while another man is hardly able to tell the difference between two tunes after he has lived seventy years instead of seven? What is this special endowment? There are large numbers of cases of boys, with the most extraordinary mathematical ability. A little boy of six will work out problems almost instantaneously in his head that many men could not work out in a week on a blackboard. Why is it? What does it mean?

And one strange and peculiar thing is that it is not very unusual for this boy, as he grows older, to lose the power and become commonplace, like the rest of us. What is this inexplicable thing that we call genius? Is it the inspiration of some outside power? Is it the upwelling of the subconscious self? What is the source of it? And what does it mean?

There is another class of facts which I must refer to in order to complete my category. There are persons, thoroughly educated and intelligent people, who have received premonitions, warnings of danger, the truth of which has been verified.

I have in mind, for example, one of the best-known women in this country, one of the most clear-headed, best educated, noblest of women,—a woman whose name is a household word. I presume there is not a village in America that does not know about her. She told me of an experience like this:—

She was riding on a train in the West. The car was practically empty, when suddenly she was seized almost

—you might speak that way—by a power that compelled her immediately to leave her seat and get over to the other side of the car. She said it was an influence almost irresistible; and she had hardly made the transfer when the side of the car she had left was crashed in by a collision; and in this peculiar way her life was saved.

What did it? Is that inspiration? I know another case. An army officer in South Africa, suddenly impressed that where he was sitting was a place of danger and that he must move, leaves it just in time to escape a shell which exploded and would have killed him, had he remained.

And a friend in New York is told by what claims to be an intelligence from the other world that he has just saved the life of this officer in South Africa. No communication between the two. These are facts. What are we going to do about them? You may ignore them if you choose; but it does not take away the fact that they are real.

What do all these things mean? Now I, for one, find it very hard indeed to believe that the Almighty, the God of this universe, is partial; that he has peculiar personal favors to bestow upon one person, and not upon another; that he goes out of his way to heal one sick person and lets another die; that he listens to the prayer of one person, and does some peculiar and special thing as the result of it, and turns a deaf ear to the prayer of another apparently as needy.

I cannot find it easy to believe that he interposes specially to warn a person of a danger, so that this person may escape an imminent peril. I do not say that he never does it. I simply say I find it practically impossible to believe that he does it.

I believe that God works everywhere throughout this universe in accordance with wise and immutable laws, conditions that are without variableness or shadow

of turning. So I cannot look upon these things as direct inspirations of God, out of the ordinary, arbitrary, capricious.

I cannot believe that the universe is thus to be thought of as a scene of disorder and confusion. But I am not to dwell upon it. I am to make just one or two suggestions about it, and let you do with them as you please.

If this world and this life of ours is immersed in a sea of spirit, if it is not all dead matter, if living people, invisible people, can still inhabit the universe,—our friends, —why then it is possible to attribute a good many of these things to their agency. If the belief of Socrates had a hint of truth in it, that there are those that we may call "ministering spirits," whether they used to live here in this world or not,—people who care for us; and if they happen to be by when you are threatened with peril, and they are able to impress you or come to your rescue,—I do not see why it is not the most natural thing in the world that they should, just as people in this life, if they happen to be by the side of a friend when he is in danger, come to his rescue if they may.

This would account for the apparent capriciousness of these things. A man is down on Broadway, alone; and he meets with a serious accident. If he had happened to have an observant friend with him, he might possibly have saved him. So I may be threatened with some peril, and some invisible friend may be nigh and able to help me. On another occasion this invisible friend may not be there, and so I cannot escape.

I merely suggest this. If there be these invisible friends around us, then this would be a most natural explanation of facts like these,—more natural, in my mind, than the miraculous interference of the Almighty God of the universe, who is supposed to love and care for all his children alike.

Then there is another explanation. And now I am

going to speak to you of this great writer who has offered, so far as I know, the first intelligible explanation of genius. Frederick W. H. Meyers, who died in England two years ago, left behind him a remarkable book, the title of which is "Human Personality." In this he sets forth elaborately one great theory of his, the agency of the subconscious self.

He taught a doctrine that I think I can make very clear to you in a few words, something like this:—

I, for example,—let me speak of myself,—I am a good deal more than my ordinary, conscious self. You may compare the individual to an iceberg. An iceberg is two-thirds at least submerged. So Mr. Meyers's teaching is that at least two-thirds of our personality is below the level of our personal, conscious self; and down here, below the threshold, work is going on that we are not ordinarily conscious of.

I know this in my own experience. I know that after I have conceived an idea, after I have wrought out partially a sermon, an address, a poem,—no matter what it may be,—by and by, next day, there comes from some unknown region, floating up into the range of consciousness, results that have been accomplished of which I have known nothing. I have been at work, and did not know it. I have been at work down below the level of my ordinary consciousness.

There is no sort of question about this fact. If you have made any study of it, you know that men have wrought out in their sleep wonderful mathematical problems, that they have found the next day. The results they were seeking were accomplished in this unconscious way.

Now here is the point of practical application. If this be true, this subconscious self may be in communication with the subconscious selves of other individuals, and may in this way obtain information, inspiration, uplifts,

of which the conscious self knows nothing until by and by there comes an upheaval, and that which was unconscious appears in the conscious field and is clearly recognized.

Mr. Meyers believed that this subconscious self may not only come in contact with other subconscious selves, but with spiritual intelligences that are no longer living in the body, and so reach out indefinitely, nobody knows how far.

This theory, he thinks, would explain genius. If the barrier between the subconscious self and the conscious is easily passed, then at times there come, rushing up into the visible and the conscious, powers and faculties that the man did not know he possessed. He is inspired, as he says. He is heightened in every faculty. He is mightier, more powerful. And then, again, when this opening, so to speak, is closed, he becomes his ordinary self again.

I do not offer this as verified knowledge. It is simply a suggestion towards explaining some of these abnormal experiences of men.

But now I am going to set forth what I believe to be true in regard to our personal relation to God; and you may think that I am going to concede here all at once and in a lump what I have been criticising and questioning. No matter. I am going to assert what I believe to be true,—that this matter of inspiration is not arbitrary, that it is under law, and that it is open to us all to be inspired, uplifted, led and guided by the Eternal Light and Wisdom and Love.

Let me tell you, then, what I think to be true. Paul says in one place, that "in him"—that is in God—"we live and move and have our being." I believe that is literally true. We are submerged, so to speak, in the life of God, as much as a fish is in the sea or we ourselves are in the air.

God is all around us, impinging upon us at every point,

seeking to come in and take possession of our lives. This is what it means to be in a universe like this, that is saturated with the life and spirit of God in every part.

Take my body, for example. If I am in perfect relation with the laws and forces of the universe, then I am in perfect health. The divine life, health, power, have free ingress. They flow in and take possession of my physical being.

But this is not lawless, mind you. It is not arbitrary. I cannot think it in a minute, and have it done. I cannot think at somebody else, and have it done for him. The laws and the conditions are absolute; and I must comply with them.

I have my house, for example, fitted, as I say, with electricity. Can I disregard the hard-and-fast and fixed conditions of the working of this mysterious and unknown electrical force? No, I must comply with them perfectly, or it will not work for me. If I have made a mistake anywhere, I must discover and rectify it, or the power is interfered with.

Come up into my mental nature. What is the intellect for? It is the instrument for the discovery of truth. Can I discover truth arbitrarily, without regard to my intellectual nature? Can I make a cross-cut for the attainment of truth? Can I learn it in six short and easy lessons? Can I learn it in any way except by complying with the fixed and eternal and changeless conditions of God's universe, which is the embodiment of truth?

In my æsthetic and affectional nature, here I must train myself to the perception of beauty, to the appreciation of loveliness and goodness. I can attain them in no other way. They are all around me, they are ready to come in; but I can block the channel, so that they cannot enter.

Take my character,—as a matter of righteousness,

of living, can I disregard the conditions here? They are absolute. They are fixed forever. God simply cannot come into my life as righteousness if I do not welcome him.

So in every department of my life I must be willing. One of the profoundest things that Jesus is reported ever to have said is this: "He that will do his will shall know the doctrine." What does he mean? He that *wills* to do his will, he that is inclined to do it, he that wants to do it, he shall find it.

God surrounds our lives as the air and the light surround our dwellings. We can keep the air and the light out if we will. If we want them to come in, we must open the shutters, lift the windows.

God surrounds our lives as the ocean surrounds the shores, ready to come in, inspire, cleanse, lift; but sediment and débris of all kinds may be washed down from the interior and block the mouth of a river. The inlets may be filled up with rubbish; and the ocean cannot come in.

There is an old scripture that speaks of God as standing at the door and knocking, and saying, "If any man will arise and open the door, I will come in and dwell with him, and he with me." Here is the condition: we must arise and open the door. We must be ready to welcome the divine; and, when we are in this attitude towards God physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, no matter in what department of our lives, then the divine inspiration naturally and inevitably does come in, flooding, filling, cleansing, nourishing, beautifying, glorifying our lives.

I said a little while ago that it was reported of Jesus that the spirit came and took possession of him. I suppose there is no other character in history of whom it may be so safely said that the spirit of God did perpetually dwell in, inspire, uplift, and guide him.

I do not believe at all that this was miraculous, that this was anything not open to other children of God. Jesus so opened his whole nature to welcome the incoming of the divine that he lived a life in unison with the divine. That, I say, is something possible to us all. Jesus is simply an example of what a man may be,—a man so filled, so touched, so lifted by the divine that we may see the glory of God shining in his face.

I believe, then, that direct divine inspiration is possible. I do not believe that it necessarily means infallibility; and I do believe that it is not capricious, not arbitrary, but always in accordance with wise and perfect law. And I believe that, if we wish to live with God in this way and have him come into our lives, we must humbly seek and find the way.

We must seek for the conditions, as when we wish electricity or any other natural force to serve us. God works in this fashion, and not in some other. If, then, we wish him to work for and in us, let us patiently find his will, and faithfully obey.

Father, let Thy light shine upon our pathway. Open our eyes, that we may see it, incline our hearts to follow Thee; and then we shall escape darkness and danger and evil, and walk ever with Thee. Amen.

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WALKING WITH GOD

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON
104 E. 20TH STREET, NEW YORK
1904

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WALKING WITH GOD.

"Enoch walked with God."—GEN. v. 22.

I LOVE to think that these words touch the most pregnant record of a good man's life we can find in our elder Scriptures, and of his death. It is said of some other men, They followed after God or walked in the ways of God, while this man died full of years, and that man old and satisfied; but this man walked with God, as a man walks with his dear friend, voice answering to voice, hand touching hand, and face reflecting face, from the outset to the end. And, when the end comes, Death is shorn of his terrors, casting no more painful shadow on his spirit than if it were the spirit of a yearling child, so that you say, No life can be more beautiful, and no death more desirable.

The most primitive report we possess, this is still the best that can be said of any man we have ever known, and is all the more precious, as I love to believe, because my text is just as good for what it teaches you and me for doctrine as for what it testifies to life.

For, when we ask the question, Now what are the essential conditions of a perfect walk with God? we are told, in the common Christian teaching, we must do these five things: first, to study our Bible as the very word of God and infallible; second, to come to Him through the mediation of His son, Christ Jesus; third, to become a member of the church; fourth, to keep the Sabbath Day holy; and, fifth, to observe the sacraments and the ordinances as they are set forth in the standards.

These are counted the essential conditions of a perfect walk with God; and, if I am faithful only to four of them, I am not so good a man as if I stand true to the five. While, if I say the church, the sacraments, and the holy days are not essential, and that a man may be a good Christian in some other way than by faith in what is called the atoning blood, then they will tell me sternly I cannot walk with God at all.

But, when we brush the dust away and ask what this man Enoch had of all this that is made so essential, we find he had no Bible, no church, no Sabbaths, no sacraments, and no Christ the mediator. We come by a very short and simple way to this great truth,—that these things, which may be very good, are not after all essential to a perfect walk with God, else Enoch would not have been able to attain to this perfection before they were heard of in this world, and lead us to ask whether there may not be some inward and spiritual grace within these outward and visible dogmas through which at any time and in any land a man may walk with God, as *he* did, to find, when the journey on earth is ended, that death is lost in victory.

Once more, what crumbs of clear proof are needed to verify this truth can only be mentioned in the briefest way.

That the man had no Bible is proven from the fact that, even if Moses wrote the first five books, they must have been written some two thousand years after Enoch was born by the reckoning we follow in the common chronologies; and, after the most careful study of this question of the Sabbath, we cannot infer that more than the most simple division of time was known before Moses. A sound and orthodox divine says in Smith's Bible Dictionary, Nor could Enoch have belonged to a church except as the church belonged to him, when,

"Kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays."

And so it is to the end of our inquest. So I think it may be of some use to see, if we can, how much that is usually considered essential and supreme is only symbolic and subordinate after all,—how the man might have been all the richer or the poorer for their presence as the grand factors in his life, and what they can or cannot be to you and me if we would walk with God.

I. First of all, I say, Enoch had no Bible; yet, sad as this may seem, and sad as it would be now to so many, it would depend very much on the man himself whether such destitution would be a bane or a blessing.

Because I may well say, I love the Bible above all other books in the world. Others I love: Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Tennyson, Emerson, and many books besides in the treasures of divine inspiration are so dear to me that there are but few sacrifices I would not gladly make rather than lose their priceless companionship. But, when I am in any great strait for words other than my own to rebuke some crying sin or stay some desperate sinner, to whisper to the soul at the parting of the worlds or read with those who weep beside their dust,—words which will go to the right place as surely as corn dropped into fruitful soil on a gleaming May day,—then I put aside all books but this one, the book out of which my father read to me and my mother sang to me in the far-away time. I take this Bible, and it is like the springs which never give out in the dryest weather or freeze in the hardest, because they reach down into the warm fountains hidden in the heart of the world.

But have we not noticed this curious fact,—that so many will go to the Bible for what they *want* to find rather than what they ought to find, and those who profess the most absolute submission to its authority may offer the finest proof of the supremacy of the soul

over the book in the way they make it serve their purpose? So that we may find many duplicates of the old Scotch woman's minister, of whom she said, "If there is a cross-grained text in the holy book, he is sure to find it, and take it for a sermon."

The truth is the Bible is something like a great pasture into which you turn all manner of creatures. The horse takes what he wants, and so do the kine. The sheep is true to its instinct, and so is the goat; and then the ass rolls the thistle like a sweet morsel under his tongue.

And so, when a man of a large, sweet nature and nurture comes to the Bible, he will take by a sure instinct all the large, sweet things, while the hopeful man finds the hopeful things, and the sad man the sorrowful, the hard man the hard things, and every man the things that satisfy his craving, though they may in no way make for his peace.

Now Enoch was a right-hearted man; and so the Bible would have been a wonderful blessing to his life, had there been one. It would have whispered its consolation to him in his trouble, and rebuked him with a sad sternness for his sin, would have refreshed him many a time in his weariness, and helped him to be a better man all round. But, if he had been a narrow, bitter, and bigoted man, it might have confirmed him in all that is most ugly and unlovable in one who was otherwise intending to do right, and been compelled by him, as it has been by so many, into antagonism to the purest and best truth it tells us.

Make the Bible minister to such a spirit as this, then, find in it merely the hard, bitter things to confirm a hard, bitter heart toward all but those who happen to belong to your own church, find nothing to make you tender and kind and generous to the good men who may happen to be more radical or more conservative than you are yourselves in their interpretation of the essentials of

the truth and life, then you are so much the poorer with your Bible than Enoch was without one.

Because we can never afford to forget how this man, walking with God, was by no means so destitute as he seems to us; but, being a man whose soul was open to the heavens, out of which whatever is best in our Bible has come to us, he had in some way a Bible after all,—an Old and New Testament that was never permitted to grow dim and dusty, and was not brought out merely for good manners when the minister happened to be staying overnight, but a Bible fresh and perennial, beyond what the most of us, who say we set such store on our Bibles, can imagine.

For it is surely no light matter to remember that Enoch lived while men yet believed that the angels descended with a sweet silence on the mountains, when the things which were afterward written in the Book of Job and the elder Psalms were glistening with the dew in the sun newly risen on the race, when the pure wonder and trust of their childhood had not gone out of men's hearts, when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Therefore, what Enoch had then for his Bible came to him directly from on high; and, if in some rude runic fashion he had in present possession the story of his tribe in their struggles toward a higher life, he would read the runes as the record of God's presence in their struggles in a way we do not understand, until we dare to believe, when we read the story of our own nation in our Mather, our Winthrop, our Bancroft, and other books I cannot name, it shall be with a sense of God's presence still more deep and all-pervading than we can possess when we read in the books of Moses and the chronicles of the kings of Israel.

And, when Enoch lived, if his melons were large, sweet, and plentiful, he thanked God for good melons, but we

say, "I was very particular about my seed and soil," or, if his trees flourished exceedingly, they hinted some blessed thing about God's good providence to a tree, but "I remember that I sent for the plants all the way to Rochester."

When Enoch lived, and flowers carpeted the dales and uplands on the Euphrates, he thought, as the poet sang, how

> "Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep
> Need we to prove that God is here;
> The daisy, fresh from nature's sleep,
> Tells of His Hand in lines as clear.
> For who but He who arched the skies,
> And poured the dayspring's living flood,
> Wondrous alike in all He tries,
> Could raise the daisy's purple bud,
> Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
> Its fringèd border nicely spin,
> And cut the gold embossèd gem
> That, set in silver, gleams within,
> And fling it unrestrained and free
> O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
> That man, where'er he walks, may see
> In all his footsteps there's a God?"

But in these times, when our children come to us with flowers, they treat us to scientific dissections of them, and laugh at the dear old names we give them; while we are proud, of course, as becomes the fathers of persons so learned, and say to ourselves, "This is very wonderful." But, then, we cannot but wonder whether they do see quite so much in the wild rose or the bluebell as I did, for one, when I strayed to seek them by bank and hedgerow, before I had heard of such things as Latin and botany, or dreamed that somewhere in the pre-existent heavens there were voices training to call me "Father."

Enoch lived when whatever sense of sin and retribution lay in the soul touched it to the very quick, when

dyspepsia and gout, if they had them, were not to be explained away by a pleasant doctor, but really meant evil feeding and under or over work; when the words we sing out of David's Psalms, how "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork," were singing themselves in Enoch's heart, and when heaven and earth, and life and the life to come, lay near and next to the soul of the man that walked with God; when every babe born into his household was a chapter in a New Testament, teaching him some new wonder of the truth and life, and what it is to be a child of God was made clear to him in his own fatherhood and his children.

Now this Bible was open to Enoch, as it is open to every man who will look into it; and, when we think of this, we cannot wonder that he should do so well before the teachers of the truth had begun to confound the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world with one of its most blessed results; to make this mighty aid to the perfect life and upspringing end one of its most essential conditions; to soil the book in struggles for the binding, and to practically deny that in all ages they that fear God and work righteousness are accepted of Him, or that the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being set forth by the things that are made.

II. Again, I will give place to no man in my love and loyalty to a true church, where men and women meet together to worship God the Father in the spirit and the truth, and can no more help meeting than our children can help rushing home from school; a brotherhood and sisterhood bound together in the bands of love, a church so true that, when you dishonor one, you dishonor every one, and where you may be sure your good name will be in safe keeping; a church, again, where reservoirs of power are filled from on high and held ready

to be poured out in the true service of God and man, and where there is such a continual overflow that the store is kept sweet by its own generous flowing; a church where whatsoever things are true are welcome, and where there is such a constant deepening of the spiritual life manifested in the devout utterances of prayers and praises that every man is lifted nearer heaven at his need than he could hope to be by solitary meditation.

III. And the Sabbath I love. It may be a superstition; but, the more I study the question, the more I am drawn to the Sabbath as a primal necessity of life, apart from its special uses for worship, and am ready to admit that, if it did not take so great a place in the master-book of the master-races on the globe, we should still grope our way, somehow, to the conclusion of a great physiologist, that, "while the night's rest seems to equalize the circulation, still it does not restore the perfect balance to the life."

So it will come to pass that, while the man who neglects to take a seventh day, at least for rest, may be borne along by the vigor of his mind to continual exertion, yet in the long run he will break down sooner and more suddenly than the man who is determined to put aside at least one-seventh of his working life for rest and recreation.

And not for this alone will the Christian minister stand by the Sabbath, but because he knows that the needs of the soul are as imperative as those of the body, the hunger of the inner life is as sore as that of the outer, and no man can live by bread alone.

So I think, sometimes, there is no sight in this world so touching to a minister as the sight of his church on a Sunday, when he looks down the aisles, and there sees the lawyer, who has been all the week wrangling in the courts, and the merchant, who has been watching the fluctuations of the market; the mechanic, every day

driven by clanging hammer and grinding wheel; the maiden, weary with incessant task-work of the school and store; and the mother, nearly worn out by the heavy cares of the home.

There we all gather; and, as those faces turn toward the minister, he seems to see no longer the man and woman full of this world's carking care, but the soul returning to her rest, seeking after God if haply she may find Him.

But, if you should ask me to join a church in which the members are isolated from each other, as if the power that should bind them was the electric fluid, and we were each one sitting in a pew of glass, and where not my own honest and free mind was respected, and the discharge of duty week-day or Sunday in a simple and loving spirit was counted for religion, but I was compelled to do or to believe things that cut across the grain of my nature at the peril of my soul; and if I was compelled to keep the Sabbath so holy that I durst not say to any man who has been so chained to his task-work all the week that he has never taken a full breath, My friend, I am set to watch for your soul, and as his minister who said the Sabbath is made for the man, not man for the Sabbath, so I tell you this is not true worship to come here every Sunday, cramping yourself over your Bible and hymn-book; the true worship, the Sabbath-keeping most sacred, will be to intersperse with your Sundays at church Sundays when you will start out on a long-stretching walk into the country, or go lie down, through a summer day, on your back at the roots of a tree, and look up into the great, quiet heavens; when you will do something that will expand your life, and sweeten and reform it, and that will take the snarl out of your brain, instead of letting me put another into it through my sermon;

IV. Or, if I were compelled, again, to accept the sacra-

ment as a sort of occult charm instead of a sacred remembrance, to invest it with frightful possibilities of damnation if I do not succeed, before I take it, in divesting myself of everything that is most bright and cheerful and human,—then rather than be so bound to Bible, church, Sabbath, or sacrament, I would go back and range with good old Enoch, free, self-contained, subject to God alone, as He speaks to me through Nature and the soul; and then, if any man troubled me with his impertinences about the soundness of my faith and its power to maintain me in life and in death, if no stronger argument were worth my while, I would point him to this most primitive instance from his own prime authority, and how one man doing by one need what I must do by another won this supreme testimony, that he walked with God and was translated so that he should not see death.

And this I say, not because I would take one grain of worth from these things I have named, but because I would make them of a purer and more essential worth, and yet be sure that the primal power by which a man may walk with God preceded them all, informs them all, surpasses them all, and is still so full and free that it overflows all churches, all books, and all material things, as if you should set so many vessels in a fountain of living water.

It is like the sun which fills the cups of every flower in your garden, and yet fills just as full every wild flower in the pastures, blesses me when I bend worshipping in the spirit and in truth on Gerizim or Zion or when I gather my children about me, as Enoch must, to tell them that He who made those green valleys, the shining river, the vast desert, and holds the mountains fast on their sunless pillars, folds the bird in its nest out on the slender bough, He is the God and Father of all.

So this which touches me when I commune with some

noble soul in the flesh or in a book, or walk alone in the shadow of the woods and commune with the spirit I find there, while the birds sing in the branches and the sun sends down shafts of splendor, or the clouds gather and the thunders shake, the great boles awing me into silence sacred as our most sacred speech, or when I find one who can say the word which will help me step out more stoutly and steadily on the way of life and all true duty, who will turn a grave, sweet face of pity toward me when I stumble, and will lift me up when I fall, lend me a shoulder to lean on when I am weary on the way, and compel me to feel, when I am out of heart, that there is still one true soul in this world walking with God, listening to His voice, touching His hand, and sure, whenever the time comes for his departure, some new glimpse of heaven will be revealed as he enters within the shining portals, there I shall find the living word, the holy day, the church, and the holy communion.

And this is what we must try to establish and maintain,—this most primitive and perennial faith,—and see in all these things we may hold so dear, not the masters, but the servants of the soul, and hold all questions of Bible, Intercessor, Church, Sabbath, and sacraments as the means, and not the end.

God the Eternal and our Father is the heart of all our worship, and we must build this faith into a strength so massive that it will withstand all assaults.

Free churches in this free land, strong and yet delicate, massive and yet tender, Christ-like and therefore most human, gracious and true; churches in which all who are of this heart and mind will join hands and help us. Every free thinker who believes in the eternal truth, who is not crowded into a corner or hemmed in by the fire-bars, but would clasp the whole world to his heart.

And now what is religion?

I will tell you what I think it is:—

"Not blindly to disown
Thy reason, or to crouch and lay thee flat
Before a something terrible, unknown;
Not bound with bristling fence of marshalled creeds
To thunder banns from thy presumptuous throne,
Nor with the mumbled charm of counted beads
To bring God down, and make your will His own,
But in His face with reverent love to look,
Here, where it shines in sky and land and sea,
And where a prophet spake in holy book
To hear his word, and take the truth to thee
And hold it fast, and tread earth's lowly sod
With open soul, as one who *walks with God.*"

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Eight Great Affirmations of Our Faith

VII. THE SALVATION WE BELIEVE IN

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THE SALVATION WE BELIEVE IN.

I HAVE chosen two passages of Scripture which may stand at the opening of my discourse: first from the prophecy of Micah, the sixth chapter, the eighth verse,—"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth Jehovah require of thee but to do justly and to love kindness and to walk humbly with thy God?" and then from the sixteenth Psalm, the eleventh verse,—"Thou wilt show me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; in thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore."

In the early stages of the world's history, the days when people naturally, necessarily perhaps we might say, believed in many gods, the one great thing was for them to find out what these gods wished them to do as the condition of everything they desired.

Since the civilized world has climbed up to the heights of a monotheistic belief, the one great thing for us is to find out what God wishes us to do as the condition of all things we desire. If you leave the thought of God entirely out of account, still the essential principle remains. As the condition of all things which we can desire, we must find out the essential laws of the universe and obey them.

And if God be God, if the working of the universe is the expression of his thought and life and purpose, then finding out the laws of the universe and obeying them is finding and obeying the will of God.

In the beginnings of the world—how we need not stop now to trace—people came to believe that the important

thing that they had to do was to offer sacrifices, to perform certain rites, to repeat certain phrases that were supposed to have magical power. Religion was largely an external, ceremonial thing. There was little emphasis laid on what to-day we speak of as ethics.

At a later stage in the history of the world, people almost universally, in Christendom, came to feel that the principal thing for them to do as the condition of God's favor, as the way to salvation, was to hold fast to certain beliefs which were supposed to have come to them by divine and infallible revelation. The ceremonial was still retained; but it was relatively of less importance. The great emphasis was laid on belief, conformity in thought. What kind of a life a man lived was of less importance.

In the modern world—and we believe it is a great step in advance—we have come to care chiefly for the spiritual attitude, for what men are, for what men do. We have no objection to ritual and ceremonial. We do not care how long or how minute a man's creed may be. But the thing that we desire most is to find out that these things issue in character, that men become kind and true and loving and helpful.

We think that these central, essential things, these things that make up the essence of life, are of more importance than any of those others on which the emphasis used to be so strongly laid.

In those old days, and according to popular definition still, salvation was something chiefly pertaining to another life. It was something wrought out for us through a great sacrifice, through infinite sufferings. It was the appeasing, and so the turning away, of an infinite anger against human sin. It was deliverance from the results of the fall. It was getting out of one place and into another by and by. It was mechanical, it was external.

I do not mean to deny that those who held these old

ideas believed that in some mystic way results were to be wrought in the inner nature of man. He was to be changed. He was to be delivered from the old inherited sin which had come down from the father of the race, and was to become a child of God. But in the popular mind the salvation was something sudden, something miraculous, something wrought out for us, something chiefly external to us, something dependent on belief.

We have come to hold very different ideas from these; and some of these I propose to dwell on for a little while this morning.

What do we need to be saved from? For the world needs salvation to-day as much as it ever has needed it in the past. We can still use the old word, and crowd it full of significance and wonderful meaning.

Only the essential thing is here. We do not hold any longer a miraculous idea of the universe. We do not believe any longer in God as outside the nature of things and working upon it. We do not believe that man fell in Adam. We do not believe that he is under the curse and wrath of God. We do not believe in a mechanical deliverance from any anger. We do not believe that it makes much difference as to heaven and hell as to where we are, in this world or any other.

The evils of this world in our view are natural. They are the results of broken law. Salvation, then, is natural, a perfectly natural thing, something not wrought out for us, something wrought out in us, something which we become, something which we achieve.

What is it, then, that we need to be saved from?

In the first place I shall touch on one of the main characteristics of our liberal Church, one that has been made the subject of criticism, one for which frequently we are contrasted with others to our disadvantage.

We lay great stress on the discovery of the truth, on being delivered from ignorance. The first thing, then,

the first condition of salvation with us, is salvation from ignorance. It is finding the truth.

This may seem to you at a superficial glance as not quite consistent with that other statement which is so frequently made, that Unitarians have no creed. If we have no creed, why do we so insist upon the truth, upon finding and believing it?

When it is said that we have no creed, the slightest, the most superficial thought ought to teach people that what is meant is that we do not believe that the intellectual acceptance of any creed is essential to salvation, and that we do not propose to tie ourselves to the beliefs which we have attained in our so-far advance, but to keep ourselves free to accept any new truth which may come to us to-day or to-morrow or next year. This is what it means when it is said that we have no creed.

We do not believe that the acceptance of any intellectual statement is in itself pleasing to God, will ward off his anger, will assure us of his grace or forgiveness, or admit us to any place of happiness in this world or any other world.

What we do believe is this. We need to find our way, to escape the evils of life. What are those that crush us down and burden us? They are physical, mental, moral, social, political, industrial,—they are every kind of evil.

And how shall we escape them? There is only one way. A man may of course blunder and stumble into the right path when he wishes to go anywhere; but somehow, if he is ever to arrive at the goal that he desires, he must find the way.

The importance, then, of truth-seeking to us is purely practical and simple, and lies right here. We wish to know the laws of this wonderfully constructed body of ours, so that we may learn how to be well. We wish to learn the laws of the mind, so that we may escape

mistakes and find the truth. We wish to understand the conditions of the growth of society, how people can live together peaceably, sweetly, helpfully. We need to understand political, economical, industrial laws; and this means knowledge, this means truth.

It means so simple a thing as, when you wish to get anywhere, finding the way that leads there. That to us is the importance of truth. There is no saving quality in truth except as it is a condition of finding the way to live.

And for this reason we welcome criticism, we claim freedom for study, we are not afraid of doubt. We do not believe that there is any evil in doubt, that there is any virtue in faith, in itself. Doubt is a condition of testing things, of finding out whether they are real. Faith also should be a condition of testing things to find out if they are real. Faith and doubt both are good, if they help us to the right way of living.

We need, then, to be delivered from ignorance, and the old world wanders and stumbles and falls in its path over and over and over again, because, as Jesus said, the people are like blind men leading the blind,—they do not know where they wish to go and they do not know the path that leads there.

For this reason we Unitarians exalt criticism, study, science, the discovery of truth. Perhaps we lay, as some of our critics say, too much emphasis on it. It may be true; but, since we are one small denomination in all the world that does lay such emphasis on it, possibly it will do for us to care a good deal in this direction, and even then we shall not overbalance the preponderance of the great mass of the religious people in the world who lay their emphasis elsewhere.

There is another thing we need to be saved from, and of course the discovery of the truth is one of the paths that leads to this,—we need to be saved from unright-

eousness, from the breaking of the laws of life. We lay so much emphasis on this that we do not so much say that righteousness is the condition of salvation as that righteousness is salvation.

If a man is right, what more can he be, in this world or any other world? If he is right, he is safe. Nothing can harm him. The universe is his friend. All laws and forces are his servants.

So we lay the great emphasis of our teaching concerning salvation on rightness, righteousness. If a man is not right, we do not believe that sprinkling water on him will necessarily make him right. If it helps towards that, we find no fault with it. If he is not right, if a man, for example, has led a mean, miserable, gross, selfish life for seventy years, and then at the last a priest anoints him with holy oil just as he is dying, we cannot see any causal connection between that external physical act and the salvation of the man.

We have no objection to any of these external services or forms, if they are vital, if they represent something, if they help; but the essential thing we are after is rightness, obedience to the laws of God.

Salvation means getting into heaven. It means it with us just as much as it has ever meant it in any period in the past history of the Church; only getting into heaven with us is a different thing from what it was in the traditional teaching of the past.

There is no threshold of heaven over which a man can walk with his physical feet and find himself inside. Heaven is a condition. It is the intimate essential relation existing between man and his surroundings. It is being in perfect accord with the life of God, with the forces of God. It is perfect obedience to the laws of God.

Take the simplest kind of an illustration. Here is a piano that does not produce good music. Something

is the matter with it. Can you affect it simply by praying over it, or using certain forms of words, or sprinkling it with water, ever so holy, by going through any kind of ceremonial? Can it be changed by fiat, by an act of will, by the exercise of power?

There is only one way; and that is to put it in tune. When it is in tune, then there is music; and, when we are in tune, physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, then the universe with its millions of fingers plays upon us; and that is heaven, that is happiness.

And if we are disordered, if we hate, if we are selfish, if we are devoted to low and poor and mean aims and ends,—if we are out of tune with the life of God,—no ceremonial, no prayer, no ritual, no sacrament, will necessarily change our condition,—nothing done outside of us. We must be put in order.

Suppose your eyes are diseased: you cannot say then in the beautiful words of the old writer, "A pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Light becomes painful. You must cover your eyes with bandages and sit in a darkened room; and you must do that until your eyes are well. Nothing done outside of you will make any difference. You must be well.

If your ear is diseased, then beautiful harmonies may become torture to you. So any part of your nature that is out of tune when played on will produce a discord; and that discord is hell, and the music is heaven. And it does not make any difference whether you are in this world or any other world. All the worlds in all the universe are God's; and it is one God and one law and one condition, one hell and one heaven, everywhere.

So the great thing that we need to be saved from is the lack of being right, unrighteousness.

There is another thing that we need to be saved from; and that is the opposite of what we may well call worship. Worship is not a stately ceremonial in a cathe-

dral. If there be worship in the heart, this may voice it and give it expression; but that is not worship. Worship is not the bended knee. If a man is in the mood for worship, the bended knee may be the natural expression of that mood; but the worship is in the heart, and not in the attitude.

I could wish that we Unitarians, who have revolted against what we regard as excess in these old-time directions, had not thrown off quite so many of the forms and methods and attitudes of worship.

We are coming to-day to believe that the Puritans in their fear of popery threw away much of form and art, and picture and statue and beauty of every kind, that they might well have kept. They carried the protest perhaps too far; but they were eternally right in saying that the forms and the music and the incense and the statues and the pictures were not the worship, and that they might very easily, as they do frequently, become the substitute for the worship, and so stand in the way of the real development of the soul.

I could wish, I say, that we Unitarians here in this Church of the Messiah had a little more of the form, the stateliness, the reverent attitude, the beauty of holiness. I could wish that during prayer, for example, every head might be bowed. It is beautiful, it is fitting,—this external act of reverence.

I know there are a great many people who, because these things have been mere forms, have cast them away. They need not be mere forms. There are those who come to feel that there is a little something not quite manly, a touch of not true humility, but humiliation, in these reverent attitudes. But Browning, in his poem of "Saul," speaks of

> "That stoop of the souls which in bending upraises it, too."

I believe that, unless there is this stoop of the soul in

the presence of the great sanctities of life, there never can be the uplifts and the growth and the progress.

Worship, when you analyze it deeply, resolves itself into one word, "admiration"; and no man who does not admire has any hope in him. The painter who bends in reverence before the works of the old masters may come to something. He may not equal the old masters; but there is hope for him.

If he thinks he knows it all, and does not assume this attitude of worship, then there is no hope for him,—I care not in what department of life it may be. The man who rates himself as what he is and who teaches himself to look up to those who have done better than he has as yet,—reverently, worshipfully, aspiringly,—the man who does this is the man who can grow, who can come to something higher and finer than he has yet attained.

We need, then, to be saved from low aims, from self-content, from satisfaction with our present condition. I hear men say until I am weary of it, "I try to do just about as well as I know how, and let it go at that." When a man talks to me that way, I have little hope of him. It means the apparently modest statement of conceit, of content with his present condition. It means that he is not touched with the vision of a great ideal, and humiliated because he falls so far short of it.

I have hope in men like Paul,—Paul, the man consecrating himself his whole life long to the unselfish life and the noble endeavor, giving himself and all he was, and yet talking about himself as "the chief of sinners," feeling how far he had come short. And there is a writer in the Old Bible somewhere—I cannot quite quote the words: they flash into my mind as I speak—who talks of being fairly contented with himself, and then says, "But now mine eye seeth thee: wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

Let a man gain a glimpse of a great ideal, let him un-

derstand what a noble life means, then this poor, mean content is done with. And the man who sets out on a road that he knows is infinite, the end of which he can never reach, but he is fired with the longing to go as far as he may,—that man will come very near to God: he will leave the evils and imperfections of his life behind him.

So once more the thing we need to be saved from is easy self-content, low ideals, poor human aims.

And there is another salvation, that from selfishness. We need to be developed into service. That, again, is one of the great ideals of the Church which we represent; and it is coming to be the great dominant ideal of the Church everywhere, thank God.

In the old days a man was chiefly concerned about saving his own soul. I remember a hymn the burden of which is the anxious question,

> "Do I love the Lord or no,
> Am I saved or am I not?"

I was brought up to feel that I must be content with nothing until I reached a time when I could feel sure that my soul was saved, and I thought one night that I had reached it, and for a little time I was happy; and then the doubt swept over me, and I wondered if I really was saved. And I lay awake nights, and I prayed and cried, until I pity that boy as I look back at him in his agony, striving to know whether, if he died before morning, he would go to heaven or hell.

The emphasis was laid on the saving of the individual soul.

In the Middle Ages, for hundreds of years in the life of Christianity, the emphasis was placed here. Men and women fled to the deserts, they lived in caves, they scourged themselves, they starved themselves, they lived in monasteries, in convents, they kept away so far as

they could from the touch of evil, so that they might save their souls, be assured that, when death came, they would be admitted into eternal felicity.

To-day we are coming—and rightly, I believe—to feel that that attitude is contemptible, that it is the quintessence of selfishness. Do not worry so much over your own little soul. It will take care of itself, or God will take care of it, if you forget all about it. Edward Everett Hale has put it in those words become so trite because so fine, in his "Ten Times One is Ten":—

"Look up, and not down;
Look out, and not in;
Look forward, and not back;
Lend a hand."

This is the ideal of modern salvation. The man is saved who neglects purposely the question of his own salvation and gives himself to the service of his fellowmen.

And do you not see—you will if you think just a little—how essential, how eternal, how inevitable, the truth is? The man who concentrates his attention on himself is a poor, mean, selfish man. A man is just as selfish who wishes to get happiness in the next life as he is if he wishes to get it in this.

There is no selfishness in the evil sense of the word, in my judgment, in desiring to be happy, in the next world or this either, or both. Selfishness is when a man devotes himself to himself at the expense of others: that is the evil of selfishness; and the man who does that in the religious sphere is no more a noble man than if he did it anywhere else. It is a poor, mean, contemptible ideal of life anywhere.

The artist who proposes to go off and devote himself entirely to art is a poor, small man. The book-lover, who will go off into his library and delight himself in no matter how fine and noble literature and forget the

great sorrows and wants of the world, is a poor, petty man.

The man who devotes himself to gaining political office or money, as the one great thing, and neglects the world, is mean and petty. The man who devotes himself to anything that is purely self-centred is a poor, mean type of man, shrunken. There is no growth in him, no outlook, no hope, no divinity there.

Consider for just a moment. Pick out any great man in the past, any man you love, reverence. Take William of Orange, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln,—any one, if you please, still farther back in the history of the world, no matter who he may be,—any man that we have learned to reverence and love and honor; and why have we?

Because he devoted himself to himself? No. Because he forgot himself, because he devoted himself to others, because he cultivated thought and feeling and love and devotion and heroism and self-sacrifice even to the death, for the race, for men.

There is a contradiction in terms between a man's being saved—that is, being divine; that is, being ideally human—and being selfish. The very faculties, thoughts, feelings, actions, which bring us into helpful relations to our fellows, as love, sympathy, pity, devotion,—all these,—these are the ones that make great men, that make good men, sweet, noble women.

And to cultivate them without being in helpful relations to our fellow-men is to say that we cultivate them without cultivating them. It is a contradiction in terms.

You cannot be saved alone. You cannot create a little private heaven of your own. And I pity the man who would stoop to be happy in any heaven so long as there was one lone, low, far-off wail of one lost soul.

The true man, the man that I admire, is he who would leave the throne and the throng and the music and the

light and the joy, and go after the lost to the uttermost. Is not that what we admire and worship the Christ for? The salvation we believe in, then, is salvation from selfishness.

And there is one other point. We believe in salvation from despair, the salvation that comes by hope, and hope for everybody, hope to the uttermost, hope eternal. We cherish that faith that Tennyson has put into the lines in "In Memoriam":—

> "That not one life shall be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete."

Can we stand beside Browning? One of the most wonderful poems that man ever wrote is that in which he pictures himself standing in the Morgue in Paris. Who but Browning would ever think of making a sublime song of human hope out of the materials, gross and despicable, of the Morgue?

Here are suicides, here are the victims of murder, here perhaps those that have murdered; but Browning stands there, and sings a song of eternal hope. These poor wrecks, like moths that have flown into candle-flames; these poor wrecks, that have mistaken the way, that have followed false lights that led them a dance over the bogs into which they hopelessly sank; these poor strays and fragments of humanity,—he tells us in ringing words that they are God's children, and that this very intensity of striving which led them into crime means the power for something better by and by, somewhen, somewhere.

The mistake we make is in supposing that we can find good by breaking the laws of God, that we can find happiness in that direction. We strive and we go astray; and we break ourselves. And we shall go astray, and we shall break ourselves; and the pain and the anguish

will remain just as long as we go astray and just as long as we break ourselves. But

"God's in his heaven."

These souls are his. He loves them, he pours out his love on them as the sun shines on the broken bits of glass and the refuse in the gutter,—shines to cleanse, shines to purify, brings the alchemy that extracts the essence and the most exquisite perfumes from the filth of the gutters and the sewers.

We believe in a salvation that never despairs of anybody. The only thing that can keep any man from God is despair,—not sin, not crime, not going astray,—it is despair.

If a soul does not believe that God is ready to take him, why, of course, that keeps him from home. He dare not go. But Jesus has taught us in the most wonderful of all his parables that the minute a soul comes to himself and thinks of his father, the father is ready to go out and meet him, and fall on his neck and rejoice,—not because a good man is happy, but because a bad man is ready to come home.

That is the kind of salvation we believe in.

Again, in "Abt Vogler," Browning teaches us what I believe to be one of the deepest truths of the world, that all the discords mean music, all the pain means joy, all the failures mean completeness, all the silences mean the possibility of music, all evil means the possibility of the opposite of that evil.

I have read them to you before. I wish to read you two or three lines again:—

"There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven the perfect round.

"And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason, and welcome; 'tis we musicians know."

We believe, then, in the salvation that comes of eternal hope.

Now at the end one question: Have I departed from Christianity? Am I away from the teaching of Jesus? A person accustomed to the traditional way of stating things would perhaps find little that he thought was Christian in what I have been saying.

It is charged against us constantly that we are not Christian, because we do not lay emphasis on certain forms, certain ceremonies, certain beliefs, because we dare to hold different ideas of the nature and office of the Christ from those which have been held by a great many in the past.

I dare to say—and I challenge the careful study of any man as bearing on the point I make—that Jesus was a Unitarian, the disciples were Unitarians. No other doctrine came into existence for some hundreds of years.

Further, I believe that the salvation which I have been outlining in this fragmentary fashion this morning is the salvation which Jesus taught. A large part of historical and traditional Christianity has been made up of beliefs and doctrines about Jesus instead of the beliefs and doctrines of Jesus.

Jesus said to his disciples: You can discern the signs of the sky, you know what the weather is likely to be by watching the clouds and seeing which way the wind blows. Can ye not discern the signs of the times? Why of your own selves judge ye not what is right?

Here he emphasizes the matter of truth, throwing upon each individual the necessity of finding the way for himself. What teacher has ever laid so much stress upon character as he? Nowhere in any authentic word of his has he held out the hope of salvation to any man on account of an intellectual belief, on account of a sacrifice, on account of a service, a ritual, the temple, the church,—on account of any of these things. The only condition for admission into his kingdom is character. It is what you have been and what you have done.

Read the famous judgment scene in Matthew, and see if I am not right. Then all the way through the note of eternal aspiration and worship, perpetually pointing us to the Father. Do not be content with anything short of this. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

And then does he not make everything of human service? He tells the disciples who wished to gain preference in the New Messianic kingdom which he was to set up: This is the way it has been heretofore. The princes of the people have been lords over the people, and exploited them to their own behoof: but it is not to be so with you. The one who is to be great with you is to be the servant; and it is not he who has said, Lord, Lord, but he who has done the will of the Father. This is the salvation Jesus teaches.

And then everywhere that note of eternal hope in his words. He comes to preach a gospel, to tell good news to the poor, the needy, the suffering, the outcast. And then in the hour that worldiness and materialism regarded as the end of him—what? The birth, the opening gateway, the beginning.

As we study Jesus and see him on the cross, we are compelled perforce to look beyond the shadow and catch gleams of a light that shines through the shadow, and that teaches that this little life of ours is only the prelude,

only the prologue, and that the life, the eternal, boundless life, the opportunity, the hope, the salvation of every soul, is over there.

It is the salvation, then, which Jesus taught in which we believe.

Father, let Thy light shine upon our way and Thy strength come into our hearts, and let us follow Thee to-day and evermore. Amen.

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THE CHURCH WE BELONG TO.

Of course, our subject will compel me to talk about ourselves. I trust, however, that I may do this in a spirit so simple and so fair that, if there is any one present who does not agree with us, he will not think that I am offensive in assumption or in anything that I may say.

I wish at the outset to call your attention to the great, the wonderful fellowship represented by this Church which we belong to. It is the church of Abraham, of Moses, of David, of Isaiah and all the prophets. It is the church of Jesus, it is the church of the twelve apostles, it is the church of Paul. It is the church of almost every one of the Church Fathers of the first two or three hundred years. It is the church of the great, distinguished thinkers who have been free, and of the leaders who have appeared from time to time in the centuries since those far-off days.

I do not mean to say that Abraham, Moses, and Isaiah and the prophets, and Jesus and the apostles, looked upon the world as we do, had the same thoughts about God and man and destiny. They differed from us undoubtedly in very many and very important ways. But, whether we would or not, we have had the name "Unitarian" fastened upon us, not as the result of our seeking.

That means the unity of God as opposed to polytheism or trinitarianism or any other theory that would divide this unity. In that sense all these to whom I have referred were Unitarians.

Undoubtedly, Jesus believed in the unity of God. It was the distinguishing feature and characteristic of the

religion in which he was born and of which he was the flower and the crown.

The apostles would have been scandalized, horrified as in the presence of a sacrilege, to have had it suggested to them that God was other than one. That great word of the olden time has always rung out as the distinguishing utterance of the religion of the Jews,—"Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one." This set them apart from the polytheists and the idolaters that preceded and surrounded them.

And beyond any question it was the growth of the doctrine of the Trinity which has made it practically impossible in all these ages to christianize the Jews. Christianity has found its triumphs, since the doctrine of the Trinity was accepted, among the peoples trained in polytheism and who were not shocked or disturbed by this division of the nature of the Divine.

I said that the Church Fathers for the first two or three hundred years were Unitarians. Justin Martyr tells us explicitly that he believed, and that it was the common belief of the time, in the subordinate and derived nature of Jesus.

Tertullian, who himself was ready to advocate the new doctrine of the Trinity, tells us expressly that it was new, and that it was a surprise to most people, when presented to them, and that they were opposed to it as dividing the nature of God.

And in the next century, when Athanasius was making his great fight for the equality of the Son with the Father, Gregory Nazianzen tells us that he at first stood alone or with a very few. The Fathers of the Church, then, practically for three hundred years were Unitarians; and we know that the doctrine of the Trinity at last was created, not out of Bible texts or Hebrew teaching or tradition,—it was the result of philosophic speculations, and came more from the Greek than from the Hebrew.

Not only that, after the doctrine of the Trinity was established in the Church by force of the secular arm, and those who would not accept it were deposed from their places of authority and banished, still, just as fast and as far as there was a little opportunity for freedom of thought and expression, the belief in the Unity appeared again.

So it is not strange that at the time of the Reformation, when the shackles of the ecclesiastical bondage were partly broken and people were a little freer, this doctrine of the Unity appears once more.

You may be interested to know some of the great names since the time of the Reformation who have been a part of the Church to which we belong,—John Milton, Sir Isaac Newton, Joseph Priestley, John Locke, and a host of the great scholars, scientists, and thinkers of England and America.

When we come to our own country, nearly all the group of strong, masterful, leading men who created this nation were Unitarians. The best authority we can find as to the opinions of Washington shows us that, though he habitually conformed and attended the Church that was nearest to him, he never was a communicant, and was heretical in his private beliefs.

Franklin was a free thinker. Thomas Jefferson was an avowed Unitarian; and he said that he hoped before the present century was through that all the young men of America would have accepted that belief.

The Adamses, Fillmore, and other Presidents have been Unitarians. Mr. Lincoln told Carpenter, the artist who painted the great picture of "The Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation," that he had never been able to unite himself with any Church, but that, when he could find one which planted itself distinctly and definitely on the two great doctrines of love to God and love to man, that Church he would join with his whole heart and soul.

Lincoln, then, in his own personal and private beliefs was undoubtedly a Unitarian.

All the great group of literary men who made the last century of this country famous, with very few exceptions, were Unitarians,—leading jurists, leading philanthropists, representative men in every department of life. And it seems to me a most significant thing, and worthy of a passing notice, that,—as the result of the voting of the whole country by its representatives for the choice of the first group of immortals whose names were to be selected for the Temple of Fame,—out of thirty or more then chosen, about a third of them should be Unitarians. And this, though Unitarians had no influence in the selection.

Such, then, is the goodly fellowship of the Church we belong to.

And yet, in the second place, I wish to note a remarkable fact, which hardly seems consistent with this previous claim. We are one of the newest of all the churches that are organized and that bear a denominational name; and we are one of the smallest.

Let me suggest to you a few of the reasons why we are small,—reasons which, it seems to me, we may face with even a little pride rather than with discouragement.

At the outset, it is only within a little while that people have been allowed to think, that people have been granted freedom in the use of their brains. Almost throughout the entire history of Christendom, if a man dared to think and give utterance to his beliefs, provided they differed from those of the established authorities, he had to do it at the cost of ostracism, of banishment, of torture, of death.

And while here and there have been some, like Giordano Bruno, like Michael Servetus, with spiritual power enough to defy the world and die, the great mass of people are not of the stuff of which martyrs are made.

And then this great mass of the people have not been able to think or study, so as to arrive at any definite conclusions of their own.

For, in the next place, as one reason why the majority is all against us still, note the power of tradition, of custom, of habit, how few people there are who can shake themselves free of these, who in any department of life or concerning any question whatsoever have power to look at problems and settle them for themselves, and then have the moral courage to stand on their own feet and go their own way.

When I see what the power of fashion, of habit, of social custom, can be, I sometimes wonder, not that a few people escape and are free, but that anybody escapes and is free.

Then note another thing. There are some new religious denominations which can sweep a country by the mere force of enthusiasm. As an illustration of what I mean, and without expressing any critical opinion concerning it, look at the Salvation Army.

To become a member of the Salvation Army requires no independent thinking, no reading, no study, no acceptance of new ideas, no putting yourself outside the pale of your fellows as to your theological belief: it is merely a new method of work, a new object, a new movement which requires no intellectual change, but can be brought about merely by contagion, by the sweep of enthusiasm for some new object or endeavor.

So, you take the larger part of the denominations of Christendom, they agree in their essential ideas with all the other denominations. It requires no special study, no new thought, no personal independence, no ostracism, nothing difficult or disagreeable, to pass from the one to the other.

But with us it is different. If a man wishes to become a Unitarian, he must do a little thinking, he must under-

stand what it means, he must comprehend the new thoughts about the universe and about God and man and destiny, he must be willing to brave popular opinion, he must be willing to go alone, if need be, against the prayers and protests of father, mother, wife, child, friend.

He must be ready, like Abraham, to listen to the new call of God, and go out from his people alone. You cannot expect a religion like this to be propagated merely by enthusiasm.

Then there is another reason of the greatest importance for our having remained a small denomination. In the beginning Channing had neither purpose nor desire to create a new denomination. Martineau has never been one to care for proselyting. Many of our greatest thinkers and leaders have deplored the fact that we were a separate denomination. They hoped, and many of them hope still, that our ideas would permeate the other denominations, that as matters of truth and scholarship they would become generally accepted, so that Christendom, as a whole, would become liberal, lift itself to the level of these new ideas, would advance to these new points of outlook.

There are large numbers of our leading ministers and thinkers and writers still who look forward with hope to the possibility of our being reabsorbed in the general hosts of Christendom. They hope that the world will reach a point where they will be ready to accept our ideas, and there will be no need of our separate denominational existence.

We have never, then, made it a chief point in our effort to create or extend ourselves merely as a sect. We have cared—and I think it is true for me to say that universally we care still—more for the truths we represent than we do for denominational aggrandizement; and, if people only accept our truth and give us freedom to co-operate and work with them, we care little for anything else.

And then there is another thing, very curiously, that in many quarters stands in the way of our denominational growth; and that is the very growth of our ideas. There is many a city, many a town, in America to-day where you cannot possibly organize successfully a Unitarian church. Why? Because the churches already in the field are so broad and liberal, they have accepted so many of our ideas. The people who sit in the pews say: Why, what is the use of being at the trouble of organizing another church? We get all the new thought, all the broad ideas, all the hopeful theology we wish from our present minister.

If all these churches preached consistently and continuously the fundamental beliefs of their creeds, then thousands would be compelled to withdraw and organize churches of another name. So that the very success we have attained, the very growth of our own ideas, stands in many places in the way of our merely organized denominational growth.

Now, in the third place, I wish to characterize this Church to which we belong in another way. The two parts of this characterization will seem at first contradictory; and yet they are not so.

We are the church of the world's scientific scholarship and at the same time the Church of the simplest democracy. What do I mean by our being the Church of the world's scholarship? I mean just what I say. I mean that all the free scholarship of the world in every department and direction is looking our way. Whether it has quite arrived or not, it is on the road.

All the great free critics, historians, teachers of church history, dealers with church tradition, in Christendom to-day, are liberal men. It must be so. He who cares simply for the truth, who wishes to find just how things are and have been, must of necessity come to us, because the truth is here. We are not afraid of the scientific

investigations of the world. Ever since modern science was born, it has been in direct and bitter conflict somewhere in the world with the organized ecclesiastical powers. Hardly a teaching of science but has been fought by the hierarchies and the priesthoods, fought bitterly to the end; and the Churches have surrendered and accepted the conclusions of science only when they have been absolutely compelled to.

But we, this Church of ours, accepts fully and freely the scientific method as a method for the study of truth; and it accepts scientific results,—not guesses merely, not speculations. And yet it has no objection to anybody's guessing and speculating as much as he pleases.

But, so soon as anything is demonstrated to be true, we not only submit (as other Churches must and have to), but we welcome the truth, we gladly accept it; for we have planted ourselves firmly on this ground,—that the truth, the truth, the truth, is the only sacred thing in the universe.

The truth is the only divine thing. A human mistake, a human misconception, is not sacred. We cannot reverence it, no matter how old it may be, no matter how moss-grown with tradition, no matter how many men may have associated it with holy things. If it is a misconception, if it is a mistake, if it is not true, then it cannot be the word of God.

We believe that every scientific truth, every truth arrived at by any method, so soon as it is verified, is to be freely, gladly accepted as a new sentence in the real Bible, the real revelation of God.

So we are fitted to assume the religious leadership of the world's intellectual leadership. I am well aware that there are thousands of intellectual leaders, thousands of scientific men, who at present have no use, or think they have no use, for any church at all; but I believe that the explanation of this lies largely in here. The Church

itself has been saying for ages that everybody must accept its dogmas, or else they could not be religious. These men have found out that they cannot accept the dogmas any more; and they have not studied religious matters deeply enough, and so that they are ready to take the Church at its word. They say: We must follow the truth, and, if that takes us away from the Church, then away from the Church we must go. We must be honest with ourselves, we must be true to our own convictions.

But the time is coming, I believe, when these intellectual and scientific leaders of the world will recognize that there is a profound difference between theology and religion; and they will learn that theologies and dogmas that have been accepted may go, but religion remains; that new dogmas uttering demonstrated truth must come to take their places, and be accepted as our leaders and guides.

So, when we are through with this present unrest, I look for such a revival of real religion as the world has never known. We are passing through to-day (you have heard me say it before) the profoundest, the farthest-reaching revolution of intellectual thought and theory that this world has ever known. The change from Judaism to Christianity even was superficial compared with it. We are now in the midst of that change, blinded, disturbed by the confusions which always attend such a change; but we shall become readjusted by and by, we shall settle down and see things clearly. Then we shall know that religions may pass away, that theologies may pass away, but that religion and theology are things inherent in the brain, the heart, and the life of the world; that they must abide and grow.

I said also that we are the most democratic church in the world. There is one thing that has always seemed very strange to me. Here in this country we boast that

we are free from emperors and kings. We do not want any nobles, any lords superior to us. We claim equality, liberty, freedom, in every direction. We say that one man, in his essential rights, is just as good as another. We boast of those words in the Declaration of Independence that tell us that all men are born free and equal.

And yet there are thousands of people—and this is what surprises me—who seem in religious, in ecclesiastical matters to be enamoured of royalty, of empire, of nobles, of lords, seem to love to surrender their own personality, their own freedom, and put it into the hands of over-lords, people who look down upon them and are ready to use them, like their support, but pay little attention to their wishes or their ideas.

Ours is the one Church of complete democracy; and you would think that in a great democracy like this the democratic principle in ecclesiastical matters would be appreciated. Our polity is that which was wrought out by the Pilgrims in the cabin of the "Mayflower," that which became the model for the government of the towns in Massachusetts, became the moulding power that shaped the State, and at last grasped and organized a nation. It is this principle of democracy, of freedom, governing ourselves in church matters as well as in political.

There is another great characteristic of this Church which we belong to. It is in a very profound and far-meaning sense the Church of this world, the Church of humanity. What do I mean?

The Church for fifteen hundred years has been almost exclusively other-worldly: it has treated this world with contempt, with contumely. In words, at any rate, it has looked down with scorn and contempt upon all things that pertained to this present life. Man has been looked upon as a fallen being, and as having been morally and intellectually incapacitated as the result of that fall.

And the only object of the Church, or the one great object, has been to fit the people now, in their little, brief life, for another world. They have never expected to make this world over. The predominating idea has been that things were growing worse and worse, that there were to be wars and fightings and disasters until by and by there would come the collapse and catastrophe, the end of all things here and the beginning of all things over yonder.

This is not merely ancient thought. You will recall perhaps, as I do vividly, the teaching of Mr. Moody. Mr. Moody said distinctly and definitely, and with all the emphasis of which he was capable,—and he was capable of much,—that there was no use in trying to reorganize and save human society here. He said,—I think I very nearly quote his words, I know I quote his thought,—The world is a wreck, bound to sink. The only thing we can do is to get as many of the passengers off as we can, and let her go.

That was his conception of the world order. He expected and preached the immediate second coming of Christ in the clouds of heaven.

Note the difference in the attitude which we maintain. We know that the human race is not fallen. We believe in humanity, in its integrity, in its general purpose to find the right. It is on this belief in humanity that our great republic is founded. If there is no basis for such a belief, then the republic is a folly and is doomed to inevitable failure.

The old idea has been that the world was getting ancient and hastening towards its decay. What do we believe? We believe that the sun is just up. It has touched and illumined certain lofty peaks. Here and there it is shining over the peaks, and with a slanting ray striking some portion of a plain, perhaps now and then illumining a valley. But it is morning. It is not even mid-noon.

It is not night: we are nowhere near sunset. The human race has just begun its magnificent work here on this old planet.

We are civilized, we say proudly. A few people are civilized, in selected spots here and there. That is all the so-far civilization of the world means. The civilization is ahead of us.

It is fabled that Hercules, when an infant in his cradle, strangled some serpents that had been sent to destroy him. This human race is an infant Hercules. We have strangled some of the serpents that have attempted our destruction; but, as the great world-cleansing labors of Hercules were ahead of him when he performed these wonderful feats in his cradle, so the great world-cleansing labors of man are ahead of him.

Civilization allures us as an ideal, as a dream, something we shall attain. We are competent to do it. We can wipe out the vice and crime, ignorance, poverty, disease. There is not one of these things that we are not able to subdue and leave behind us; and that is the religious mission of the race. And we, this little band of Unitarians, are the prophecy of just that kind of this-world religion,—a religion that believes in God, in man, in possibility now and here.

The old Church taught that man was to be fitted for eternity by some other process than being fitted to serve his fellow-men here. We hold that the two are identical. There is only one way of being saved hereafter; and that is by being saved now, cultivating those qualities and characteristics of men and women that make them men and women, sons and daughters of God. And, when we save men here and now through the service of this present world, we have saved them for all times and all worlds.

We lay our emphasis then here. We believe that in finding God's truth and bringing our lives into accord

with it we are delivering this world from its burdens and evils and fitting ourselves for the life that is to come.

Once more I come, at the end, to my text. We are in a very special and profound sense the Church of the living God. Put the emphasis on "living." It has been the traditional idea that God talked with Adam in the Garden of Eden, that he appeared to Abraham, that he spoke through the prophets, that he manifested himself specially through Jesus of Nazareth, that he wrought miracles by the hands of the apostles, but that then revelation and the special activity of God in the world ceased. And even during those long periods of time God confined his special activities to one little race, one little line of human development.

What do we believe? We believe, indeed, that God was in those far-off times, and that he did speak with his human children. We believe he spoke to Abraham. We believe he spoke in the most emphatic and beautiful way through the lips of his son Jesus. We believe that he was in the early Church.

But we believe, also, that he was not confined to the nation of the Jews. Not an age, not a people, has ever been left without his witnesses. He spoke by the lips of Zarathustra. He spoke through Confucius. He spoke by the ministry of Gautama. He spoke by Mahommed. He has spoken through the great seers and singers and teachers of all the world; those that have names, those that are nameless.

He has communed ever with every simple and trusting and aspiring heart. He has been alive and present from the beginning. He is to-day in the astronomic search that is tracing his pathways in the heavens. He is in the microscopic investigation, the Roentgen rays, that mysterious discovery of which we know little as to what it means or to what it may lead,—radium. God is in the steam-engine and the dynamo. God is in the tele-

graph and the telephone. God is in all the discoveries, all the inventions, all the activities of man.

Whatever we do, whether we think of it or know it or not, we stand face to face with God; and we accomplish whatever we accomplish by understanding and obeying his law. He is the living God,—not only in the wars of the old Israelites, in the conquest of Canaan, in their battles with Philistia and Moab, he was in the wars of England, the struggles for human liberty, in the great thirty years' fight in the Netherlands, in our Revolution, in our Civil War. He leads the efforts and the blind movements of the nations.

He is working everywhere to-day. Men cannot escape him; and all the good that comes to the world comes by his presence and his ministry.

All the scholarship, all the music, all the art, all the literature, all that is sweet and fine and high, is just so much of the presence and the activity of God.

We believe, then, in this living God, ready to speak his word to-day, ready to reveal himself to-day as he has ever been, revealing himself to the humble intellect and the loving, trusting heart.

And we believe that he is to lead the world on until all the evils of the past are sunk down the horizon, are only memories, and the world is filled with the knowledge of God, the joy of God, and the peace of God, as the waters fill the sea.

The Church we believe in, then, is the Church of the living God.

Father, let us rejoice that we can consecrate ourselves to Thee, to this service. Let us be glad that we can be one of the few who are ready to come out from the multitude, and lead the way to a better life and a nobler future. Amen.

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REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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HEROD AND JOHN.

"Herod feared John."—MARK vi. 20.

HEROD was a king, and John was a subject. Herod was in a palace, while John was in a prison. Herod wore a crown, but John most probably did not even own a turban. Herod wore the purple: John wore camlet, as we should call it. Soldiers and servants watched the eye of Herod, and waited on his will; but only the headsman waited hungrily for John. Herod came of a line that had never been famous either for morals or religion. They said practically what a famous American said verbally, "that religion is a very good thing in its place"; and they had done their best to establish a government in which the old Jewish worship should serve as a decoy duck to the new Jewish kingdom. So they made it what the State forever makes the Church when it gets a chance,—a fountain of preferment, with which it can bribe or buy the upper, and a mystic spell by which it can weave fetters of superstition for the lower, classes; and up to this time the dynasty had succeeded substantially in doing what it proposed to do, yet "Herod feared John."

Herod, the elder, father of this Herod Antipas, was a man of notable power. Appointed over Judea by Julius Cæsar about forty-seven years before our Christian era, he fought his way through invasion from without and treachery from within, until he had at last established the throne on what seemed, for those times, to be deep and strong foundations. He was also what one might call an Eclectic in religion. When he ascended the throne, he made offerings to Jupiter of the capitol; and his coins,

as well as those of his son, bear only Greek inscriptions. Yet he rebuilt the temple at Jerusalem in a style of magnificence surpassing even that of Solomon; but, then, he built a temple for the Samaritans, too, and, indeed, was a man full of politeness,—a sort of human Pantheon, in which Greek and Roman, Jew and Samaritan, were welcome to set up their symbols, for which he cared no more than if he himself had been so much marble. And finally, so far as we can trace him, he left his principles and his kingdom, in the full prime of their strength, to his son.

John was the son of an obscure country priest and his wife, the child of their old age; and there is no hint that John had any wealth or name, or fame or education, or influence, when he began his life as a man. He comes on the scene as a rough, angular man, with not many words, and not many friends; while Herod began to reign just about when John began to live, so that there was no preponderant age in the priest's son over the king's son. That was all on the other side.

Indeed, by all mere surface facts, principles, or analogies, John ought to have feared Herod; he ought to have bated his breath and bent his head before him. John's life was not worth thirty minutes' purchase, if Herod did but give the sign to kill him. John knew this; and Herod knew it, too. Yet they rise up like ghosts before us out of that distant time,—the king in the palace, the reformer in the prison, the king with the sceptre in his hand, the reformer with the fetter on his wrist. But the eye of the prisoner burns with a clear lustre, and looks right on; and the eye of the king quails under its drooping lid. The hand of the prisoner is cool, his foot firm, his head erect, and his voice clear as the voice of a trumpet. The hand of the king is hot, his step uncertain, his head bowed, and his voice broken, so that, as you watch them, you get the impression that the two men have somehow

changed places,—the king is a prisoner, the prisoner a king.

Now I propose to touch the roots of this power and weakness this morning, and to see what made Herod so weak and John so strong, and then to ask this question: What can we, who are set as John was in the advance-guard of reformers in religion, do to make a deep, clear mark on our life and time?

And I note for you that John had three great roots of power: First, he was a powerful man by creation, a man with a clear head, a steady nerve, and a nature set in a deadly antagonism to sin and meanness of every sort and degree. He was the Jewish John Knox or John Brown, who

> "When he saw a thing was true,
> He went to work and put it through."

He could die, but he could not back down.

Now I think there is a sure and solid truth in the heart of these old chronicles that tell us how angels come as messengers from God to notify the world of the advent of his most glorious sons; and, when he wants a singular man to do a singular work for him, at a critical time, he sends him angel-guarded to his place, so that no man can be John but John himself.

And so, when I meet a man who is a man, and not a stick, I ask myself this one question: "Why are you the man you are? Whence does your power hint itself to me? Whence does it come?" And, while the ultimate answer has never come out of phrenology or physiognomy, or any of the sciences that profess to tell you what a man is by his looks, yet the indicative answer has always lain in that direction. In the head and face and form of a man there is certainly something that impresses you in some such way, as the weight, the color, and inscription on a coin reveal to you, with a fair certainty, whether

it be gold or silver or brass; and it is possible, too, that the line in which a man has descended, the country in which he is born, the climate, the scenery, the history, the poetry, and the society about him, have a great deal to do with the man.

So the father, in Queen Elizabeth's time, as I have known in old English families, may be twenty-two carat gold, and the children in this time may be no better than lead. The mysterious antagonism that sows tares among the wheat sows baseness in the blood; and, if there be not forever a careful and most painful dividing and burning, the tares will in time come to nearly all there is on the soil. But still and forever the great mint of God's providence beats on, silently, certainly, continually, sending its own golden coins to circulate through our human life, and on each of them stamping the infallible image and superscription that tells us, "This is gold." Yes, and the same great Providence makes not only gold coins, but silver and brass, too; and, if they are true to their ring, they are all right and good, as in all great houses there be divers vessels, some to more honor and some to less honor, but not one to dishonor, if it be true to its purpose. For, while the golden vase that holds the wine at the feast of a king is a vessel of honor, so is the iron cauldron that holds the meats in the furnace; while the Parian vase that you fill with flowers is a vessel of honor, and so is the tin dipper with which you fill it at the well.

For myself it is a wonderful thing to study merely the pictures of great men. There is a power in the very shadow that makes you feel they were born to be kings and priests unto God. But, if you know a great man personally, you find a power in him which the picture can never give you. It is the difference between the picture of a tree and a tree or between paste and jewels; and, as you try to reach back to first principles, to search out

the reason why he is what he is,—as you search for it, in the sciences I have mentioned and in family descent and in climate and scenery and society,—though these all hint some truth to us, they are at the best only as the figures and pointers on the dial. Their utmost use is to mark the movement within; and that movement is worthless, if it be not chorded with the sun and stars. And so I love those old solemn, primitive affirmations that make the outward form of the best men but indicative of the inward spirit, and that, again, a transcript of the mind of God. So I care little for our birth and breeding, if there is this purpose of God, that we shall be genuine in our inmost nature.

For I suppose this good Jewish country parson, the father of John, from the little we can glean about him, was just a gentle, timid, pious, retiring man, whose mind had never risen above the routine of his humble post in the temple; a man who would have talked for a week or a month or a year about some little courtesy Herod had shown him; a man devoted to the priesthood, as the father of Franklin in Boston was to the making of candles, or Luther's father in Germany to the making of charcoal, Shakespeare's to the selling of oxen at Stratford, or Johnson's of books,—good, true men, nickel, copper, or silver, and bidding fair to raise a family that is nickel or copper or silver, too. But, lo! God, in the full time, drops just one golden ingot down into that family treasury, pure, ponderous, solid gold; for

> "It is the growing soul within the man
> That makes the man grow:
> Just as the fiery sap, the touch from God,
> Careering through a tree, dilates the bark,
> So life deepening within us deepens all."

Yet I need not tell you how there is a theory of human nature which busies itself trying to prove that our human nature in itself is abominably and naturally despicable.

Toward their fellow-men the holders of this idea are as particular about their own character and standing as the rest of us. They shall rise from their prayers, in which they have called themselves twenty hard names, and, if you repeat over but one of them, instantly they are offended. Toward us they are as particular upon points of honor as a Spaniard. Toward God they turn with not one shred of self-respect,—"they like to be despised." They insist upon it, God never cast a golden coin into this world at all, and our common human nature is nothing but base metal, with awful chances that it will ever be aught else, but, if saved, then saved by transmutation; if lost, then lost because, though the Almighty considered them worth making, he did not consider them worth transmuting.

There are two replies to this theory. The first is found in that good story you may have read. "Janet," said the minister, "there is really nothing in you that is at all worthy of salvation. Now suppose God, at the last, should let you drop into hell. What would you say to that?" Janet was on her death-bed. She had been all her life in this dark shadow of a possible predestination to the pit. But she had lain still in her room, in this sickness, a long time; and her soul had caught, now and again, with great distinctive vividness, a flash of the eternal Light that at these times touches the soul from the land where the Lord God is the sun. "Minister," Janet said quietly, "I have thought it all over. I believe God will do with me just whatever he has a mind to do. I cannot tell what he *will* do. But this I know: he made me, I am the work of his hands; and, if he puts me down into hell, he will lose more by doing it than I shall by bearing it." The second reply is embodied in the fact that God does in all times and places send golden men into this world. Gold in the mine, it may be, or gold in sand or mica,—gold that needs to be pounded and

melted and purified by fire, but still, at the heart of all, real gold,—gold by creation, and not by transmutation, needing only what it finds in God and in life to bring it out into full perfection.

Now this primitive, intrinsic nature was the first element which made John mightier in the prison than Herod was in the palace. The one was a king by creation: the other was only a king by descent. And, then, there comes into the difference another element. Herod made the purple vile by his sin: John made the camel's hair radiant by his holiness. And in this personal integrity, this rightwise-ness, this wholeness, he gained every divine force in the universe to his side, and left to Herod only the infernal. Therefore, it was a question of power, reaching back ultimately, as all such questions do, to God or the devil, the good or the evil. So the fetter was turned to a sceptre, and the sceptre to a fetter. The soul of the Sybarite quailed, and went down before the soul of the saint.

Now this, as we enter into his spirit and life, is what comes home to us with the most invincible power and clearness. We weigh the hints of these Gospels about John, and gather from them that he was intrinsically sound, from the outermost surface to the innermost centre of his life. Whatever error he might make in being hard and insensible to the beauty and glory, the more tender and lovable aspects of life, his life, as he got it, was a whole life. Now there are not many men in this world who begin life determined to be sinful. The set of our determination is the other way. I think that God takes care that every man shall have flashes of the beauty of holiness and of the ghastliness of sin, and that no man will quietly determine to break away from that vision of beauty, with no hope of getting back again. But great numbers of men begin to sin spasmodically. They drink the waters of evil, as the dog in Egypt is

said to drink the waters of the Nile. Being in a wholesome fear of some lurking crocodile, he just laps a little, and then runs a little, and so keeps on lapping and running, until he is either satisfied or snapped up.

Then there is a second class of men, who start in life determined to go right on, and to do just about right. And they do seem to go right on; yet still, when they themselves measure their track by long distances, there is a shadow of deflection. They are conscious of bearing a little to the left. They are not in the direct line in which they started. While no one step seems to be more than a hair's breadth out of the true line, and one earnest moment every day, one careful observation by the eternal sun of righteousness would put them right, yet they do not take it. It is easier sailing as it is. Now, when the Indian, on the great plains of the Far West, goes out to hunt the wild horse, and the horse, seeing him come, shakes his mane, and gallops with the fleetness of the wind, he never follows directly in the track of the animal he is after, for he knows it will be hopeless trying to overtake him that way. He simply observes the almost insensible deflection of his victim from the true line, and he knows the horse is sure to keep on that side of the line. So he crosses the arc of flight, as the string crosses the bow, with the certainty of meeting his victim at the point of attachment, though he may never see him for fifty miles. So sin and retribution are victim and victor! So the line of deflection becomes itself the guide to retribution! All day long the wrong-doer sees only the boundless landscape, and speeds along, rejoicing in the vast latitudes of freedom; but at sunset his neck is in the lasso, and he is led captive by the devil at his will.

But the good man, the true, upright, downright man of power, goes right on to the mark. Let me tell you a story given me years ago by the venerable James Mott, of Philadelphia, whose uncle discovered the island in

the Pacific inhabited by Adams and his companions, as you have read in the story of "The Mutiny of the Bounty." I was talking with him one day about this, and he said that, after staying at the island for some time, his uncle turned his vessel homeward, and steered directly for Boston, eight thousand miles distant. Month after month the brave little craft ploughed through storm and shine, keeping her head forever homewards. But, as she came near home, she got into a thick fog, and seemed to be sailing by guess. Captain Mott had never sighted land from the time they started; but, when night fell, he said to the crew: "Now, boys, lay her to! I reckon Boston Harbor must be just over yonder somewhere; but we must wait for the fog to clear up before we try to run in." And so, sure enough, when the morning sun rose, it lifted the fog, and right over against them were the spires and homes of the city of Boston. So can men go right onward over this great sea of life. The chart and compass are with them, and the power is with them to observe the meridian sun and the eternal stars. Storms will drive them, currents will drift them, dangers will beset them: they will long for more solid certainties; but by noon and night they will drive right on, correcting deflections, resisting adverse influences, and then at last, when they are near home, they will know it. The darkness may be all about them; but the soul shines in its confidence, and the true mariner will say to his soul: "I will wait for the mist to rise with the new morning. I know home is just over there." And in the morning he is satisfied: he wakes to see the golden light on temple and home. So God brings him to the desired haven.

Now John was one of those right-on men. With a sort of power, above all others, to be ruined, if any suspicion of impurity could be made to cling to his name, living in a community where any handle for such suspi-

cion would be hailed as a providence to destroy his influence, he held on in his own severely pure, strong course from the country parsonage to the block; and the most malicious in all Jewry never whispered the possibility of a stain. Had there been a crevice in John's armor, Herod would have found it and laughed at him; but in the presence of that pure life, that deep, conscious antagonism to sin, that masterful power won as a soldier wins a hard battle, this man on the throne was abashed before that man in the prison. Herod could muster courage to face a partial purity; but a whole man was to him what the spear of the angel was to the vile thing whispering at the ear of the first mother. It changed the possible fitness of nature into the positive deformity of hell. Therefore, Herod feared John.

Then the third root of power in this man, by which he mastered a king, by which he became a king, lay in the fact that he was a true, clear, unflinching, outspoken preacher of holiness. There are diverse ways of trying to reach the soul that has sunk down into sin and sensualism, as this soul of Herod had sunk. Some preachers reflect the great varieties of religion, as bad boys reflect the sun from bits of broken glass. They stand just on one side, and flash a fierce light across the eyes of their victim, and leave him more bewildered and irritated than he was before. Such a one is your fitful, changing doctrinaire, whose ideas of right and wrong, of sin and holiness, of good and evil, to-day are not at all as they were last Sunday, who holds not that blessed thing, an ever-changing because an ever-growing and ripening faith, but a mere sand-hill of bewilderment, liable to be blown anywhere by the next storm. Then there is another sort of preacher, who is like the red light at the head of a night train. He is made for warning: he comes to tell of danger, that is the work of his life. When he is not doing this, he has nothing to do. I hear friends at times

question whether this man has a divine mission. Surely, if there be danger to the soul, and that question is not yet decided in the negative, then he has to the inner life a mission as divine as that of the red lamp to the outer life. And I know myself of men who have turned sharp out of the track before his fierce glare, who, but for him, had been run down into a disgraceful grave. But the true preacher of holiness, the real forerunner of Christ, is the man who holds up in himself the divine truth, as a true mirror holds the light, so that whoever comes to him will see his own character just as it is.

Such a man was this who mastered a king. His soul was never distorted by the tradition of the elders, or the habits of "good society," as it is called. On the broad, clear surface of his soul, as on a pure still lake, you saw things as in a great deep. He had no broken lights, for he held fast to his own primitive nature and to his own direct inspiration. He did not need much lurid fire, though he used it sometimes; but he was essentially a child of the day, and realities shone when he stood near them. Men needed but to come near him, and then they saw just what they were. And so, as he stood by the Jordan, crying, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," the merchant came, and went away resolving to rectify that false entry at the customs; the farmer went home, and shifted the old landmark back again, so as to restore the few inches he had cribbed so cunningly the week before last; the soldier determined to pay that widow for her care of him as her guest; the publican said to himself, "From this time forth I will take a true tax, and no more, as the Lord liveth"; and Herod came, as the English queen came to the mirror, when all her beauty was turned to ashes, and the sight was an intolerable horror to his soul, so that he could bear to look no more. Had John held only the broken lights of mere optimism before the soul of this king,

or come to him with a message deriving its power from the last readings of the Talmud, or even the prophets, Herod would have snapped his fingers in his face and laughed him to scorn. But there stood the man as God made him,—deep, calm, pure, clear, touching in his earnest words the roots of things, and saying honestly: "Herod, this deed about thy brother's wife is a piece of vileness! Thou shalt not take her!" So, though he still clave to his sin, Herod saw his soul as the queen saw her face scarred and netted with bad passions; and he was terrified at the vision of himself.

So, I tell you, it is no matter what you may come to be, as the result of your true and honest life. Men may revile you, and cast you out; but through it all, if you are true to God, you shall feel that there is a life of the soul which pales all other life in its exceeding glory. John may be in the prison, with his poor garment of camel's hair, and with the headsman waiting for him outside; but he is blessed beyond all telling compared with Herod in the palace, with slaves to watch his merest nod. For the one has even now breaking upon his soul the glory from that great city where the Lord God is the light. The thick walls of cloud are already lifting before the morning sun: he knows the home lies just over there. But the other has only a leap in the dark, after a life in the dark, with dark faces in the dark all about him.

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NOTE.

Dr. Savage has been ill with grippe for ten days. He hopes to be able to preach again next Sunday. As Mr. Collyer does not wish his sermon published this week, it has been decided to republish the sermon, "Glad to be Alive," which has long been out of print, and which is much called for.

THE PUBLISHER.

GLAD TO BE ALIVE.

My text you may find in the sixty-third Psalm, the fourth verse,—"So will I bless thee while I live."

The afterglow of our Thanksgiving sunset has not yet faded from our mental skies; and before it quite dies away, it seems to me, it may not be inappropriate for us to raise the question, and at least suggest an answer, as to whether we can be glad and grateful for that one great gift which makes all other gifts possible,—that is, life.

Since now a good many years ago the noted book was published called "Is Life Worth Living?" this problem has been discussed in perhaps almost all its possible phases. There are certain people—whether it be rare or not I cannot say—who seem to look with a sort of contemptuous indifference upon life, as though it were a trifle, hardly worth considering.

There are others, jealous and envious, who carry bitterness in their hearts because some one else seems to be more prosperous than they. There are those who have fixed their longing upon something which is so far unattainable or which has not as yet been attained, and in their desire for this lose the sense and significance and the value of those things which are theirs.

Then there are others out of whose sky has faded the one great light of their life, and who question as to whether there is anything to wait for; and, if there be not, as to whether they can endure the passing of the years.

There are others, for whom I have boundless respect,

who have heard "the low, sad music of humanity," who are not selfish, who are touched with the feeling of the infirmities and the sorrows of others, and who are so overwhelmed with the insoluble problems, the tears, the heartbreaks, the toils of the world, that they listen to the voice that Tennyson has echoed for us,—

> "Life is so full of misery,
> Were it not better not to be?"

I will speak for myself this morning, sometimes in the first person. Whether what I have to say will find an echo in your hearts I do not feel certain. I hope it may. I shall not take you far afield, into strange countries or along unfamiliar pathways. The greatest reforms of the world in philosophy, in science, in ethics, in religion, have been inaugurated by calling people back for a fresh look at those things with which they have become so familiar that they have practically forgotten their meaning.

I shall therefore ask you not to look at anything strange or startling or new, but to reconsider things that are so familiar to you that the familiarity itself has led you to lose all sense of their marvel.

I will begin by announcing my conclusion: No matter where I came from,—that I do not know; whether I existed somewhere else before I appeared here, or whether I first came to consciousness in my mother's arms,—no matter where I came from; no matter how my life is to end; whether I am to go out by following a long, dark, tedious pathway, beset with shadows and pain, or whether I am to fall suddenly asleep without knowing it,—no matter whether the earth is to come to an end to-morrow; whether some comet is to come into our atmosphere and set us aflame; whether we are to crash into some other planet; whether we are to fall into the sun,—no matter, I say, where I came from nor what is to be my end, I am glad beyond any power of words, that I am here.

I am glad to have a look at this wonderful scene of earth and sky. I am glad to be able to open my eyes and see. I am glad to be able to hear, to feel, to touch, to taste, to smell.

There are five avenues through which we come in contact with what we call the external world. There may be a good many more possible ways. We know already that it is a very small part of this real, external world that we do come in contact with at the present time. There may be unimaginable phases of the universe that we shall become familiar with in some fashion by and by; but, at any rate, I am glad just to see, to hear, to taste, to smell, to touch, to be alive for this one day.

Let me suggest to you one or two things, call up memories of my own which will touch your memories as well. I stood once and looked at a sunset over Pike's Peak at Colorado Springs. Such a marvel of inexpressible glory was it that I would not sell that one moment's memory, though it had to be followed by ten years of labor and care. I have crossed the Atlantic, thank God, many times. I hope I may cross it many times again. I have stood on the deck and seen a sunrise, the round globe coming up out of the sea, while across the face of it sailed a full-rigged ship. The marvel, the suggestion, the wonder of it all, I have no words to express.

I have stood and looked at Niagara, have heard its thunderous music as well as noted its grandeur; and then I have gone down under the fall and watched the great cataract pour down over my head, and all the marvel of the great world of which this was a little tiny part has so swept over me that I have been carried away in a flood of gratitude that could only express itself in gladsome tears.

I have sat and walked by the side of the sea, have seen the great combing waves roll up on miles of sandy beach. I have heard them thunder against the rocks. I have

heard them sink into that gentle whisper and lap,—the loving music that is a perfect lullaby. I have sat and looked out over the sea, and thought of how it is restlessly beating forever against other shores, and have been made strong in my weariness by the thought of this one manifestation of the eternal God, who is never weary.

I have lain on my back and watched the clouds go sailing like mysterious ships across the blue of the upper deep. I have heard the wind in the pines. I have felt the storm beat against my windows in the winter in the country. I have heard the rain play its marvellous music upon the roof. These only to suggest to you a million experiences of your own.

Taste,—why is it that we always talk about matter as though it were something degrading or commonplace or evil? What it is nobody knows. One thing we do know, —that it is the changing, forever ravelled and forever woven, mystic, marvellous garment of the living God, that by which he manifests at the same time that he conceals himself.

Why, then, should we not consider it wonderful that we can smell, that we can taste? I have bitten through the rind of a luscious apple, and felt an exquisite thrill of delight. I have smelt beautiful flowers, and have marvelled how, out of the air and the soil under my feet, out of the refuse from the gutter, Nature had power to work these mysteries and marvels.

However you feel about it, then, I am glad, glad beyond any words, that I have had a look at this marvellous world, that I have been able to gaze into the sky at night. What a beautiful picture that is Wordsworth gives to us when he says,—

> "The moon doth with delight
> Look round her when the heavens are bare;
> Waters on a starry night
> Are beautiful and fair!"

On your knees, friends, in the presence of this wonderful world of tree and wind and cloud and sky and mountain and river and sea and all growing and beautiful things! On your knees, I say, in awe and wonder and gratitude! And never dare, after having this magnicent gift bestowed upon you, to speak slightingly of these senses and this wonderful body that puts you into even passing, momentary touch with these strange, delightful things!

Not only simply to look at them. There is another thing I am glad to be alive for; and that is, that I can study this wonderful world, and see beneath the surface and beyond the ordinary limits of the vision.

I remember an illustration used once by one of my teachers in the Divinity School, who compared the world to a house that was constructed on this marvellous plan: you enter one room, and here are several doors, any one of which you can take, leading you into another room; you pass through one of these doors and are in another room, still with a good many doors leading out of it; before investigating this one, you go into another, still many doors; another, still many doors; and life is not long enough to explore and discover a thousandth part of it all.

Once in a while, curiously enough, I find somebody complaining of the universe because they cannot understand it all. Did you ever stop to think that, if you could read the mystery of the universe, you would be reading your death-warrant? Suppose you could look it all through, and say, There, I know it all now, I am done. Suppose you could do that. What next? Nothing next. You would pray then for a death that would stay death, for the horror of it all. It is just because this universe is infinite in its mystery that there is room for us to study and explore forever and forever, and still have infinite invitation to go on.

Whichever way you look, the universe invites you to investigate its mysteries; and, whichever way you turn, there is interest afresh to lure and lead you on. Begin by studying a grass-blade or a flower or a tree; begin by the use of the microscope. What a wonderful suggestion it is that the world existed for thousands of years before we discovered the microscope! and what a hint it is, as to the nature of God and his delight in finish and beauty, when we discover that all these things that the finest power of the microscope only brings within our vision are beautiful beyond expression, beyond any dream of the art or skill of man. And nobody in all these thousands of years has ever seen this wonderful earth except Him who made it!

Everywhere perfection, mystery shutting us in on every hand, but, just as far as we can go, the perfection of beauty, the perfection of mechanism and use. Not an atom with a defect in it has ever been discovered.

And, then, the wonder over our heads. I was looking at a copy of a small photograph during this last week. It represented just one small section of the sky; and within the range of that one photograph, by actual count, there were more than two hundred thousand suns. Is not that something to study, to think of, to rouse interest, to bend our heads in adoration, to bow our knees in prayer and praise,—that you can study the world, study its evolution? A lifetime can be spent in the delightful investigation of the growth of the solar system, the growth of this earth.

And here under our feet, only recently discovered, are tablets on which God himself with his own finger has written the record of the growth of the earth, the development of all forms of vegetable and animal life.

And chemistry? I can only suggest them in every direction, such fields for study and investigation as ought to make us forget our little miseries and discontents and

petty jealousies and prides and vanities and follies, and make us grateful that we have the opportunity to enter upon these marvellous, mystic pathways that lead us ever nearer and nearer to the presence of Him whose life, thought, love, wisdom, are partially expressed in these.

It has been quoted a great many times, but it is so wonderful I love to quote it again, that saying of Kepler,—"O God, I think over again thy thoughts after thee."

Then there is another thing I am glad of. I am glad I can read; and I am glad that we have inherited such a wealth of record of the thoughts, the dreams, the fancies, the wonderful imaginings, of the great brains and noble souls of all the past. The world would be a great deal poorer if our Bible were blotted out, even if you did not care one thing about it on account of its religious significance. As literature, as revealing to us the life of that far-away time,—Babylon, Egypt, Philistia, Greece, Rome, Palestine,—what a wonderful world it opens to us! and how marvellous are the figures that pass before us there!

And, then, I am so glad that Homer lived and wrote, that I can watch the contest under the walls of Troy; then, that I can go on a ten years' tour with Ulysses as he wanders in the search of his home; then, that with Virgil I can follow the journey of Æneas, and be present at the founding of Rome. Because of these books that are open to me, I can hear the discussions of Socrates, his talks with Plato and his other disciples, I can sit while he gives us that wonderful talk about death and the possibilities of the future.

Then, coming up the ages, how I love to enter the worlds that the poets have created for me!—Shakspere, Goethe, all the marvellous choir; to listen to the songs of Scott, to trace the rivers and stand under the mountains and listen to the whispers of the lakes, as Byron interprets them for me in "Childe Harold"!

Then the histories, the growth of this marvellous race of ours. Then I am so glad I am a man, so glad I belong to this strange race that has such a wonderful history. Trace it from the beginning, from the borders of the jungle, how it has climbed up this tear-stained, dusty, blood-bespattered pathway; how it has created the family, the State, industry, language, civilization; how it has wrought out one wonderful result after another. And, if you think he has a good deal of a task still left for him, why, only remember that the human race is in its infancy yet. It is hardly out of its cradle. The world is not old. It is very young. We are just beginning to learn the lessons of life. All this we can study, and feel the stir, the thrill, the inspiration, of being a part of it all.

But I must hasten on to my next reason for being glad to be alive. I am glad that I can work. How foolish people are who look upon work as an evil, and think they are going to be happy when they get beyond the necessity for it! There are thousands of men who toil more than they need to to be perfectly comfortable, because they want some day to get beyond the need of work at all. But we who watch the people who get beyond the need of working at all find that we are pitying them because their lives are so inane and restless and empty.

Work is one of the most blessed things in human life. The joy of it,—to feel that you are a maker, a creator, that you have some power to take the raw materials of the universe and work them over into forms of use and beauty! Oh, I can gain a little glimpse of the ecstasy, the thrill, of Michel Angelo as he lies on his back on the scaffolding and sees those marvellous creations on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel take shape one after another, and thinks, I have created these!

I can get a little glimpse of the ecstatic thrill of him

who first hung in the air the dome of the Duomo in Florence, or that of St. Peter's in Rome, or St. Paul's in London,—seeing it hang in the air as though it were a part of the creative work of Nature herself. I can understand a little of how a man feels who has made a book,—no matter whether it is a great book or not,—who has created something which somebody else will care to read.

Our loved friend here on the platform with me [Mr. Collyer] knows the joy of the man who with his hand shaped something into use, shaped something into beauty, feels the power in him of the artist, and knows that he shares with God this marvellous gift. A farmer who takes a piece of rough ground and makes a little garden of it, or transforms wide fields into waving grain or the wonderful tasselled corn,—in every direction the men who have worked have understood the joy of life as perhaps only a few others can.

There is one other thing I am glad of. I am glad the world is not perfect; I am glad it is not finished; I am glad I have a chance to take a hand in the matter, and do some little thing towards improving it. I do not mean by this that I am glad that people suffer, glad that there is pain, that there are sin and evil in the world. And yet I have such a belief in God and in the outcome of it all that this does not overburden or trouble me beyond hope; and I cannot understand how we could have any interest in a world where there was nothing of this sort to do.

Go home and read again Dr. Johnson's beautiful little classic "Rasselas," and learn how the Prince of Abyssinia became utterly miserable and wretched because he was in a perfect valley, where everything was done and nobody needed anything, nobody suffered, nobody shed any tears; and how at last, in sheer desperation, he escaped into a world where there was something to live for, something to do, and in it found the joy and satis-

faction of a nature that loves to co-operate with God in creating his world.

I know there is heartache and tears, I know there is sin and evil and wrong; but, friends, I am not responsible for this fact, and I do not propose to let it crush the life out of me. I propose rather to turn and face it in this other spirit. The pessimists are not the ones who are really at work helping the world,—that is, I think, a general truth. You go to the Settlement on the East Side and find a man or woman who is helping a little child to learn the use of her fingers in sewing, or who is helping another child to discover the fact that it has a brain and a soul, and who is seeing them open like a blossoming flower.

Go to some person who is helping a woman to learn the art of making her housekeeping a little more attractive, and who is rejoicing that she is having a better home; go to some man who is helping another man find the meaning of his life; and these are not pessimists. They are glad, they are rejoicing in the work they are doing. It is the men who stand off, the dilettants, who think that, had they been given the opportunity, they could have made the world better, the ones who are always finding fault.

A man famous all over the world, and who has had an unusual success in life, told me within the last year or two that he did not believe any man who thought and who had grown to be fifty years old could help being a pessimist. I have grown to be something over fifty years old. I have tried to do a little thinking in a good many directions; and I am not the slightest bit of a pessimist, after all.

I believe in God and the world and the outcome of things; and I am glad that I can do some little thing to help the world on, help it grow, that I can wipe away the tears from somebody's eyes. Here is some one who

is stumbling because he cannot see the next step: I have been over that road, and am so glad I can point it out to him. Here is one who is under a burden too heavy to carry: I can lift a part of it, and can see the look of relief on his face; and I am happy that I can do it. Here is one ready to faint and fall: I can let him lean on my shoulder, and I am so glad to do it.

There is no joy anywhere, it seems to me, equal to that of helping a person find his way and helping him live. I do not believe the angels have half as good a time as we may at this business, unless they are permitted to be ministering angels and go forth to assist those who need.

I have given up years ago looking for a heaven that is all peace and quietness and rest. I do not want it. I would rather stay here, a thousand times rather, in the midst of the work and the worry and care, than to go to any heaven where I should have nothing else to do but rest and be happy. I believe we shall have opportunities there to help. So I am glad to be alive, and have a hand in this work of lifting up and leading on the world.

There is one other thing: I have only time to suggest. I am glad because there is love and friendship in the world. This alone is enough to pay me a million times over for all I have ever suffered. I have had my share of poverty, of struggle, of hardship, of sickness, of pain, of burden, of worry about other people, of worry about myself. I have had my share; but I have had moments when I looked into the eyes of one I loved, moments when I felt the touch of a hand, moments when I have heard the music of a voice,—moments like these that would pay me for years of burden and worry.

We must lose those we love, you say? I look back towards my childhood; and there is a whole moving scene of figures that used to be by my side, and I used

to care for. Some of them have died, some of them are living somewhere else in the world. The most of them I shall never see again; but I am happy,—happy to go back and be with them for an hour; glad I have known them. They are a part of my wealth.

Have you lost your dearest one of all the world, and does the world seem empty on account of it? I have lost one for whom I would have died myself; but I am so rich in the memory of his life that, instead of finding fault with God for taking him, I am glad beyond all power of words that I had him, that I had him for so long. It is a treasure that no money could buy; and it is something that I would not be rid of if you would promise me a hundred years here on earth of unalloyed sunshine and peace. I would rather go on living, suffering, being sick, distressed, troubled, worried, working,—I would rather go on with the kind of life I have had, and simply have that memory, than to give that memory up for any consideration you could name.

So love and friendship, those two words, to me are enough to make me glad a thousand times over that I am alive.

And now, at the end, one outlook more: I am glad because I hope. I hope everything. There are two theories of this universe: I have no time to go into an explanation of them now. One is that the only real things are what we call matter, matter and force, and that all my thoughts and dreams and fancies and hopes and fears and loves are only cunning manifestations of these forces, and that, when they dissolve, all these others will fade like a mist, and be no more. That is one theory.

The other is that life, love, precede form and create form; that we are in the midst of an invisible universe, of which this is only a part and passing manifestation, and that there are a thousand openings and avenues by

which they intercommunicate every day and every night. This is the theory I hold.

I believe in God; I believe in the eternal life; I believe those we call dead are still alive. I believe, then, that any human being who has placed his foot upon the lower rounds of the commonest, poorest existence has been given a gift which is past all imaginable value. If my feet are on this round, no matter which one it may be, it leads—where?

To the stars, to God, to everything. I am in a primary school, a kindergarten. I am being trained for a little while here. I am going out by and by to be a citizen of the universe. That is my belief; and for that hope, and because this life of mine, no matter how restricted, no matter how poor, how diseased, no matter what it may be for the present,—because it is on the pathway to that, I am glad beyond any power of speech.

So, friends, I close as I began. I do not know certainly where I came from: I do not know definitely where I am going when I get through here; but because I am here, and can see and feel and can study and can work and can help and can love and can hope, can look out through the mist and catch what I believe to be the outlines of another shore,—because I can do that, I am glad, glad, glad to be alive! I will launch out, when the time comes, on that sea, and laugh at any storm or shipwreck because I believe that I shall arrive at my desired haven.

Our Father, let us learn to bend our knees and bow our heads in more grateful appreciation of this marvellous gift of life that is ours. There is time enough, there shall be opportunity, to repair all mistakes, to outgrow all evil, to help and heal all, to enter into all possible experiences and all joys, and to accomplish all glorious results; and for this we thank Thee. Amen.

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THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY

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THE WIDOW'S MITE.

"Jesus looked up, and saw the rich casting their gifts into the treasury. And he saw also a poor widow cast in two mites, which make one farthing; and he said, Of a truth this poor widow hath cast in more than they all."—LUKE xxi. 1–3.

THIS incident of the widow and her two mites makes a picture for us of such a rare beauty and worth, when we take it to our hearts, that I cannot think of a time when it will be counted among the things we care for no longer or remanded to the lumber rooms of the past, but will come home to us with finer meanings and reveal a deeper beauty as the ages come and go and we grow up to the stature of Christ. We should have to imagine an evolution backward and downward before we can permit the story to be forgotten or the light it holds so human, and therefore so divine, to be lost. It stands apart from all our contentions about creeds and doctrines, so that we do not care to ask where the two mites went after they left her hand or whether it would not have been better in her case for charity to begin at home or what good the mites would do anywhere or anyhow in meeting the demand. It is to none of these questions we turn, as we watch her there in the courts of the temple, or to the splendid background of the city and temple and the Court of the Women with the thirteen burnished vessels of fine brass ready for the offerings, or to the figures of the priests, the citizens, and the soldiers cast against the brilliant Syrian sunshine in the picture.

Two presences only remain of all those that come and go that day,—this widow and Jesus. And she is turning away with a touch of trouble in her face, as I

think of her,—it was so poor a thing to give a farthing; while he is looking toward her as she turns, gently, as if he would bless her. While she cannot suspect her gift has been noticed, save by a smile for its smallness as it tinkled down into the vessel, and it is more than probable that no report ever reached her of what Jesus said that day, yet there she stands with her farthing in the sunlight forevermore. And we may wonder how these words were treasured until they could be written down; but we should wonder rather how words like these could ever be forgotten,—"I say unto you, This poor widow hath cast in more than they all." These could no more be left out than the great jewel can be left out of the English crown. The gentle hand is just lifted for a moment, and the words said gently; and then it is like that photograph Sir David Brewster brought to a great gathering of *savans*, taken by the sun a million years ago it may be, and hidden in the heart of a gem. Kept in the dark first, and then set in the sunlight, it grew strong and clear; and so she was photographed that day on some human hearts as Jesus said these words, —"She has given more than they all."

Then the Gospels held the picture, and treasured it through the dark ages in monasteries and churches; and the divine lights began to touch it, when we could read them, every man in his own tongue. So your fathers and mine, so long as we can trace them, saw what we see; and, when our eyes close, our children will see her still standing there in the light of her beautiful self-sacrifice. The immortal life has touched her here on the earth; and she stands first among the givers in all time, because she, out of her want, did cast in of her life, and so her giving was her saving.

An old widow came forward, when they would build a house to God among the Lincolnshire fens seven hundred years ago, and gave five hanks of yarn she had spun.

It was all she had. She was the sister to this widow, and there is a long succession of them running through the ages. They are all of the one great family, while that lone farthing has brought untold millions into the great treasury of God and of our human brotherhood.

We may note, again, that this word she out of her want did cast in of her life leaves us in no doubt as to the reason why the gift should be what it was, set side by side with those that were in some ways so much greater. Men and women gave then as they give now, with a noble generosity for the things they believed in; and this money given that day was for three great purposes,—the care of the temple worship, the schools, and the help of the poor. These were all good objects; and so the Master has no word to say against them then and there, though he has said stern words about those who rob the poor of a pound and then give a shilling perhaps in charity,—words that went into the reasons afterward for his death on the cross.

And, as they come and go and give of their abundance, I think we may know them, if we know much of our own life, and strike the contrast for ourselves which makes that farthing of such a matchless worth. Here comes a merchant with his gift. His chariot is very choice, his horses a matchless pair, his purple of the finest Tyrian dye, and his diamond ring of the purest water. He will tell you taxes are heavy and he has had his losses, and times are not so good as they seem. Still, for a man who has such burdens to bear, he looks very well, indeed. This morning he was looking over the profit and loss. He does not look scared at all at what he saw. So, before he goes to his store, he will give a lamb for the altar; and, besides that, here is a small balance he would also like to drop into the treasury. His small balance would buy all the widow has in the world; and very low the priest bows as he sees the glint of the gold and hears

its solid sound, while I fear there was just a touch of idolatry to graven images in that bow of the good man, but we must not judge. The merchant passes on, and we see him no more. He has given out of his abundance, and it is a good thing to do. Some spend it all, but he is not one of these. The sap in the tree of his life does not all return into the bole: it has ripened into this handful of good fruit. The spring does not return on itself to make a slough as yet, for here is a rill of the sweet running waters of life. But the generous man need not deny himself for this of one good thing. If a picture strikes his fancy, he will buy it all the same. If he wants a Greek manuscript or a roll from Egypt or a rare root for his garden, he can have them, and who shall say him nay. He gets money's worth for money. He has plenty and to spare. He has given as he has bought, out of his abundance. So let us bless him, if it is clean and honest money. He has done well, but he cannot stand beside the widow who has given her two mites.

Then a lady comes. There is a touch of over-care on the good, gentle face; and she is not looking well they think who know her. This has been a hard year for her. She has had to go here and there, to attend parties and give them, to smile when she would weep sometimes, to lose her rest, and be the slave of conventional modes, working as hard in her own way as the girls and women do she is called on to pity. She has been touched with some sense of the hollowness of it all, has been sitting alone with her conscience; and the honest and good heart in her has spoken. She will repent—for it is her Lenten season—in dust and ashes; but even this must be in the fashion, and so, you will notice, it is the most exquisite robe of penitence on Temple Avenue that morning she is wearing, quite a new thing indeed in Jerusalem, and they call the color ashes of roses. She *feels* penitent, and yet I do not like the way she gathers her

robe about her lest some fringe of its delicate embroidery should touch the beggar at the gate. Still, she is bound on a good errand as she comes up to the treasury where the gold chinks again in the brazen vessel, while again the priest bows low. She mentions the sacrifice she will make at the altar. It is very noble, he murmurs; and so prayers are said, and her soul is shriven. But now may we follow her to her splendid palace on the hill, and watch her for a moment more? Does she say, when something strikes her fancy, I cannot afford this,—the money has gone to God and the poor? Or does she forget this presently, and purchase something twice as costly at the second booth because she denied herself at the first? I have no word to say, if her husband has none. But I see now that even in her gift to God she only purchased a new luxury. She cannot stand, as Jesus sees her, beside this poor widow. She fades away also: we see her no more. She has given of her abundance, but not of her life.

Then you see others come with their gifts, not so much in money value, but more in those pure eyes which watch them all that day and look past the gifts to their meaning. A sturdy farmer from over the hills follows the lady. His crops have turned out well this year, his barns are full, he has sold his produce for a price that day with which even a farmer can find no fault, and that is saying a great deal. Here is a cade lamb they raised for the altar, white as ivory. He has brought this, and some money besides for the temple and schools and the poor. His wife has said they will never feel it, there will be plenty left when this is given; and then he whispers to himself, Who knows but that the Lord will do even better by us next year? for does not the good book say, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord"? and this new teacher whose words are heard among the hills has said, "Give, and it shall be given

you, full measure, shaken together and running over." So he is glad to give the money and the lamb, and to feel that it is not only a free gift, but also a good and sound investment; and very pleasantly the good priest smiles on him, too, as he drops the shekels and passes on. He has been there before, he will come again. He is one of those men who can always be counted on while the fruitful fields answer to the faithful hands, a sort of country connection of the Most High, always to be received with grace and favor.

Then through the morning some others come I love to watch. They have not much to spare, but they make a conscience of their giving to the temple and schools and the poor. They never want for any simple and wholesome thing they need. It would be sad to see them want, and a sign that something was terribly wrong. They lay up a little for a rainy day. They have the instinct of the good Germans and some good Americans, to save a little out of a little, and yet to know no want because they guard their fancies; and these trust in the promise also that the righteous shall not be forsaken or his seed beg their bread. It was when givers like these came, I think, that this poor widow came with her two mites; and, if she was like some we have known, the utter poverty of her gift would be almost a shame to her. She would be tempted to say, Since I cannot give more, I will not give anything; for this will only show how poor I am, and I shall not be able to hold up my head after this among the neighbors. Well, it was poor; but the great divine heart that alone understood her said, It is her life. It was only two mites; but they meant darkness, perhaps, instead of a farthing dip on a winter's evening, or a drop more of milk, or a few more sticks for her fire, or a morsel of honey, or a bit of butter, or a bunch of grapes, or a little loaf of bread. The two mites meant something to be spared out of the substance of her simple

and careful day; and so, as they made their timid tinkle in the coffer, they outweighed all the gold. Jesus saw what they came to because he knew what they cost her; and so he caught up the deed and the doer, arrested this poor widow as she turned away, and cast about her the white robe of the immortal life.

So I love to dwell on this story for the good and wholesome lessons we can learn from it about all noble giving, lessons true and strong as if we should learn them from the lips of a great angel or by the voice of God.

And the first of these comes home to those of us who may have only small means with a caution. For my intimacy among poor men for the six-and-thirty years of my early life leaves me in no doubt of this,—that, while there can be no nobler or more beautiful generosity than you shall find, very often, in the huts and homes where poor men lie, this is by no means a rule we can trust; while it is true to my own sure knowledge that among those who spend their money and life most recklessly on themselves, giving nothing to any noble purpose and having nothing, are the men who usually curse their richer neighbors for their meanness. Now this is all wrong; and to this spirit Jesus would turn in rebuke, and say: This is pure selfishness. You have forgotten this poor widow and her two mites. The whole worth of my word turns not on what others fail to do, but on what you have done. You see how low I have made the terms and how great I have made the gift. I would leave no man out, and no woman; but the condition of all noble giving, from the mite to the millions, is that it should cost, and in a deep and holy sense stand for what we are *worth*. So that you must look to the farthing gift, or you cannot look to me; and you can be more selfish with ten dollars only to your name than your neighbor is with ten millions.

Nor can his word be confined again to such giving

as that which was going on in the courts of the temple. A wise and good woman said to me one day: "We make a great mistake in supposing that a great many who have wealth give no more than we can hear of. There are poor kinsfolk and friends they have to care for, while it is the first condition of such care and giving that it shall never be known outside the home circle." And I think this is entirely true. I know of an instance in which one man gave another several thousand dollars, who was not of his own flesh and blood; but they were very dear and lifelong friends. The man had broken down, and had no more hope. It cut deep to give like that, but the loving heart lay deeper than the gold. So, I think, Jesus would have set that good man beside this poor widow. I have known young men also, and women, born to dream of a home of their own, and a husband or wife and children, turn quietly away from the dream, and give their beautiful young life just to keep the old home together, so that the mother and sisters should not want any good thing; while in all the years they made no complaint, but kept bright and cheery until I wanted to bare my head to them, to kiss the faithful, generous hand, and to say, You also have given of your life. So the good Christ wants you to come and stand beside this poor widow with her two mites. I have known families also of whom much was expected give but little the world knew of, and suffer reproach; but then I knew, when the wreck came to their next of kin, they quietly closed the ranks, and held their own before Israel and the sun, and among them maintained another family a thousand miles away. And I know no man on the earth who does this with such a quiet heart as the man of these States. I have seen it done many times, and should have had no idea of what was done, had I not been the minister or the intimate friend of the family. I know no words to mark my reverence

for such a holy purpose. I want them to stand beside this poor widow, because they also give of their life.

But we cannot touch the deepness of this divine lesson while we keep only to this line. It takes wider meanings, and comes home to us in many ways besides this of the poor widow. We have to notice that in homes where there are many children there is almost sure to be one who will run all the errands, make all the sacrifices, and bear most of the sorrows. It is a little maid usually; for boys, God help them, are generally selfish and very much like one I know, who, when his mother wanted him to halve a gift of an apple with his brother, said he should like to save the other half for winter. I remember his grandfather was just about such another, more than seventy years ago, only I mention no names. But the little maid is the good genius of these families. She is the little one Jesus would see again if he came and sat in the house. She is Mary and Martha in one: she gives more than they all.

So it is again in the wider life. Some naturally attract us by their fine endowments. Their life is a sort of ovation, and their many talents tell wonderfully as they ring down in the treasury of the commonwealth or the church. But others, again, are as this poor widow. There is very little they can do, yet they do that little at a cost we can hardly imagine. It is their sorrow they cannot do more, it is the joy of heaven they do so much. It is the unseen and unnoted heroism of these that feeds the fires of a noble giving in church and commonwealth, and wins the "Well done!" of the Lord. Those who have great gifts and fine endowments, and offer them generously to help in all good works and ways, are honored and blessed, let us not doubt that, while they maintain a pure sincerity. But, if I understand this large lesson, it is those who have but a small gift, and give at a cost the gifted cannot measure, on whom the eyes of

the divine watchers rest still, and of whom they say, "These give more than they all." And this is true of our whole human life. There are tens of thousands of these in this nation that we never heard of and never shall, whose life, in the divine balances that weighed the widow's farthing, proves them to be more heroic in the soul and strength of heroism than some we have sung over and wept over. Those gave out of their abundance, but these did cast in their life.

And so this is the inner truth of all,—that the most God-like deeds and gifts are those which belong to the sacrifices we can make and the things which cost us something of our life. Nothing was worth a thought in this poor widow's gift, save the cost to the giver. The others gave of their strength, but she gave of her weakness. They gave of the fountain, but she gave from the cup in which the whole world beside would have said there was none to spare. They gave of their living: she gave of her life; and this made the deed sublime, and set the poor woman in her weeds among the white-robed angels and the saints.

And now, if we say, It is all over and done with, we miss perhaps the deepest truth of all. It is never over and done with, while selfishness and self-sacrifice are the infernal and divine forces that determine the quality of this human life. And Jesus hath ascended into heaven, we say; but that, again, is not the marrow of the matter. The divine eyes watch always for this poor widow and for those who will win her crown. You make your sacrifice, and it seems so small; but you can do no more. Then I say, There be first that shall be last and last that shall be first. Or you do not think much of church or of the way things are done for the help of those who need it, and especially of priestly almoners; but that is not the question. Again, it is not of the letter, but the spirit, Jesus speaks. Or you do not like to graze so

near to letting your right hand know what the left hand doeth, even as this widow. Well, I love that spirit, when both hands do well; but this loving service and self-sacrifice which cuts close to the nerve of good endeavor very seldom makes us proud, and generally makes us humble, as she was, or only proud as the angels are, to do God's will. And you shall say in that day, Lord, when did I give these mites? and he shall answer, You gave of your life. And then another shall say, I gave more: he only gave a farthing, while I gave much gold. But he may say, It is not here, the angel has not made any record of that: we do not count the cup full that was filled out of the ocean. So let us put our lives in the line of this beautiful and holy law of all true giving,— give of ourselves. —

Then, if this be thy giving in deed and in thought,
Loving thy neighbor as Jesus taught,
Living all days in the light of Heaven,
And not one only out of the seven,
Sharing thy wealth with the suffering poor,
Helping all sorrow that Hope can cure;
If every cause that is good and true,
And needs brave helpers to dare and to do,
Thou helpest on through good and ill,
Trusting in heaven and God's good will,—
Then all his angels will say, Well done!
Whenever thy mortal race is run,
And hail thy coming with sweet accord
In the Holy City of God, the Lord.

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DENOMINATIONAL LOYALTY.

ONE word of preface before I begin my sermon. My theme will naturally lead me to speak with a good deal of earnestness as a Unitarian. I presume there are friends here—and I hope there are—who are not Unitarians. I wish only to say that I hope to speak so simply, so earnestly, so sympathetically, that no one can rightly be hurt or take offence. Of course, you will expect me to be a Unitarian. Standing where I do, you would not respect me if I were not; and I should expect you under like circumstances to speak with the same earnestness and the same conviction.

My text you may find in the First Book of Kings, the eighteenth chapter and the twenty-first verse,—"And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long go ye limping between the two sides? if Jehovah be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him."

You have heard me say more than once, on other occasions, that in the last analysis there is only one religion in the world. I mean by this that all men everywhere have been trying to find God and get into right relations with him. This is what religion means; this is the religious search; and it has been one search on the part of all the different branches of humanity in every age and under every sky. In the last analysis, then, there is but one religion.

But there have been a great many religions; and why? Because different degrees of culture, different stages of

civilization, different racial characteristics, different personal temperaments, different ways of looking at things, have led people necessarily to hold different intellectual ideas concerning the universe and man, duty, destiny.

So while men always and everywhere have been trying to find God, and get into right relations with him, they have variously interpreted the methods of doing this; and so there has been a large number of different religions, with the one informing spirit, the one underlying aim, in them all.

We have to belong to some one of these religions. In most cases it is a matter of inheritance, of tradition, sentiment, loyalty to the past, that determines what a man's religion shall be.

We are Christians in the larger and wider sense of that word,—most of us Christians merely by the accident of birth and inheritance; but we ought by this time to have looked over the world, to have considered somewhat the characteristics of the different religions, and come to some conviction on the subject. And, if we are Christians to-day, it ought to be because we believe that, on the whole, this is the highest and noblest of all the religious developments so far in the history of man.

We are Christians then; but inside of Christianity there is a large number of different denominations. We cannot belong to them all. Here again, as in the matter of the wider fact of the religion to which we belong, whether we are Catholics or Protestants, whether we are Episcopalians or Presbyterians, or Universalists or Unitarians, is in a great many cases a mere matter of accident and inheritance.

But, as in the matter of the wider fact of religion, so here there ought to be a higher and nobler reason than this for the stand we take—if we really do so vigorous a thing as to take a stand at all, and not, as thousands do, merely float and drift.

Why are we Unitarians? Is it merely because father and mother were, because we have friends in Unitarian churches, because we have happened to take a liking to a special Unitarian minister or church or service?

We have no right to belong to any denomination for a superficial, irrational, unreasonable reason, like any of these. We are grown: we ought to have done some thinking by this; and, if we are Unitarians at all, it is only manly, it is only womanly, that it should be as the result of some careful consideration.

We ought to be Unitarians, if we are, because we believe the intellectual theories of Unitarianism come nearer the truth of things than those of any other denomination. It ought to be because we believe the practical outcome of Unitarian teaching and living will do the most to help the world on and up. These are the only reasons worthy of men and women.

Have we a right to attend a church because we like the minister, because we like the music, because we like the forms, because we like the rituals? It is all well if we can have all these things; but there are higher considerations which ought to determine the attitude we take and the part we play in helping God and helping man in the great age-long struggle of the race.

I propose at the outset, before I come to the particular question of loyalty, to suggest a few of the advantages which it seems to me Unitarianism has over other denominations. I shall not go into this exhaustively. I wish merely to hint a few things in this direction and that.

And, first,—what may strike you as a very superficial and unimportant thing,—as to the name. I do this because the name is distinctly and definitely all over this country to-day a stumbling-block, because it stands in our way. I have happened to find out in a large number of cases that people liked my ideas, liked the things I taught, the

things I believed; and they would listen to them and rejoice in them until they discovered that I was a Unitarian, and then they would have nothing more to do with me.

The name, then, to-day stands in our way; and just for that reason I wish to ask you if, after all, it is not the grandest and noblest religious name of all the world.

Consider with me for just a moment. Here is the *Catholic* Church. What does the name mean? It means that it is the universal church,—that which it has aspired to, but which in reality it has never been; so that the name is not true.

The *Episcopal* Church,—what does that mean? Simply that a church has *episcopoi*, bishops, overseers. It means nothing as to the real significance and life of the church.

The *Methodist* Church,—it is only a nickname, has really no meaning at all as applied to anything that is vital to-day.

The *Baptist* Church,—it merely has reference to the form of baptism, one of the church rites.

The *Congregational*,—it means nothing at all except that the church is democratic, congregational, in its method of government.

The *Presbyterian* Church only means that they have presbyters instead of bishops.

These names, then, however venerable they are, however dear they may be as the result of long association, really have no grand meaning at all.

"Unitarian,"—we did not seek it, we did not intend at the first or plan to become a denomination at all. It was thrust upon us. It meant originally, of course, that we believed in the unity of God, and not in the trinity.

But think a moment. See how it chimes in with all the grandest knowledge and the most magnificent hopes

of the world. We have come at last to know that this which to primitive man seemed a conflict of antagonistic and fighting forces,—we have come to know at last that throughout all its practical infinity it is one, a universe. It is one force manifested throughout this universe,—one law, one element, one humanity, one ethics, one religion, one destiny, one eternal hope.

The characteristic utterance of the growing humanity of man is this longing for unity; and we stand in line with this, we voice it, we give it expression. It is, to use the trite old words of Tennyson again,

> "One God, one law, one element
> And one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves."

Unity, Unitarian,—is there any grander name? I was not born to it. I was taught to dislike it. I am proud of it to-day, and wish to fling it forth on our banner until it becomes the sign of conquest of the intelligence and the advancing religious life of the world.

There is one other characteristic of Unitarians. We are the only great religious organization in the world that is perfectly free. Is it not strange? They tell us that man has been here on this planet three or four hundred thousand years; and only now, in a few places here and there among the most civilized and in the great centres, have we reached a place where a man without disgrace and ostracism can be allowed to think, to be free.

"Free thinker" has been a name of obloquy; but what is thinking that is not free? We want freedom only as an opportunity: it is nothing in itself; but we believe that men who are free, who are permitted to study and think and range the universe at their will, are more likely to find the truth than people who are frightened, people who are threatened, people who are badgered, people who are outcast, people who are ostracized, people who are persecuted, people who are burned at the stake.

How do you expect people to find the truth, if they are not allowed freely to look for it?

This, then, we claim as one grand distinction and characteristic of Unitarianism,—that we permit people to be free. Permit? No, we concede the right. We do more than that. We urge it upon them as a duty. We say, You are under obligation to use your powers to seek for the truth; and that is what freedom is for.

Now, as the result of this, where are we as to the great doctrines that make up the theological systems of the world? Having been perfectly free to study and seek simply for truth, we claim that it is perfectly natural that we should have attained more of the truth than those who do not have this opportunity.

We have accepted frankly the scientific teaching as to the nature of this great universe of which we are a part. There is not one of the creed-bound denominations that in any express and formal way has done this. We have accepted the scientific teaching as to the nature of the power manifested in this universe, as to God. There is no one of the creed-bound churches that has dared to do this in any express and open way.

We have accepted the new teaching as to the nature of man. Every single creed in Christendom bases itself still on what every scholar in Christendom knows is false,—that man is a fallen being. We know, and we dare accept it, that the corner-stone of any true theology is the ascent of man, and not the fall.

We hold to a theory of revelation that leaps beyond the limits of this grand book we love so much, the Bible, and overflows the world,—God progressively revealing himself as truth is progressively discovered, as truth is progressively spoken and written down by all lips, by all pens, in every age of the world.

We dare to hold also a grander thought of incarnation, —God not exhausting himself in the person of one man

two thousand years ago, but progressively incarnating himself in the race, in his child, man, until all that is good, all that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is sympathetic, all that is helpful, all that is loving, all that is hopeful, is recognized as so much of the life of God the Father in man, his child.

And so we dare to hold a grander theory concerning salvation, the outlook of eternal hope for the race. These things which make up the theology of the Unitarian Church are simply the results of the scientific study of the world. In other words, they are the truth as so far ascertained.

We claim—and there is nobody to dispute that claim—that science, Biblical and historical criticism, the results of the study as to the origin and growth of religions, the study of church history, the study of tradition, the careful study of all these great themes,—that these look our way. The results of the application of earnest and honest and serious intelligence in every department of human thought and human life are contributions to our position and our belief.

There is no exception to this in any department of human thought. And you know perfectly well, if you carefully watch the drift of things, that in the other churches, just as fast and as far as a man begins freely to think and accept the results of modern scholarship, just so fast and so far he lays himself liable to the charge of tending towards Unitarianism; and it is true.

Of course, it is true: it is of necessity true. Because we have no motive for believing anything except that which can commend itself to us as true, believing, as we do, that truth is the only revelation of God.

Such, then, as a few hints as to what we believe to be some of the points that are favorable to Unitarianism.

But Unitarianism is only what we believe to be the most advanced phase of the religious life of the world;

and religion is the most important interest of man. As I said at the outset, it means man's attempt to get into right relations with God and into right relations with his fellows; and, if we can do that, then what? Why, all the evils of the world have disappeared. Just in so far as we can get into right relations with God and our fellow-men, just in so far we outgrow the evils of the past, and humanity approaches perfection.

This then, the search for God, for right relations with him and our fellow-men, this, which is the heart and essence of religion, is the one most important thing in all the world. It is the one thing that lays its claim on you, on every man, every woman, as the one most important duty of life. There is nothing else that is not secondary, subsidiary to this.

And the church is the organization of this religious life, that is all. The church is not the meeting-house. The church is not the minister, the church is not the choir, the church is not the form of service, not the ritual, not the sacraments, not the Bible, not prayers, not hymns, —none of these is the church. The church is the organization of men and women to cultivate the religious life in its own members and to spread this religious life as widely as possible over the world.

That is the church. All these other things are agencies, forms, implements, instruments, methods,—whatever you will,—things which the church uses. They are things which sometimes stand in the way; they are things which help, if they help; they are things which hinder sometimes; they are things which sometimes are allowed to become substitutes for that which they ought to represent and serve.

The church, then, is the organization of the religious life and the religious effort of men.

And is there any obligation connected with this matter of the church? I think the highest. I appeal to you to

consider as to whether I am not right. All the progress that the world has made from the beginning so far,—I do not refer now to railways and steamboats: these are entirely secondary,—all the progress that man as man has made has been the result of his growing intelligence, his growing morality, his growing love, tenderness, helpfulness. Man has progressed, climbing up from brute to God, just in so far as he has cultivated the divine qualities; and he is a civilized being just in so far as he has made these partially his own.

And all the barbarism and horror of the world still mean simply that man has not yet sloughed off the brute, the tiger, the snake, that he has not yet risen into the human, the divine. It is the work of religion to lift him up into these. It is the work of the church to help cultivate these divine qualities, to make man man.

Is there any obligation about it then? The supremest obligation. If by union, by organization, you can do more to help on the world than you can without it, then you are under the highest conceivable of all obligations to organize and help, to enter upon this great battle for the right, for the true, for the divine.

I think then—and I feel sure that, if you will carefully consider it, you will agree with me—that the very highest obligation that devolves upon any man or woman in all this world is to do all he or she can to help on this evolution of man God-wards,—to organize, associate himself or herself with some body that is consecrated to this work, because in this way more can be done.

There is no duty, then, quite so important as this of loyalty to the church, the church as the organization of the religious life.

Now what church? I think of course that you ought to join the Unitarian Church; but you ought not unless you are convinced intellectually and in every other way that there is the place for you. You ought to join some

church, that church which intellectually, morally, spiritually, best represents your ideal of service to God and service to man. But, always remembering that loyalty to truth is more than loyalty to any organization, keep your mind and heart open, so that, if there is a new truth from God comes to the world, it will not be kept out. Truth stands ever at the door, and knocks. If you open the door, it will come in and be your guest. This, then, is the thing that you ought to do.

Now one or two practical things. As I think, my mind runs over what I know of different parts of the country where my sermon will go when it is printed. I see illustrations that make the point I am about to speak of a very important one, indeed.

What church shall you unite with,—what particular Unitarian church? Here, again, let me emphasize what I referred to a moment ago. You have no right to go to a church merely because it happens to please you, merely because you like the minister, because you like the music. You have no right to stay away because you do not like the minister or the music, if that is all the reason.

You have no right to go to a church because it is convenient, no right to go because it is prosperous and will not make any very great demands on you, because everything is already in working order, and you find it an easy place to be. You have no right as a man, as a child of God, as caring for the race, to be governed by any such low and petty motives as these.

Go to that which needs you the most, that church where you can accomplish the most, where you can do the most good, where you can help on the truth, where you can help on the life of the world. Go to that, and give yourself to its service.

What would you think of a man, a soldier, who would let it be the determining matter with him as to whether he

belonged to this regiment or that, as to who the colonel might be, as to the kind of uniform they wore, as to what the accoutrements and arms were like, as to how they were accustomed to parade, when on dress, as to its camp and its equipments,—as to unimportant things like these?

The man who cares for the cause will join the regiment where he is needed, and will ask to go to the point where there is fighting to be done and victories to be achieved. That is the place for you, if you mean anything in this human life of ours.

When you have joined the church, then what? There is one thing I never can quite understand. It seems to me that ninety-nine people in a hundred have the very shadowiest idea as to what a church means and as to what belonging to it means.

The church is an organization to accomplish things; and, when it has a meeting, a meeting for business, it meets, or ought to meet, to consult, to look over the field, to devise ways and means. And the place for you, if you care anything about it, is there when they have a meeting of that kind.

Thousands of people seem to think that they are performing their religious duty if on a pleasant Sunday morning they happen to go to a church where they are pleased with the service and like the minister. That is as utterly selfish as a toper's going to the saloon, and is not worthy of being lifted one bit higher in grade as to moral action or moral meaning. It is utter, pure, lazy selfishness; and that is all there is to it.

If you belong to a church, when it has meetings of importance, considering the accomplishment of that for which it exists, go to those meetings, give your time, your thought, consult, help, plan, look over the field, see what needs to be done, what are the means and methods of accomplishing it, and then help. Is not that simple common sense?

Then another step in loyalty touches a point which perhaps is the sorest with which a minister ever has to deal: it touches the matter of money. If I go to a man who has money, and ask him to help on the work of the church, the work of spreading the religion in which the person who has the money professes to believe, I do not at all think that I have a right to ask him to stand and deliver, or tell him that he is obliged to give me what I want.

I do think, however, that he ought not to treat me as a beggar. I do think he ought to be willing to sit down with me, and consult and consider whether the thing ought to be done. I have no right to tell him how rich he is. I do not know. I have no right to tell him how much he ought to give. I do not know. But I have a right, as the minister of the church, to ask him to consider with me as to whether this thing ought not to be done and as to whether he is not able to help me to do it. I have that right.

And a man does not understand what the life and work of a church means unless he is ready to recognize that; for never forget this,—most people hold the conviction that because they have come into possession of money they have a right to do with it as they please. They have no such right. The money has come as a gift from God, through the ministry of humanity, as the result of the age-long struggle of the race. It has come into your hands as a trustee. You have no right to do simply as you please with one single dollar.

I do not mean by that that I have a right to tell you what you ought to do with it. I simply mean that I have a right, speaking in the name of God and of the needs of humanity, to tell you that you hold that money in trust, and that it is your business to use it conscientiously, earnestly, unselfishly, for God and humanity.

The church is in every direction weak, crippled, unable

to accomplish a tithe of what it might, because it has no means; and people sit in the pews with means enough, but feel half insulted if the minister merely suggests that they might help a little.

I am not asking for anything this morning? I am speaking, however, my heart out freely, just as I believe with my whole soul concerning these matters, and am asking you to think them over and see as to whether they are not true; and, if they are, I am asking you to do something about it in the days and the years that are to come.

There is one other matter of church loyalty, second in importance to nothing to which I have referred; and that is something which we Unitarians should be specially urged to consider,—the training and education of our children.

I am amazed at the attitude of Unitarian fathers and mothers in regard to this matter. Thousands of people seem to think that being liberal means not caring, nor recognizing any distinctions, that one thing is just as good as another. Parents will send their daughters to convents, to Episcopal and Presbyterian schools, to schools where they know every effort will be made to train them out of what the fathers and mothers believe and into something else.

They will send their sons to a school on account of athletics, or for this or that or another reason, instead of sending them to some school where they will be trained in what they have really learned to believe.

In New York to-day,—as I have discovered since I have been here,—there are large numbers of men and women who were born in Unitarian homes, and who are either in other churches or perhaps, oftener still, in no church at all. They have not been trained into any idea of loyalty, they have not been taught that there is anything of importance here to be considered.

It is not enough that your child grows up unorthodox: let your child believe something. I had rather a child of mine were a loyal follower of John Calvin than a mere drifting nobody. For, if he cares, he will get somewhere some time. If he does not care, there is little hope for him.

Train your children into loyalty to truth. Teach them what you know,—that religion is the most important consideration on the face of the earth. Teach them to be loyal to the highest intellectual, moral, spiritual conceptions of the religious life. Teach them to give service to God and their fellow-men. Teach them, if you will, that truth is higher than Unitarianism, and that, if they become honestly and earnestly convinced that there is something nobler, they must pass on and enter into it; but teach them to be loyal.

I marvel, when I see young men and women, how easily they drift. They do not know anything about history. Why, friends, consider. We are not through the age of persecution yet. I received a letter within two weeks from a man who said, You talk about the time of persecution being over. Why, he said, a man can be made to suffer still, if he tries to be free, if he is sensitive enough so that it does not need a club to knock him down.

There is hardly a town or village, hardly a community or family, in this country to-day, where, if a man should come out openly as a Unitarian, he would not have to pay for it. And there is not one of the old denominations whose creed even yet permits liberty,—there is not one of them that has come out and frankly and fairly placed itself on a platform of freedom, not one that has ever expressed a regret for the persecutions of the olden time. And some of them, I thoroughly believe, if they only had the power, would repeat to-day the history of the past.

It has taken the world three or four hundred thousand years, as I told you, to reach so much of freedom as

we have to-day. We are no longer imprisoned, we are no longer made to suffer with the thumb-screw and the rack; but we are made to suffer, our hearts are wrung. We have to pay family and social alienation; we have to pay still to be free; and yet we, the sons of those who fought their way out against all opposition, apparently do not care enough about the liberty to teach our children so that they will not go back and ally themselves with those who have been tyrants for thousands of years, for any haphazard motive whatsoever,—because it is convenient, because a friend goes, because you have married some one who has been accustomed to attend this or that or the other church. They drift, they go anywhere.

What do we expect of the future of our denomination, if we do not care enough about the principles that have been bought with ages of struggle and heartache and blood to stand for them ourselves and teach them to our children?

This is an age-long battle that has been fought. We are in the midst of a process of evolution that started in the slime of the ocean shore thousands and thousands of years ago, and that is climbing up step by step through heart and brain and sympathy and love towards the angels, towards God.

You and I have been permitted the grandest thing in all the world,—to take part in this struggle. It is a battle between ignorance and knowledge, between darkness and light, between cruelty and tenderness, between hatred and love, between fear and hope, between evil and good. It is a battle victory in which means all that the world has ever dreamed of, all that it can hope of sweetness and blessedness here and of felicity in the ages yet to be.

We have been permitted to have a hand in this struggle. Does it not appeal to you when I ask you to be loyal to your highest intellectual convictions, loyal to those principles and to that course of action which will best and

most rapidly help on the progress of man, loyal to those little organizations which are the germs and prophecies of what must cover the world by and by when it comes to be completely civilized?

Up the pathway of the ages,
From the dim land of the past,
Come the sounds of battle-shouting,
Armor-clang, and bugle-blast;
For our human race has ever
Marched through blood and under cloud,
Tearing swaddling-bands for Freedom
From the vanquished tyrant's shroud.

And to-day the wide-winged armies
Of the God who marshals all
Sweep the earth, and cross the spaces
Where the distant star-beams fall;
For the order of this battle,
Waged for universal right,
Grasps an age-long, age-wide progress
Out of darkness up to light.

Standing here as this day's sentries,
Set to watch our little time,
Let us hear the past and future
Calling us to deeds sublime.
Children of heroic fathers,
We the future's sires must be;
And the coming generations
Look to us to make them free.

Let us hold our lines not only,—
Hear the order to advance!
Grasp the shield of Faith not only,—
Lift on high Truth's flaming lance!
Fight for every hope that's human,
Fight to shatter every chain,
Fight till every man and woman
Owneth heart and soul and brain.

By the ancients' long endeavor,
By the honorables' fame,
By our race and by our country,
By each high and noble name,

By the God of hosts who leads us,
By the future's dawning light,
Swear to stand and swear to struggle
Till earth's might shall mean its right!

Father, we are glad that we can take part in this battle; and, when the victory has been achieved, let us not come in as stragglers who have had no part in the glorious work. Let us come scarred, if need be, with our weapons blunted and broken, with our flags riddled, but with the right to join our voices in that great cheer which means that the victory has been won and that God is Ruler of all mankind. Amen.

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THE TRIUMPH OF THE CHRIST.

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My text may be found in the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to Mark, the ninth and tenth verses,— "And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, Hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord: blessed is the kingdom that cometh, the kingdom of our father David: Hosanna in the highest."

This is Palm Sunday, set apart for a good many hundreds of years in the Church as the day on which to celebrate the supposed triumphal entry of the Christ, the Messiah, into the Holy City, a few days before his crucifixion.

It is a little curious that the anonymous Gospel, called that of John, written somewhere towards the middle of the second century, and by whom nobody knows, should be the only one to say anything about palm branches. Mark, the earliest Gospel, Matthew, Luke, describe the enthusiastic crowd as having cast off their garments and strewn them in the road for Jesus to ride over, and as having broken or cut branches from the trees along the wayside, and cast them also under the feet of the animal on which he rode.

John tells us that those in Jerusalem, or many of them, hearing of his approach, went out with palm branches, symbols of triumph, to meet him and escort him into the city.

It matters not to us as to what may have been historical truth concerning the events of that morning. This prophet of Nazareth in Galilee had become famous throughout all the land; and, although, so far as we can

tell, he had said little about it,—indeed, some of the closest students of his life are inclined to tell us that he never made the claim at all of being the Messiah,—still people came to believe that it was he who should come, that he was the appointed leader and deliverer of the people, that he was to set up the kingdom which the poets had dreamed of, which the prophets had foretold, and which the loyal and loving souls had looked forward to for hundreds of years.

There was a wide variety of opinion among the ancient Hebrews as to just who and what this divinely appointed Messiah was to be; but concerning one thing they were all agreed,—he was to be an earthly king, he was to be born of the renowned line of David, he was to set his people free from their oppressors, he was to establish a kingdom here among men.

He was to rule over all the world, conquering every enemy and by the ministration of the peculiar and sacred people to dominate the earth. And they believed that wonderful things were to happen when that time came.

It is difficult for us to get back into the state of mind which was very common at that time. They believed in a sudden and miraculous establishment of this kingdom, that God was to reveal himself from heaven, overthrowing all enemies and making the righteous people prevail throughout all the world.

And, when that time came, nature, which had been cursed and which had only displayed a very small part of its power and abundance, was to be rejuvenated, and to show wonderful results in the way of producing those things that the people should take pleasure in.

I wish to read you just one brief passage. It seems so far away from us to-day that we can hardly understand that people ever, sanely, should have thought of such a thing; but there is hardly a tradition concerning

the first century that rests on a better foundation than this, though of course we look upon it only as a curious tradition. Papias was an old Church father who lived about the middle of the second century. We have this on his authority. He says that he had talked with certain elders, who had talked with John the apostle, and that John the apostle reported what I am going to read you as a prophecy of Jesus himself. He said Jesus said that this thing was coming to pass:—

"The days will come when vines shall grow, each one bearing ten thousand branches, and upon each branch ten thousand twigs, and upon each one of the twigs ten thousand shoots, and upon every shoot ten thousand bunches, and upon every bunch ten thousand grapes, and each grape, when pressed, shall yield twenty-five metres of wine; and when one of the saints takes hold of a cluster another shall cry out, I am a better cluster, take me; bless the Lord through me. So too the grain of wheat shall produce ten thousand ears, and every ear shall bear ten thousand grains, and every grain shall yield ten pounds of fine flour, clear and pure; and all the other fruit-trees and seeds and herbs shall bear in similar proportions; and all animals feeding on the fruits of the earth shall become peaceable and in accord one with the other, being subject to man in all subjection."

I read this simply to give you a clew to the extravagant popular expectations of that time, as to what was to happen when the Messianic kingdom was set up. And yet these people, who were so enthusiastic, who crowded around the meek and lowly Jesus, who took off their garments and spread them in the road, who broke down branches and spread them for him to ride over,—these same people who cried, Hosanna, within a few days were crying, Crucify him! and calling for the deliverance of a convicted robber in his stead.

Why? Because he had disappointed the popular ex-

pectation, because he was not the kind of Messiah that had been looked for, because his triumph, if triumph it was to be, was not the kind of victory which they had expected. The very disciples themselves had been quarrelling as to which should hold the highest positions of honor in the new kingdom; and one of them, John, now in this later day having won the reputation of special meekness and tenderness, was begging Jesus to call down fire from heaven, as Elijah did, upon those who stood in opposition to his plans.

I picture this in this way that you may see how human expectation ran counter to that which Jesus had at heart, how different the triumph of the Christ is from the triumph that those who had enthusiastically expected him had been looking for.

Suppose he had appeared as a king, suppose he had cast out and conquered the Roman legions, suppose every nation on the face of the earth, after long and bloody wars, had become subject to the Hebrew people, and Jesus sat crowned at Jerusalem, emperor of the world. Would that have been the triumph of the Christ? Would that have been the kingdom of God? Would that have been what the lowly and true-hearted and tender of all the world had been dreaming should come, when God's fine and high power had manifested itself among men?

And yet so slow are men to learn, after all these expectations had been blown to the winds, after the two disciples on their way to Emmaus had said one to another, We trusted that this had been he who was to have redeemed Israel,—after all that, they learned little.

The young Church did what? Began to organize itself as a world-power, contrary entirely to the spirit and teaching of Jesus. He had said: "My Kingdom is not of this world. If it had been, then would have my servants fought; but my kingdom is not from hence."

He had said that: he had said that the kingdom was a matter of spirit, and from within; and yet the Bishop of Rome began to reach out, exercise authority over this community and over that, and grasp for a sceptre as material as that of the empire which it sought to displace.

Two bishops were in rivalry for this power,—the Bishop of Rome and the Bishop of Constantinople,—representing the two different capitals of the empire. And it was the rivalry of these two bishops for the kind of power which Jesus disclaimed and condemned which rent the church asunder, so that from that day to this it has never been united again.

The Greek Church and the Roman stand face to face, making jealous and mutually exclusive claims. But the Roman Empire lived under this ecclesiastical form, until by and by the pope with his triple crown sat on a throne mightier than that which any of the emperors had ever maintained. For he had the whole civilized world at his feet. Every nobleman, every king, every emperor, in the civilized world, stood in awe of him, held his crown and his sceptre by permission of him who claimed to represent him who on earth had not where to lay his head. Princes of the Church reigned and exercized secular authority everywhere.

Jesus had indeed said,—said as plainly as words could express it,—The princes of this world exercise authority upon the people; they call themselves fathers; they claim to have power; they exploit the people and use them for their own profit and behoof. It shall not be so among you, he said: he that will be great among you shall be the servant of all. And yet in the face of this rises this attempt to realize the triumph of the Christ once more through worldly, secular, material means.

But when Hildebrand and Gregory held the world in their hands, when kings came and stood barefoot in the

snow outside their doors, begging humbly for admission, when whole empires and peoples trembled at their word, it would look—would it not?—like the triumph of the Christ. But it was the triumph of the antichrist rather; for hardly has there been a time in the history of this world when it was farther away from the spirit and the temper and the life and the love of the Nazarene than it was then.

Worldly ambitions, coteries, conspiracies, self-indulgences, luxuries, cruelties, crimes, for the gain of power, as the result of ambition; personal jealousy, pride,—these made the world as unlike the kingdom of Jesus as one could possibly imagine.

But still people are not quick to learn. To-day there are those representing the great church organizations of Christendom who are teaching us that Christ can never come and triumph as he ought to over men until there is one Church gathering into itself all believers, until there is one creed, one form, one baptism, one method of life, one power.

And this is the great thing they are asking for; and yet it is so different from the method of nature, which is the method of God, and so must be the method of the Christ, in whose face we are to see the light of the Divine.

God's method is not to make everything alike, not to abolish all heterogeneity and establish sameness in any department of the universe. They tell us that all the space now occupied by the solar system was once filled with a homogeneous fire-mist: but progress, growth towards something finer and better, meant the breaking up of this sameness, until we have this marvellous, brilliant variety of sun and planet and moon and asteroid and comet, all swinging in free order, held by the power of gravity, not kept together by any external pressure.

And so growth everywhere is from the homogeneous

to the heterogeneous. The acorn, in its turn, develops, not into a huger unity of an acorn, but into the endless multiplicity and variety of the oak,—branches and twigs and leaves, each unfolding in perfect freedom, and each leaf doing its part, not because under pressure from some central power, but because it is obeying the inner impulse of its life, each leaf helping each other leaf freely, because it is living out the divine plan of unity and infinite variety.

So, if these schemers and dreamers could compel all Christians into one organization under one great bishop or pope, with one creed, one form, one ritual, one sacrament, it would not of necessity at all be the triumph of the Christ: it might be the triumph of the direct opposite of that which he came to bring among men.

So suppose there could be a government, a unity of the world; suppose that Christian peoples could conquer all other peoples until there were none but nominal Christians on the face of the earth; churches and cathedrals under every sky, the same creed taught, the same ritual, ceremonies, gone through with Sunday by Sunday; until the bells that called for prayer should answer each other like echoes ringing and ranging around the world, —would this be the triumph of the Christ?

If by methods which we see so often pursued to-day by Christian nations in exploiting and subduing weaker peoples, we are compelled to say that it would be the triumph of that which Jesus has come to bring to an end.

It seems to me strange that people do not learn this lesson. Every little while there are zealous Christians who are striving hard to get a constitutional amendment passed declaring that this is a Christian country: they wish to get the name of God into the Constitution. And one of our noblest and best clergymen in this city within a week or two has preached vehemently in favor of taking the principles and teachings of Christ, as he un-

derstands them, concerning certain ethical questions, and making them the law of the land, putting the executive power back of them and forcing them upon people, whether they will take them or not.

Would that be the triumph of the Christ? He taught that those who take the sword shall perish by the sword: he forbade this application of physical power. He taught that his kingdom was not something that was coming by observation, not by constitutional amendments, not by laws passed by Congress, not by edicts issued, not by external force.

He said, My kingdom is like leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened. The leaven works on one little particle at a time, the contagion of one particle affects the next; and so the power spreads until the whole is permeated with this new life. This is what Jesus says in regard to the coming of his kingdom, the way it is to come among men.

And we know as we read history, even with a superficial knowledge, that it never has come in any other way; and we know, as we stop and think a little clearly, that it cannot come in any other way.

How can love be driven into a man by force? How can pity become the motive of a man's life under compulsion? How can tenderness and unselfishness and mutual help and all these divine and spiritual qualities be legislated into people?

Think for a moment. The reign of physical force can never be the triumph of the Christ. The reign of dogma can never be the triumph of the Christ; for Jesus enunciated and established no dogma. He said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free"; and he said, "Why even of your own selves judge ye not what is right?" He left people free, under the impulse of the guiding spirit, to grow and discover new and higher and finer truth.

By none of these ways, then, is the triumph of the Christ to come. Let us think for a moment now in regard to certain departments of human life, and see how simple, how necessary, this principle is.

How is the Christ's triumph to be obtained in governmental affairs, take it right here among ourselves, in our own national or city affairs? Can you bring it about by putting laws on the statute book? Can you bring it about by putting the name of God into any governmental documents? Can you bring it about by declaring that such and such principles as taught by Jesus, or as I think they were taught by Jesus, or as somebody else thinks they were taught by him, are to be enforced by the legal authorities?

When will the Christ triumph in our governmental affairs? Will he so long as the rulers use their positions to glorify themselves, to reward their followers, those who helped them into place and power?

Will it be while those in authority consider themselves at liberty to exploit the people for their own good? Will it be while selfish interests and cliques seek for laws which will help them to gain personal power or help them in the selfish attainment of wealth at the expense of other and unprotected people?

Will it be while selfishness, while hatred, while jealousy, while the desire to get ahead, at no matter what cost, reign in the hearts of the people?

This will be a government in which the principles of the Christ will be supreme when the individuals that make up the government are men in whom the principles of the Christ are supreme. Will it be a day sooner? Can it be a day sooner? Suppose we pass laws and declare whatever we will: does it change a fact? When we have taken a certain quantity of silver and stamped on it the word "Dollar," and the further questionable religious phrase, "In God we trust," does that make fifty cents

worth a hundred? Does it change a fact? It only makes us hypocrites and liars, that is all.

If we put God into the Constitution, if we put Christ on the statute books, and then live selfish and mean lives, we are only making a pretence of that which we declare sacred, and using it for our own behoof.

So in the industrial world. Every little while you find people advocating some sort of reconstruction of society by which they claim that the kingdom of heaven is to be brought in, that the reign of the Christ is to be established; but while capitalists simply seek to make all the money they can without regard to the rights of anybody else; while laborers seek to do just as little as they possibly can and get the largest pay for this little; while righteousness and honor do not rule, can you have a perfect industrial civilization?

While contractors seek to evade a loosely framed law, and, worse than ordinary murderers, put up the frame of a building knowing that every added foot means the risk of they do not know, and apparently do not care, how many human lives, merely to make a few more dollars on a contract,—while this is possible in the industrial world, will any reconstructed order, any claims of socialism, bring us any nearer to the triumph of the Christ?

The triumph of the Christ must come through individual characters, and no other way. It makes very little difference what the form of government is, it makes very little difference what the social order is: the great thing is what the people themselves are.

Any governmental order would result in good if all the people, including the ruler's, were good; and any governmental order must result in evil so long as the individuals are selfish and evil.

The triumph of the Christ will come when you and I and our neighbors, one at a time, begin to practise the principles and live out the teachings and develop the

spirit of the Christ. In no other way and at no other time can it be looked for.

Is it to be only among Christian peoples? I think you will see what I mean, and agree with me, when I say that the triumph of the Christ has been slowly coming from the far-off beginning of human life here on this earth, before anybody ever heard of the name of Christ; and it is coming to-day among peoples beyond the limits of Christendom, where the name of the Christ is unknown, where the name and the idea of our God have never penetrated.

It is coming as fast as truth and love and tenderness and sympathy and helpfulness are coming; and it is not coming any faster, and it is not coming any other way, and it never can come any other way.

On the islands of the sea, in Africa, in India, in China, as well as in Europe and in our own boasted Christian land, wherever there is a mother watching patiently, lovingly, and with infinite tenderness a sick child, there is the triumph of the Christ.

Wherever another mother is doing—and I can remember such mothers from my far-off boyhood time—something that is harder still, being patient and sweet and loving with rough, coarse, hard boys, and shaping them into something sweet and tender and noble, there the triumph of the Christ is coming.

Wherever a man like Father Damien gives his life for the lepers,—physical lepers or moral, no matter which,—consecrates himself without any regard to the personal cost to helping those that are in extremest need, there is the triumph of the Christ.

Wherever some man—under the impulse of that heroism which lies latent, I believe, in the soul of every child of God—leaps into the breach to save the life of somebody else at the cost of his own, there the kingdom of Christ is coming.

A waiter the other day in my own hotel gave his life as truly as ever did any martyr in the past, in unselfish devotion to another,—gave his life, I say (although he still lives, thank God), buried under the ruins for an hour and a half, when he might have escaped, in the effort to save somebody else.

The other day in the West a brakeman, seeing a train coming that was behind time, and noting how a switch was not right and that he had not time to set it with safety to himself, leaps upon it and pushes it into place, and is swept out of existence in an instant, for the sake of saving people that he had never heard of and knew nothing about.

Wherever men do that, there is a triumph of the Christ.

Wherever a man engaged in business, seeing an opportunity to make a fortune in crooked ways, prefers only a comfortable livelihood or poverty itself for the sake of his own honor and honesty, there the kingdom of the Christ is coming.

Wherever a workman, even when he is not watched, performs his task faithfully, out of respect for himself and the God who sees all, there is the triumph of the Christ.

In homes where there is patience and tenderness and mutual regard instead of self-seeking and pettiness and anger, where a little kingdom of heaven is established within the four walls, there is the triumph of the Christ.

And so you may seek the world around, as I said, no matter what the religion, no matter what the race, no matter with what forms God may be worshipped or whether he is formally worshipped at all.—wherever these principles permeate and lift up and illumine a life, there is coming the triumph of the Christ.

One other suggestion let me make at the end. It ought to be for our comfort and cheer. It is that the triumph of the Christ may be illustrated in your life and

in mine even in the midst of apparent utter failure. The Christ triumph and the world triumph are two different things. A man succeeds if he becomes rich, the world says. If he becomes rich righteously, it may be he is succeeding, though the fact that he becomes rich is no proof of it. If through the process of handling money, either gaining or losing it, he becomes a man, then he triumphs, according to the Christ idea.

No matter what the experiences of your life, if you create and develop a soul, if you work it over into the likeness of the Divine, then the Christ triumphs in you, no matter what else happens. Suppose you are sick all your life long. I know a woman gifted with remarkable intellectual power, but an invalid by the year, a hopeless invalid: she doubtless will never be anything else; and yet she does not grow bitter. Her life will not bear its fruitage; there never will be the blossom and the glory that is possible there,—not in this world; but she has the power to be sweet and tender and true in the midst of this disappointment. And this is the triumph of the Christ.

I know another woman gifted with tastes for all refinements, for everything intellectual, artistic, and beautiful, but whose life has been one long disappointment. Conditions have hampered her, and made it simply impossible for her to realize any of her dreams; and yet she herself is more sweet and beautiful than any of the dreams, and she has not let this experience make her bitter and hard.

Suppose you have an enemy who has done you a grievous wrong. Suppose you turn around, and attempt to wrong him. There are two wrongs instead of one. Suppose, on the other hand, you say, Even that wrong shall not drive me into being less than I am worthy of being; and I will devote myself to saving him from the mischief of his own character and disposition. There is the triumph of the Christ in the midst of failure and evil.

There is no power in heaven above or in the deeps under the earth, none in any heaven, none in any hell, that can keep any of you from the triumph of the Christ, from being true and noble and sweet, whatever your conditions; for you are the master, you are the king, of your conditions, if you will be; and he who will shall overcome, and by and by share in the glory of those that have helped on the triumph of the real Christ.

Dear Father, we thank Thee for the inspiration of that figure standing there in the past, illumined with Thy light, the ideal of all that is sweet and humanly fair; and we thank Thee that we can be like Him, and that we can help him triumph and share in that triumph in the day when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge and the life and the love of our God. Amen.

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THE INFLUENCE ON THIS LIFE OF BELIEF IN ANOTHER

An Easter Sermon

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THE INFLUENCE ON THIS LIFE OF BELIEF IN ANOTHER.

An Easter Sermon.

You will find my text in the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, the thirty-second verse, —"If after the manner of men I fought with beasts at Ephesus, what doth it profit me? If the dead are not raised, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Oliver Wendell Holmes in his old age, among the last things that he did, sang pleadingly and plaintively:—

> "Is this the whole sad story of creation,
> Told by its breathing myriads o'er and o'er,
> One glimpse of day, then black annihilation,
> A sunlit passage to a sunless shore?
>
> Give back our faith, ye mystery-solving lynxes,
> Robe us once more in heaven-aspiring creeds:
> Better was dreaming Egypt, with her sphynxes,
> The stony convent, with its cross and beads.'

It is curious to note the attitude of men towards this age-long question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" From the very beginning of human life on earth, so far as we can discover it, men have instinctively believed that death was an illusion, and life the reality.

And yet at different times, when nations have been most civilized, there have been floods of scepticism that have swept over and devastated the world. As the result of scientific investigation, philosophic speculation, men have come to question and doubt; and the great inspirations of belief have ebbed away, and left their lives stranded.

The mystery has been so profound that intellectually men have not been able as yet, in the scientific sense of that word, to solve and demonstrate it; and so they have questioned it. But the attitude that we shall hold towards this question of another life is intensely important, and that in two respects.

Before stating what they are, let me say here that I said "another" life, and not a future life. I think we ought to discard from all our discussions of these matters the thought and the use of the word "future." There is no future life: all life is now, whether it is in this world or any other world, whether it is material or spiritual, visible or invisible. If there be angels, if our friends still live, they are living now, as we are living now.

It is another life then, not a future life, concerning which we are to speak. I said that the question is important in two regards. It is important for us to know as to whether or not this great hope is a delusion, as to whether we must give up our expectation of going right on out through the mist into a larger light and a nobler life. This is important.

But there is another way of looking at it, to which I wish to call your special attention this morning. Whether or not we believe in another life is going to make all the difference in the world as to how we shall live this one. It touches our ideals, our methods of thought, the aims and ends which we shall have in view.

I do not say that men are going to become suddenly immoral if they do not believe in another life. I do not say that they are suddenly going to become degraded, that they are going to give up high and noble aspirations. I do not say that they are not going to be honest men, kind neighbors, good friends, that they are not going to be interested in science, in philosophy, in art, in literature,—none of these things.

But it needs to be noted, and to be thought of and weighed with a great deal of care, that the human race from the beginning has lived its life under the impulse of this hope. Our ideals have taken their shape from it, our purposes, our life aims, have been determined by it.

If you wish to find out what effect the loss of this would have upon the world, then you would need to have the world live for two or three hundred years without any hope or belief in anything beyond the visible horizon.

A ship in mid-ocean, if you stop its engines suddenly, will still keep on until the impulse which it has received has died away. If you wish to know what would become of the ship without that impulse, you must wait and then see it drifting at the mercy of winds and currents and every tide.

It makes all the difference in the world as to how we shall estimate the value of our life, on what scale we shall lay it out, what we shall plan to accomplish. For example, suppose I should suddenly discover with practical certainty that I had only six months more to live. Of course, I should not go to work and lay out plans that would take me years to carry out. I should adjust myself to the six months allotted me. I should make myself as comfortable as I could, and then simply wait the issue.

A young man knows that he has forty or fifty years ahead of him. Why, then, it is natural for him to prepare for college, to go to the university, or to enter some technical school, prepare for some profession or some calling in life, and lay out his years on some large and generous scale.

But, if he knows when he is a young man that he has only two or three years ahead of him, of course he will not take the trouble to fit for college, he will not enter any technical school, he will not lay out his life after

any large measure. Why should he? He will adjust himself to circumstances, he will get what little he can out of his two or three years, he will be kindly, he will be comfortable; but he will not live for any large and far-reaching end.

So you convince the world that, when men come to the death-line, that is the end, that there is no after, larger, higher, grander career, and why should they put themselves to the trouble to live for any great, high, fine, far-reaching aim?

I think that Paul's logic was inevitable. If the dead rise not—it matters not whether we agree with his idea of putting it, his idea of how it was to come about—if there be no other life,—if, when we get through here, that is the end of it,—why, then, let us eat and drink, let us make ourselves comfortable, let us adjust ourselves to our conditions, let us not attempt the impossible, let us not wear ourselves out in getting ready for something that is never to be. Let us not try to build ourselves on a scale of things that is only imaginary. Let us be animals,—kindly animals, if you will, comfortable animals as possible,—but let us not worry ourselves over the matter of the soul, or of culture or training of the soul. Why should we deny ourselves overmuch the things that make for our comfort and happiness as we go along?

You see it changes the entire estimate of life. I wish, out of a hundred possible ways of looking at it, to suggest two or three, so that I may emphasize somewhat and bring out into clearer relief this idea.

What a difference it makes to some of us who are getting along in life as to the matter of growing old. The growing old of a man who feels perfectly sure that, when he gets to the point of casting off this body, that is all,—the growing old of a man who feels that, when he reaches that point, he is just beginning,—think what a difference it makes.

I have in mind, as I speak, an old friend who lives in another city. He was in my audience one day when I preached a sermon on "How to Grow Old." He said with a grim sort of humor, after I got through, that he wished I would preach him a sermon on "How Not to Grow Old."

He is very old now,—sits almost alone, the victim of confidence in one of his friends,—poor in his old age,—wife gone, almost everything he cared for on earth gone. He sits, as I saw him last, alone in his chair by the window, looking out onto the street, which he rarely treads, and will never tread more than a few times again, and all that he cared for only memories.

I do not know that he has any comforting hope. To him growing old is watching the decay of his faculties. His eye is growing dimmer, his hands more feeble. He can hear less clearly the voices that speak to him. One after another his powers are decaying. His friends have left him one at a time; and growing old is getting to the end,—the end of a career that, as he looks back, is full of disappointment and sorrow.

Suppose he felt perfectly certain that he was going to continue right on, that he had only begun to live, think what a difference it would make. Then suppose the faculties did decay, one after another: what matters it? Suppose the process is going on of taking down timber by timber the old house that is getting less and less habitable as time goes by. You find out that this is only a sort of staging that has been built around, and has concealed a house not made with hands, that is to be eternal in the heavens.

Suppose the friends have gone, one after another, what matters it? We are travelling some path. A friend precedes us, turns a corner in the road, and is out of sight. It does not occur to us that he is out of existence, that we are never going to see him again.

The lip does not quiver and the eyes grow dim when he disappears. We know that he is ours, and ours forever. What matters, then, the little temporary separation?

So he grows old peacefully, calmly. As his eyes grow dim here, he begins to see in clearer vision the things that are to come. As his ears grow dull to human voices, he catches the whisper of those that are invisible. Such growing old is growing ripe, growing larger, growing sweeter, growing tenderer, growing more noble; and that which is despair to the man who has no hope is exultation, a song of triumph, to the other.

I have another friend in another city. I think I spoke of it once to you in another connection; but it points so pathetically the moral that I have just now in mind that I will refer to it again.

He said to me one day, as we were walking on the streets of Paris,—I do not know why he fell into this strain—"Here I am, walking a plank that reaches out into the fog. I can see to take the next step; and that is all. How long it is I do not know; whether I am to come to the end of it to-night or next week or next year, I do not know; but I know that I have got to come there, and step off into nothing pretty soon. And I don't like it."

That is what growing old means, if there is no other life. If there is, growing old is victory. And, as Colonel Ingersoll expressed it,—if you are only sure of another life,—the funeral procession is turned into a harvest home.

Look at it in another way. Love is the sweetest thing in all the world. I think you will agree with me when I say that I would not care to live without it either in this world or in any other world; and, if I can have that in this world or any other world, I will try not to find much fault about anything else.

Love is the sweetest thing, then, in all the world.

But, if there is no other life, it suddenly becomes the bitterest thing in all the world. Sweet while you can keep it; but, when it is gone, then Tennyson tells us somewhere that

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

You can remember happier things,—remember a lost friend, with patience not only, but with gratitude, with joy, if you believe he is not lost, and you will find him again; but, if you really feel perfectly sure that you are never to see him again, then you wonder whether it would not have been better if you had never seen him at all.

I have in mind a mother, broken-hearted in her age. She had one boy, whom she worshipped. He was a young officer. He went to the Philippines. Almost immediately the news came that in his young and glorious youth his life had been snuffed out. And she doubts, has no clear conviction as to any other life; and she said the other day: "I could wish I had never had him." The bitterness of the memory of what was so sweet, coupled with the sense that I shall never see him again, turns that which was delight into anguish.

I remember—I do not remember it very clearly—reading some years ago a poem by William Morris. The title of it was "The Man who Never Laughed Again." It is a sort of fairy story of how a man found himself in a wonder world, where everything was beautiful and fair,—satisfaction for every faculty and every desire, nights and days of utter delight.

Then through some mischance of his own he is dispossessed, and discovers himself out in the cold, commonplace world again. And the memory of that delight so haunts him, and is in such contrast with the kind of life he now must lead, that he never smiles again, but goes through life bitter and hard and cold.

There is one other consideration. I said at the outset that men from the beginning of human history have instinctively believed in another life. You might say that the universe had whispered this hope to her child man without regard to race or religion or stage of culture.

Now, if it is not true, then what? It means that the universe is false. Somebody or something, some power, some intelligence, has told men, so that they have believed it, that death was an illusion and that life was the reality,—has told them that there was an invisible country of which those that went away from here were the inhabitants,

Now, if this be not true, then how shall we trust any of our instincts and hopes and aspirations? Why shall we not think that the whole universe is hollow and heartless and mean? We are put, as John Fiske expresses it, to "permanent intellectual confusion," if we may not cherish, and cherish reasonably, this grand hope.

There is one other way of looking at it. I said a little while ago that, in order to tell just what effect the loss of this trust would have on the world, the world should live for two or three hundred years without it.

Do you know what would happen? The churches would all be deserted. All the churches, chapels, cathedrals, of the earth, would gradually become empty. They would be turned into ruins; and people would look back to the time of their ancestors, and say, Those faraway people had some wonderful ideas, which were embodied and expressed in the buildings that have now fallen into decay.

And then, gradually,—it seems to me inevitable,—the ideals which have been framed, which have developed themselves in the course of human history, would gradually become degraded and low.

For example, we admire Socrates. He is one of the heroes of the world. Why? He gave himself to phil-

osophical speculations, he studied about truth and goodness and beauty, he speculated about the gods, he wondered concerning another life, believing it and teaching it; and because of these things he came into collision with the conservative, old-time religious ideas of his age, was tried, and condemned to drink the hemlock.

And he sat with his disciples around him, and conversed about dying and about this other life. He forgave his judges who had condemned him. He said they had done him wrong, but they had not intended it,—there was no reason why he should feel hard or bitter toward them. He said, when they asked him about being buried, that they might bury him any way they pleased if they could find him,—he did not expect to be buried. He talked freely and simply about death and the other life, and then quietly drank the hemlock.

And we say that that is one of the most heroic, magnificent things in the history of the world; and it is, if there is such a thing as a soul, if there is a God, if there is a rational ground for belief in another life. If these speculations about the airy ideals of ethics and justice and truth mean anything, then it was magnificent heroism.

But, if there is no other life, if a man is not a soul, if he is only an animal, then it is one of the greatest pieces of folly that was ever perpetrated in the history of mankind.

We must revise our ideals of what is heroic. Why should Socrates waste his magnificent energies speculating about things that did not exist, and why for the sake of them should he allow himself to be put to death? Why should he not live as long as he could, walk under the blue sky of Greece, and look out on the sunshine dancing on the waves of the sea? Why should he not look into the eyes of his friends, and have pleasant converse with them? Why should he not experience what-

ever joys were open to him as long as possible, and not fling away his life for nothing at all?

And how many of them are there, like Giordano Bruno, speculating about God and the future, coming into collision with the authorities, imprisoned for six years in Rome, burned in the public square, and who might have saved it all, and kept on living, if he had just stopped fussing about things that did not exist? Why should he trouble himself about it? and why, if they did not exist, should we consider it grand for him to play so insane a part?

And so in the case of Jesus. Why should Jesus be a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief? and why should be we touched by the pathos of it, and think it was grand for him to be willing to be? Why should he set himself against the ideals of his people? Why should he go out to the cross, and be hung on it that Friday afternoon?

It was all about nothing at all, if the dead rise not. Or, to put it in our modern phrase, if we do not continue to exist, if there be no soul, no God, no one governing and guiding the affairs of men, then why all this stress and struggle and trouble about fancy and imagination and airy nothings?

Why not go in for the substantial things of life,—be as comfortable as you can, get what you can out of existence and let the rest go?

I wish now to look over the face of the world a little, and then to tell you how a man like Tennyson felt about it on the supposition that there is no other life. Do not think I am pessimistic. Do not think I am overlooking the sunshine and the joy and the beauty and the glory of things. I take all those things for granted. I simply say, as we survey this field of human life, that there are certain things that puzzle us, certain things that trouble us, that we cannot explain in consistency with the goodness of the Power that governs the world.

That is, we cannot explain them unless there is another life where things are to right themselves, where they are to be developed into that for which to-day they are only promises. In other words, if there is no other life, then this life is a prologue to a play that is never to be acted; and it is a prologue that simply promises and puzzles us in a thousand ways, and leaves us confused and unable to understand it.

But if death, instead of being the end, is only the dropping of the curtain, the darkening of the lights while the scenes are shifted, and if it is to be followed by the next act, and so the drama is gradually to unfold and we are to see the meaning and the glory and the beauty of it all, why then it does not make any difference what happens in this world,—simply it does not make any difference at all. Give me time enough and range enough and opportunity enough, and evils can be outgrown and left behind and the process through which we pass justified and glorified.

But, as we look over the world, we see such things as this: Here is a little child who dies almost before it has come to consciousness. Why? Here is a mother taken away in her youth, leaving her children without her care. Here is a father suddenly taken away from mother and children who need him as never before, leaving them to fight a hopeless battle with the world.

Here is a person who is sick,—sick all her life long,—haunted by dreams of things that she would like to do, that she feels capable of doing, but that can never be attained on account of illness.

Here are boys and girls born down in the slums, with never an opportunity to understand what a fine and sweet and high life means. They develop into criminals, and their life is one long battle with the organized forces of society, during which they grow bitter and hard and cannot understand it all.

Here is a beautiful girl under promise of love betrayed. She trusted the honor of the man who did not have any. She is despised, outcast, condemned by everybody. He goes free, he is rich, he walks in the higher circles of society, he marries any charming woman he pleases; and, so far as we can see, there is no penalty for the crime.

Here is a man who felt that he could write a book, paint a picture, carve a statue; but he has never had the opportunity. He has never been released, set free, to unfold his power.

Here is some one longing to travel, to see the beauties of other countries, and not able to go; and here are people travelling for the sake of getting rid of themselves, and trying to kill time, who are in the presence of all these beauties and glories which they do not appreciate and for which they do not care. Here are all these inequalities, all these inexplicable things, in human life.

What do they all mean? I wish to read you—I hope you will not be shocked by the forceful phrases—a few words from Tennyson. Find fault with him, if you do not like the words, not with me. He was a passionate believer in another life. He was talking with some person once who doubted it; and Mr. Knowles, his friend, quotes him as saying, as he thundered against his opponent: "If there be a God that has made the earth, and put this hope and passion into us, it must foreshow the truth. If it be not true, then no God, but a mocking fiend, created us." And, as his friend said, growing crimson with excitement, he added: "I would shake my fist in his almighty face, and tell him that I cursed him. I would sink my head to-night in a chloroformed handkerchief, and have done with it all."

That was how Tennyson felt about it as he looked over this scene of human life with all its contradictions, its sorrow, its evil, and considered the question of there not being any other.

One or two other words from him I must quote. He is thinking of the wars, the hatreds, the cruelties, all the sufferings and crimes of the race; and in "In Memoriam" he says:—

"Man, her last work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

"Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law,—
Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravin, shriek'd against his creed,—

"Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal'd within the iron hills?

"No more? A monster then, a dream,
A discord. Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match'd with him."

Let me put it to you another way for a moment. A good many hundreds of thousands of years ago this earth, as a habitable place, did not exist. After a time it cooled sufficiently so that in the ooze of the ocean shores the lowest forms of life began to appear. I am giving the story to you as science thinks it is able to read it to-day.

Then, slowly evolving, higher forms of life. Hundreds of thousands of years pass. The power that is working with this earth seems to be doing something, seems to have a plan and a purpose, to be reaching out towards some end; for life climbs to higher and higher forms, and by and by man appears, rises on his feet, lifts his hands towards heaven, looks at the stars, looks about him, and begins to ask questions, wondering what it all means. And, then, hundreds of thousands of years go by, and man slowly climbs a pathway of blood and

dust and tears. But he is coming to something higher. He thinks more clearly, feels more tenderly. The savage, the tiger, the beast, is dying out in him; and he is becoming more and more civilized, turning more and more into an angel, as we trust.

By and by appears Lao-tsze, Confucius, Socrates, Mohammed,—appears dreaming of other lives, telling men they are souls, telling them to live in the higher and finer ranges of their being, that they are something more than animals. In the fulness of time the Christ appears, speaking, as he tells us, for his Father in heaven, and telling us that we are his children.

And so the world climbs on from this far-off beginning up to these magnificent and spiritual heights.

What next? What is it all for? If man is not a soul, if there be no other life, then all this gigantic preparation, this age-long reaching out after something that seemed to be magnificent, is for—nothing at all. It is either the blind play of unintelligent forces or else it is something more hideous. It is the ironical play of some cruel power that sits above, and takes delight in our agony and laughs at our confusion.

But, if there be another life, then all this magnificent preparation is simply for something worthy, part of a process through which we go to prepare for that which we are to be.

One other thought, one other way, of looking at it. This age is one marked as perhaps no other in the history of the world has been by the development of wealth, on the one hand, and of the envy of those who do not possess it, on the other. These two great classes stand face to face with each other,—the intrenched accumulations of the world and the workers, millions and millions, who look and desire and are jealous of that which is not theirs.

If there is no other life, how long is this condi-

tion of things to endure? If all the men on the face of the earth should suddenly become convinced beyond question that there is no other life, then there would be the greatest social, political earthquake that this world has ever dreamed of.

Where would your rights of property be in the face of this million-handed desire for a little taste of the enjoyment of a life that is so soon to end? Why should one man set apart for his own behoof millions and millions of dollars that he cannot possibly use, that it takes all of his time and all of his genius simply to invest and care for and protect?

And why, on the other hand, should the great millions look on this with reverence, and not touch it with so much as one of their fingers?

Why should men starve, why should they be hungry, why should they long for a little leisure, why should they long for a taste of literature and art and beauty, for peace, a little rest, a little ease, a little enjoyment, and see the ability to take it protected by—what?

By age-long traditions, the origin of which, with the new light in which they would look upon life, they would no longer respect.

We need to-day as never before in the history of the world a strong accession to our belief in another life. The tradition in the minds of many has grown dim, the reasons for belief are so far away. We cannot cross-question witnesses. People doubt; and, when you challenge them on the intellectual ground, they are able to make their doubts very substantial things, indeed.

We need a stronger reason for this belief. We need it practically. I want to read you now a word from Mr. Emerson. It tells the story of an old tradition, and puts the idea that I have just been speaking of in a very beautiful way:—

"In the year 626 of our era, when Edwin, the Anglo-

Saxon king, was deliberating on receiving the Christian missionaries, one of his nobles said to him: 'The present life of man, O king, compared with that space of time beyond, of which we have no certainty, reminds me of one of your winter feasts, where you sit with your generals and ministers. The hearth blazes in the middle and a grateful heat is spread around, while storms of rain and snow are raging without. Driven by the chilling tempest, a little sparrow enters at one door and flies delighted around us till it departs through the other. Whilst it stays in our mansion, it feels not the winter storm; but, when this short moment of happiness has been enjoyed, it is forced again into the same dreary tempest from which it had escaped, and we behold it no more. Such is the life of man, and we are as ignorant of the state which preceded our present existence as of that which will follow it. Things being so, I feel that, if this new faith can give us more certainty, it deserves to be received.' "

Anything which promises us renewed certainty concerning another life is the most important thing that can be brought before the consideration of men; for, as I have already hinted several times during my discourse, if, as I believe with my whole soul, we continue to exist,—if, when we reach the shadow, we pass through it into the light,—why, then, we can find right in there a solution of this great problem of the antagonism between the rich and the poor that I spoke of a moment ago, and we can find here the solution to all our problems.

What difference does it make if a man really believes that he is a soul and that the great business of life is to cultivate and develop that soul? If he believes it, if he knows it, then he is not going to throw his soul away by fighting for a little temporary possession of money or position or pleasure or power, or anything else that is of as little worth.

If we continue to exist, then all the incidents and possessions of this life merely become means for self-cultivation. The rich man would know that his money is of small account, that the only good in it is in the use of it,—that its power to help make him a man is all there is to it.

And the poor man knows that, if he throws away his manhood in the attempt to get rich, he is simply a fool. And the man who is sick,—what difference does that make if he can use his illness as a means of cultivating himself into the divine likeness? If he is deprived of a thousand things that he wishes, if there is no opportunity here to develop his artistic and literary tastes, what of it? There is room enough over there, time over there; and the one thing for him to do is to make the most of the place just where he is, and to come out of it the noblest specimen of a man that he knows how. That is all life means,—if there be another.

Our present condition is simply preparation. And then time enough for the songs, the poems, the stories, the scientific investigation, for philosophic speculation,—time enough for everything and room enough for everything, under the guidance and the care of the Father, who has loved us all the way along, and who has put it in our power to develop ourselves in the midst of these conditions into fitness for those things which "eye hath not seen, and ear hath not heard,"—the unspeakable things that he has laid up for those that love him.

Dear Father, we do believe that we are Thy chilren, and that this life is only preparation and prelude to that which is to follow. So let us try to be patient and loving and tender and true, try to bear, try to wait, try to consecrate ourselves, so that, when we do wake up and see the results, we shall be glad with a great thanksgiving. Amen.

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THE MAN OF SORROWS.

I TAKE my text—almost these identical words of my subject—from the fifty-third chapter of the prophecy of Isaiah, the third verse,—"A man of sorrows."

The popular conception is to-day, and has been time out of mind, that Jesus not only died in an agony impossible for us to appreciate or comprehend, but that the tenor of his whole life was sorrow. I have heard it said of him that he was rarely seen to smile, but frequently to weep.

Some years ago I was in Rome. I visited one of the churches—I do not now remember its name—where there was an altar-piece, a portrait (ideal, of course), of the Man of Sorrows. They told me that it was not frequently shown; but a fee could procure a view of it.

It was the saddest portrait that I ever saw. I wondered how an artist could put so much of agony into a human face. The tradition was—I do not vouch for its truth: it is possible that it might have been true in those days—that the artist had a man in his power whom he starved to death, in order that he might catch the changing phases of suffering and transfer them to his canvas. The idea was that the more of anguish he could depict, the nearer he would come to the truth as to the son of man.

Perhaps I hardly need to say that this conception of Jesus seems to me very largely fictitious and unfounded. It has its origin in our theological ideas as to what was fitting and, therefore, what must have taken place.

You know there has been a phase of theological speculation that has represented Jesus as the scapegoat, as the victim, the one set apart to bear all the sins and sorrows of mankind, the one on whose defenceless head the Almighty poured out all the vials of his infinite wrath.

Another theory has been held,—not that God was angry with him, but that there was somehow a governmental necessity, so that Jesus had to suffer in his own person just as much as all the souls that were to be saved would have suffered if they had endured the endless and indescribable torment of hell.

It was said that, being infinite, he could do this; and so, of course, he was a Man of Sorrows.

But, when we brush one side these theological speculations and look at whatever we know of Jesus from history, it seems to me that it is quite another picture that we are able to set before our imaginations. He was born in a lovely little hill town in Nazareth. He was healthy and happy, so far as we know his childhood. He may have been, as so many geniuses have been in the history of the world, a serious, thoughtful, brooding, precocious boy; but that does not mean that he was necessarily unhappy.

At the age of thirty he first appears to our view; and how? Picking up the ministry of John, and declaring that he came as the messenger of God, with glad tidings for all mankind. The messenger of glad tidings you would not expect to find predominantly sad!

And, then, he had that perfect trust in God which was able to sing, as Pippa sung it in the modern world,—

> "God's in his heaven,
> All's right with the world."

A man with that faith in his heart and with love for all men you would hardly expect to find unnaturally or unusually sad.

We know that he took delight in the external aspects of the world. We see him walking with his disciples up and down the roads of Galilee, noting the fishermen by the lakeside, the peasant scattering the seed in the broken ground, the housewife sweeping her floor or kneading her dough, the hen brooding over her chickens, the sky, and the direction of the wind, calling attention to the lilies of the field, glad with the gladness of all the beautiful world of nature and of human life of which he was a part.

And yet, while I would not accept this theological conception of Jesus, I believe that the Christian instinct has been a right one, that has noted some of the great sorrows in the life of the Nazarene. They must have been, and we know from the peculiarity of his life and his situation that they must have been, at times extreme; but I believe that a careful study of them will show that they were not outside of nature. They were a part of the great scheme of this growing and lifting universe; they were a part of such sorrows as we may share. We may thus enter into them, partake of them, and help him in the work of redemption, of atonement, of lifting the world Godward.

Jesus was an extremely sensitive nature. I do not claim to be either specially sensitive or great; but I know from my own experience how closely akin sorrow and joy may be. Blessed is he who has a great capacity for suffering; for that means, and carries with it, a great capacity for joy. As high as is the mountain, so deep is the abyss. The two go together, and cannot be separated.

I do not claim to be great, but I have enjoyed enough ecstacy in five minutes to pay for months of weariness and toil and pain; and I pity those who cannot say the same.

Jesus was a great nature, capable, as I have said, of

great suffering, capable, equally, of great joy. So he did have times, undoubtedly, when he sank the plummet into the very depths of the abyss of agony.

Let us note a few of the suggestions that may help us to understand some of his sufferings, some of our sufferings, perhaps,—sufferings to be found, at any rate, under every sky, connected with every religion.

Jesus tells us, in a certain place, that a prophet has little honor in his own country. He had little in his. He had the pain of seeing his own neighbors and friends turn away from him. We know what agony that is. Have you not heard a man say concerning another who has become famous: "Why, I used to know him when I was a boy. There was no special promise of anything great about him then."

It is hard for us to think that our own playmates are going to outstrip us and become famous; and particularly is this hard when it comes within the limits of the family circle itself. It is said of the brothers of Jesus that they did not believe on him. He had to go a lonely way, then, with his truth, and to feel that those whom he loved and would naturally trust were in no sympathy with him.

How often has that been true in the history of the world, from the time of Abraham, who left his father, who was a maker of idols, to be a leader of those who believed in and worshipped one God,—had to turn away from his own family and friends!

Hardly a week goes by that I do not come in contact with some one who has gained a glimpse of the truth, but who has no sympathy among his or her own friends at home, and who, if the truth is followed, finds that it must be followed alone. It is not easy to go against your own relatives, your own friends, those that trust you or have trusted you, to have your mother, perhaps, praying over your defection from what she regards as

the truth, to have your father think you are turning away from God, to have those that are dearest to you regard you as a heretic, and wonder whether you are not falling under the influence of the spirits of evil.

And yet every time the world takes a new step ahead it has to do it by that process. Somebody has to have a new thought, somebody has to have a new glimpse of a higher truth and go out in obedience to that divine call; and that means suspicion, alienation, persecution, on the part of those that have been friends.

And then, when Jesus gathered his disciples around him, were they people from whom he could get very much of comfort? Oh, how alone he was! All the way through those simple gospel stories it comes out at every turn that almost never did they understand him when he spoke of some high spiritual truth; they misinterpreted him. He talked about something that pertained to the higher, the nobler life; and they wondered as to what it all meant.

Not only that, not only were they unspiritual, but they were so worldly. He had come to build up a kingdom of the spirit, a kingdom in which the greatest were to be those that served the most; but he overhears the disciples, those whom he had chosen to help him in this divine work, plotting and planning for places, for emoluments, for honors, wondering which of them was going to sit on his right hand and which on his left, when the Messianic kingdom was set up.

And then at the last, when the trial came, he who through the ages has been the traditional leader of the apostles, suddenly becomes a liar, so that he may not be accused of fellowship with this man. And the rest of the disciples are frightened and flee, leave him all alone.

So that all the way through these; his chosen instruments and helpers, fail him at the crisis, and fall away. In the garden, when the anguish was upon him of the

anticipated death, they were sleepy; and he cries to them plaintively, "Could you not watch with me for one hour?"

And when the end comes, and he hangs on the cross, there are hardly a dozen in all Judea and Galilee that are known to be outspoken followers, sympathizers, and friends. Think of the sorrow to a sensitive, tender heart like his!

And then in his attitude towards the common people. He had come with a new message of a new kingdom, that was to be a blessing to all mankind. Did they receive it, care about it, believe it? It is said that they heard him gladly. Why? Because it was a new sensation for a while. It was said that he had a fresh message, and they were curious to know what it was, all about it. And so long as the loaves and fishes lasted, they followed him; so long as it was popular, they followed him; so long as they expected to see some possible wonder wrought, they followed him.

But by and by he announces some fundamental principle of his kingdom; and what then? Why, they said: This is a hard saying. Who can hear it, who can bear this, who can accept this? And straightway they went away, and followed him no longer. And so it must have seemed to him at the last as though his mission had been largely a fruitless one.

There is another aspect of his sorrow. He seems to have understood that his country was in imminent danger, that it was following a course that would lead to certain destruction. We do not need to suppose that he had any supernatural prescience in regard to this matter. Any one who is wise, and who stands above the level of the time and sees the tendencies at work, and which way things are going, can readily enough forecast the issue, unless something is done.

Jesus saw that his own people were courting destruction, that they would inevitably come into conflict with

the mighty power of Rome, and that that meant their overthrow. If he could have persuaded them to accept this spiritual kingdom, this spiritual reign of God in the heart and life, all this might have been averted; but no.

And so he sits on the brow of the hill over the valley facing the city, and says, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets, and slayest those that are sent unto thee! how often would I have gathered thy children, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" And so his great heart broke over the inevitable fate of the people he loved.

There is another aspect of his sorrow. I said a moment ago that Jesus was a great soul. All great souls must carry with them that sorrow, that agony, which is the penalty of their greatness. It is only small and commonplace people who are so comfortable. Blessed are they, in one way, those who are not capable of any great suffering; but they are not capable of any great joy, either.

The mountain peaks are cold, they are ice-crowned, they are lonely, they are lightning-smitten. Storms beat about them. They glitter and glisten and shine in the light; but the light is for others, there is no warmth in it for them.

And yet it is these mountain peaks that are the source of the beauty and the fertility and the life of the valleys and the plains. Down from these heights run the streams which water and make fruitful the world.

All great souls are lonely; and those that have a message for the world, and call upon it to take some new step in advance, do it at their peril. It is not true simply of the religious leaders: it is true of all leaders. In literature, how many times from the beginning can you find illustrations of it? A man inaugurates a new type, a new style: it is a voice that the people are not used to, they do not understand it, they cannot hear it; and he

is alone, and he pays the penalty of scorn and neglect until perhaps some later generation comprehends him.

Just as Jesus said in regard to religious matters, "Your fathers stoned the prophets: it is you who build the sepulchres." The sepulchres are the monuments, and appear in a later age.

It is the same in art. Millet was neglected and poor all his life long; and now any little sketch that can be proved to have been the work of his hand will bring money enough to have made him comfortable and rich all his life long.

Columbus discovers a new world, and pays for it how? By abuse, misunderstanding, envy, jealousy, chains. Copernicus reveals a new universe; and what is his reward? To have his book placed upon the Index, and to be abused by all the great authorities of his age. So, in every department of life, he who comes with a new truth must pay the penalty. Think of the tragedy, the sadness of it.

And yet where would the old world be if these new revealers did not come? All the growth and progress from the beginning have been the result of their ministry; and they, almost to a man, have been persecuted and cast out, worshipped, loved, honored by the next generation that came to understand them.

And yet we never learn it. The next new leader that comes will be treated just the same. It always has been so. I suppose it always will be so.

'Twas ever so, that he who dared
To sail upon a sea unknown
Must go upon a voyage unshared,
And brave its perils all alone.

He who from Palos, toward the west,
Sought for a new world o'er the sea,
Sailed forth distrusted and unblest,
While e'en his ship hatched mutiny.

And he who, not content to sit
And dream of far-off shores of truth,
Watching the sea-bird fancies flit
And wavelets creep through all his youth,

Must sail unblest of those behind,
And bear e'en Love's reproaching tone:
Only the guiding God is kind
To him who dares to sail alone.

And Jesus was a young man, only thirty-two,—all alive in brain, in heart, his body keenly sensitive, as youth and health always are; and he shrank—why should he not?—from the cross. He knew what it meant,—the long hours of agony and waiting for the inevitable end. So is it strange that in Gethsemane the great sweats of pain should drop from his brow? Is it strange that he should cry out to his Father, "If it be possible, let this cup pass"? Is it strange that he should have wanted a little sympathy from those that stood around him? The agony of the cross!

And then at the last, as he hung there, the suffering! It was very keen. But there is a deeper touch to his anguish yet. Something more than physical agony awaited him; and this was doubt, wringing his very soul. I cannot take those last words of Jesus as having no meaning; and, if they mean what they say, what was it?

I wonder sometimes as to whether Jesus expected God at the last minute to interpose and save him from the cross. His disciples at any rate expected it. This was a part of the popular anticipation of his age. Nobody looked for a disgraced and crucified Messiah. It was this that put him out of sympathy with the people of his time.

Did Jesus expect to be saved at the last? At any rate, in those final moments a great question came to him. He wondered as to whether he had mistaken the

meaning and purpose of God, as to whether he had misread his own mission; for he cried out, in the Aramaic tongue, the speech of the common people of his time, "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?"—"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

And yet he did not falter, but swooned through the shadow and the dark into immortal life and immortal light. And the anguish was over.

I think there had not been in it from the day of his birth to the day of his death anything supernatural, anything unnatural, anything imposed on him from without by either God or evil spirit. I believe that he was a part of the eternal, divine order of the universe, working out by his faithfulness and his sorrow the salvation of the world.

But no lonely work was this. Other souls, under every sky, in every land, in every age, have shared with him this sorrow and this triumph. And not only the great and distinguished souls,—not only Socrates, not only the long line of martyrs, not only Bruno, not only Servetus, not only Lincoln, not only the great and the wise and the famous,—but every soul, in every land and in every age that has been true, that has met suffering rather than be faithless, that has stood by its vision, that has listened to and followed the voice, that has been willing to pay the price of agony for the sake of being counted a child of God.

Every such soul has helped work out this natural, divine redemption, atonement, salvation, deliverance of the world. Not only the famous,—you, you, most obscure, commonplace, in your own homes, where nobody knows and nobody notes and nobody cares,—if you have met the pain, if you have borne it bravely, if you have been true, if you have been sincere, faithful, if you have been God's child in your sorrow, you have helped, you have helped to save, you have helped to lift up, you

have helped in the divine work of atonement wrought out so conspicuously by the Man of Sorrows.

Dear Father, we bless Thee that we can share in this wonderful, this mystic, this beautiful work. Let us be honest and faithful and true. Let us be patient, let us not be discouraged or cast down. Only let us be true, Father, and the victory, as well as the agony, shall be ours. Amen.

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SEEING.

My text you may find in the third chapter of the Book of Revelation, the eighteenth verse,—"I counsel thee to buy of me eye-salve to anoint thine eyes, that thou mayest see."

Is not seeing a very simple thing? One has only to open one's eyes, and everything within the range of vision is apparent; and do not all people have the same opportunity to see with equal clearness the same things? Such is perhaps the first impression. And yet, when we look at it with a little care, we notice that this matter of seeing is not quite so simple as it would appear.

I suppose there are no two people on the face of the earth who eyes are precisely alike. Let any two friends walk out of an evening when the moon is full, and look at it. It will seem to one of them perhaps as large as a cart-wheel, to the other as small as a dinner plate. The moon is the same, the atmospheric conditions are the same: it is purely a difference in the structure of the eyes.

I suppose not only do the eyes of different people differ, but that there is nobody on the face of the earth whose two eyes are precisely alike or precisely match each other. There is a whole wide range of differences and defects of many kinds. The oculists are at last learning to recognize them, and in part to remedy them by one device or another.

Paley, in his book of "Evidences," used the eye as a perfect illustration of design; but Helmholtz, the famous German scientific man, has said that, if a maker

of optical instruments should send him home a piece of work no better done than the ordinary eye, he should send it back again.

It is not, then, so simple a thing to see. Some people are very near-sighted: the only things that are clear to them are those that are close at hand. I remember a friend telling me once that he had grown to be fourteen years old before he found out that ordinary people could see the separate leaves on a tree. It was one blurred mass to him; and he supposed that everybody else saw just the same.

Those things that are close by are important, are visible, are clear, to the near-sighted person; and, if I had time, I might draw out a lot of analogies and illustrations to show how this near-sightedness is a moral and spiritual fact as well.

There are people who see only those interests that are close by. They live in the little world of their own personality, their own friends. It is this kind of people who are fond of the proverb, "Charity begins at home"; and in their case it generally, if it begins at all, ends at home, where it begins. They do not see any larger social, national, world interests in the more clear and defined fashion in which they see the things that touch their own personality.

On the other hand there are persons who are long-sighted. They cannot see the things close by with as much accuracy as they do those at a distance. They are interested, perhaps, in things that are far away, and not so much in those that are close at home. There are people, for example, who are intensely interested in curing certain evils that exist in India and China, but overlook entirely New York. You can follow out illustrations like these as far as you please.

There is another defect in certain people's eyes. They are color-blind. One man looks at a thing, and says it

is red: another looks at it, and says it is green; and, were it not for the majority concensus, there would be no way of deciding a dispute between such people.

Then there is another thing that we need to take account of: there is the medium through which we see. They tell us that those who have travelled in some parts of the West are frequently deceived as to the matter of distance. They see a mountain peak, and decide that they will take a walk to it before breakfast, and find that it is fifteen or twenty miles away. The air is so clear that it looked close at hand.

Things look very different according to the medium through which we discern them. Let an artist draw a picture of an English landscape, through that dull, blurred, misty atmosphere, and how different it is from the work of an artist who paints under the sunny skies of France or Italy.

Let a man sit in a car, and gaze out of the window as he is flying through the landscape, and, if the glass is defective, everything that he looks at is distorted. He knows that he is not seeing things as they are.

And so I might go on at almost any length concerning these defects of the eye, the external apparatus of vision. But we need to look a little more deeply. It is not the eye that sees, any more than a window sees: it is the soul that sees, it is the man, the personality behind the eye.

It is a most wonderful thing that takes place. I cannot explain it to you; for nobody can. But a ray of light, a wave motion of the atmosphere, strikes the eye, touches and sets in motion the optic nerve. That motion is carried up into a certain region in the brain; and what takes place? I do not know: nobody knows; but suddenly we see. Material motion is either transmuted into or suddenly is accompanied by consciousness,—a spiritual fact, utterly unlike it, so that we have not the least idea as to how this change is effected or as to

how the gulf is crossed between what we call matter and what we call spirit. But it is the soul somewhere that sees.

Now the condition of the soul must be taken into account if we are to understand the difficulty of seeing clearly and if we are to comprehend the need that we shall take care that our eyes are divinely medicined, so that we can discern things as they really are.

A man sees through a spiritual atmosphere: he sees as he can, he sees as he is. Love sees one thing: hate sees another. Prejudice, envy, jealousy, hope, fear,—all these different feelings create an atmosphere. They transform the world as we look at it, so that we do not at all live in the same kind of world,—we people who are so different and who see things in such a different way.

I wish to suggest a few things to make this matter a little clearer, and help you to think it out in certain definite directions.

How easy it is for people to see things that do not exist, if they only expect to see them! To take a very familiar illustration,—you will pardon me if it is a personal one, because it touches the point so clearly that I have in mind.

Years ago I used occasionally to write a sermon. I had one which I thought was a pretty fair one; and I preached it in a good many different places. After two or three years I discovered one day that one of the most important words on the very first page of the sermon—if I may be pardoned an Hibernicism—was not there at all.

I always spoke that word when preaching it. I always saw it. It never occurred to me to omit it; but it was not there. It was in my mind. It ought to have been there, it had to be there, to make sense; and, expecting it, I perceived it. You can find hundreds of illustra-

tions of people who see things that do not exist because they expect to see them.

On the other hand, the opposite is true. We can utterly ignore a thing, and not see it when it is staring us in the face, if we do not wish to see it. You remember the dispute between Brutus and Cassius. Brutus had been pointing out the faults of his friend, and Cassius replies, "A friendly eye could never see such faults"; and Brutus responds, "A flatterer's would not, though they do appear as huge as high Olympus."

You can find dozens of illustrations of such people—and, if you are quite candid with yourselves, in your own case, too—who never see things that exist because they do not want to see them.

There is another curious fact in regard to this matter of seeing. Carelessness, inattention when you look, produces such startling differences in the way of result. If you were going home to-day, a party of you, and should see some incident on the street, something a little complicated and confused, some accident perhaps, and then should ask half a dozen different people to tell you about it to-morrow, you would have half a dozen different stories.

No one of them would intend to tell anything that was not true; but neither of them would be accurate. This accounts, I suppose, for the divergent stories that we see so frequently in the newspapers. Something happens, and each paper has a different account of it; and all of them are wrong. All of them are partly right.

Then, again, it makes such a difference as to what you fix your attention on chiefly. Suppose a half-dozen artists should go out into the country, and take some special landscape for a subject and paint a picture. A mountain, a farm-house, the farmer, a wagon-load of hay, some beautiful tree, a stream,—these make up the landscape.

Now your half a dozen artists might give you half a dozen different pictures, so divergent that you would have to look closely to find out that they were dealing with the same subject. One sees the mountain as the central feature, and subordinates everything to that. Another places the farmer in the foreground, and everything else takes a secondary place as regards him. Another one takes the tree as his central object, and so on. He sees as the most important thing in the landscape this or that: all the others, according to taste, according to predeliction, according perhaps to deliberate choice,—and everything else is placed in shadow, and you have entirely a different result.

Let a poet, a farmer, a speculator, an artist, a miner, a geologist, go out into the same part of the country, and look over the landscape. The geologist will see the things that concern his profession. He will be wondering what the causes were that worked to produce the results of hill and valley just as they are to-day. He will be looking into the dim regions of the past and tracing the agencies at work.

The poet will see material for his verse, the artist for his picture. The farmer will be studying the qualities of the soil, and wondering what kind of a crop would grow best in this place and in that. The speculator will be wondering what the land would be worth in the market. And so the different ones would be seeing entirely a different picture, according to the condition of his own mind, according as his own interests were affected, according as he was reaching out after his own special result.

And now this matter applies to character just as well. Recall for a moment that scene—no matter whether it be historic or not, it is so wondrously touching and beautiful—in ancient Jerusalem. Jesus comes upon Mary Magdalene in the midst of a group of Pharisees and peo-

ple, who have condemned her off-hand, and are ready to hurl stones at her in carrying out the judgment of the Mosaic law.

Jesus sees the same woman; but how different she looks in the eyes of Pharisee and Nazarene! To one she is only a hateful object, under condemnation of the law, too foul to be treated with humanity, only fit to be cast off the face of the earth. And to the other she is a sister, she is a child of God, who has mistaken the road, who has wandered and stumbled and fallen, and soiled her robe. The one condemns her: the other one says, "Go and sin no more."

And so all over the world with what different eyes we see people, according to our training, according to our prejudices, according to our predispositions, according to our fears, our hopes. Seeing a simple thing? It is one of the most complex things in all the world.

Let me note now in a few different classes some of the practical outcomes of this difficulty of seeing.

We are apt to be prejudiced of course in favor of ourselves, in favor of our family, our friends, our city, our country, our own nationality; and it is so easy to see all the good there is in them, and so hard to see any of the evil.

Paul tells us in a certain place that we ought not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, but to think soberly. How difficult it is for the most of us to see ourselves as we really are! We are so easily blind to our own faults, we can find such excuses for our own bad habits, bad ways, bad feelings, bad words; and we are so hard and bitter against other people who do precisely or say precisely the same things. We see so differently.

Then take the matter as we broaden out beyond our own personality and family and our little circle of friends. Take the race prejudices of the world. How bitter they

have been in the past! We are only beginning at last to become civilized enough to tolerate race differences.

This is the 17th of April. It is Easter in Russia. I am wondering what the news may be in the morning papers. On an Easter Day, as you remember, two or three years ago, this race hatred on the part of the Russians flamed out against the Jews, and ended in wholesale, cruel, bloody massacre. Word has gone forth telling the people in certain parts of Russia that it is the will not only of the czar, but the will of God, that the same thing should be repeated on the Easter of this year, to-day. Whether it will be I know not; but all of us carry in our hearts the seed of this inability to see other people as children of God, as having equal rights with our own, as being as true, as noble as we. The differences that separate us seem to us moral differences.

Go abroad, and you say, How strange it is that the French do so and so! Are they not a curious people? And a Frenchman, whether he is impolite enough to tell you of it nor not, is thinking, What strange people these Americans are, what peculiar ways they have! And it all means simply that an American is not a Frenchman and a Frenchman is not an American,—that is all.

Different speech, different customs, different ways, and each his right to his own speech and customs and ways, only we see it through such an atmosphere of prejudice that we find it difficult not to dislike them merely because they are different from us. We cannot see the simple humanity, the simple childhood towards God. This has been at the root of most of the wars and cruelties since human history began.

We need not go very far afield to discover race characteristics as an illustration of our theme. Take it here at home. The different classes into which society is divided, the rich and the poor, the laborer and the capitalist,—how difficult they find it to see each other as

they really are! If they only could see each other, most of the problems would be solved.

There never would have been any war between the North and the South if the South could have looked through the eyes of the Northerner and the Northerner could have looked through the eyes of the Southerner,—if they could have seen each the world in which the other lived.

Go down on the East Side, and who lives there? What kind of people? Jacob Riis finds one kind, a newspaper reporter sent down to investigate finds another, the man who proposes to speculate in building tenement houses finds still another. There are just as many different kinds of people on the East Side as there are people who go to look at them.

In other words, we carry with ourselves mentally, morally, spiritually, the colors with which we paint the outside world, the world of facts and the world of people, and make it what it seems to us to be.

I might illustrate this in half a dozen different directions. I will take time only to dwell upon it as it affects us in a religious way.

How difficult it is for us to see religious realities, religious facts, as they are! Take the mere matter of studying the Bible. What does the Bible teach? Henry Ward Beecher said on a certain occasion that people go through the Bible as a magnet goes through a dish of sand containing iron filings, and come out of it with the texts they happen to like sticking all over them. That illustrates the point I have in mind.

A prohibitionist goes to the Bible, and finds texts to support his particular idea. The moderate drinker of wine goes there to find a text in support of his habit. The slave-dealer in the South years ago found texts to support slavery. The abolitionist found a plenty of texts to support his particular idea. And so you can find a

text, if you choose to twist it a little, to support almost anything you please. The Sabbatarian finds his texts to prove that you ought to keep the seventh day; and the man who believes in Sunday finds texts in favor of that; and the man who does not believe in either of them finds texts to support that.

You can find anything in the Bible, just as you can find anything in the world. The only trouble is that we do not see things as they really are, because we are prejudiced, because we desire to support a particular set of opinions. We go hunting for reasons for believing that a certain thing is true. We do not go simply seeking for the truth; and there is all the difference in the world between those two attitudes of mind.

It is very difficult for us to understand a man who belongs to another denomination and holds a different theology from our own; and the trouble is, in the theological battles of the world, that we allow ourselves to develop such bitterness of personal feeling.

I suppose it is because we think that our ideas are God's ideas, and that the people who differ from us are differing from God; and the chances are that we shall think in our secret hearts that they are doing it on purpose, and because they are wicked, and then we think that they ought to be punished for it. The root of persecution lies very largely in this difficulty of our seeing things clear and seeing them straight.

You can find a good illustration of this feeling in the Bible. The writer of one of the Psalms—I do not know who he was—says, addressing God: "Do not I hate them that hate thee? I hate them with perfect hatred." There is good Biblical authority, you see, if you want it, for hating the man who differs from you religiously. And so the Methodists and the Presbyterians, the Episcopalians and the Unitarians, find it so difficult to understand each other, so difficult to be charitable, to be

kindly, to give the other credit for being honest and sincere and true.

We ought then, above all other things, if we may, do our best to see things as they really are. It is not a simple matter, as you have learned by this time: it is an immensely difficult one,—difficult not only on account of the defects of the physical apparatus of vision, but difficult on account of our own peculiar personalities, prejudices, loves, hatreds, fears. We must make ourselves capable of seeing before we can see. It is a matter of personal development and training if we will see clearly and rightly.

We need to train ourselves to this. Why? So that we may live in the real world. The most of us live in a world that is largely the work of our own imaginations, the work of our own hopes and fears and prejudices and fancies. That is not God's world.

We need to live in the real world; so we need to teach and train ourselves to see things as they are. We need to do this, so that we may deal with facts, so that we may find our way, so that we may help the world on, and not stand in the path of its progress.

There are thousands of people to-day who are hindering the advance of the world in matters of education, industry, morals, philanthropy, religion,—not because they are not in their hearts in favor of the best things, but because they do not see things as they are. They are working with the enemies of human progress, they are standing square in the way, and do not know it because they do not see.

Then we need to see things as they are because otherwise we lose so much. I have infinite pity for certain people I meet because they miss so much. Take as an illustration the great scientist Darwin. Darwin devoted himself so exclusively to his scientific work that many of his other faculties, his ability to appreciate and enjoy, atrophied: they withered, they died out.

He tells us that, as he got along in life, he lost his appreciation of poetry, of novels, of general literature. He did not care for them any more. He did not see the meaning, the happiness, the beauty, of these departments of life, and was so much the poorer.

I had a friend who devoted himself to the law. He told me, as he got to be old, that he had lost all taste for anything but business. The richer, sweeter, nobler, finer parts of his nature had dried up. He could not see these things any more. He could only see a law case, the plaintiff, the defendant, the court, the judge, the jury, the fees, the excitement of the combat.

So there are thousands of business men who have ceased to be able to see the sweetest and finest and best and noblest things in human life. I know of men who for the life of them cannot talk anything but steel. There are men who cannot talk anything but stocks and bonds, of one kind and another. Their whole life has been absorbed by these things; and they have ceased to be able to see the beauty of the landscape, the loveliness of a night sky, the poetry of the world. Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, are sealed books to them.

I know a business man who within six months said of the whole poetry of the world that he could see nothing in it, he wondered why people were interested in these things. Blind, blind, to the best things in human life!

So there are men who cannot see love and pity and tenderness and forgiveness. There are men who cannot see the meaning and power and beauty of the religious life. There are men who cannot see God.

We need to train ourselves to see,—to see the whole range of life, to see things as they are, in order that we may be just to them. We are unkind and cruel because we do not see clearly, see rightly the positions of other

people. We need to be able to see the best things in life, so that we may have courage to live, so that we may go on our way in joy, and not in sorrow.

The difference between the pessimist and the optimist is almost entirely a difference in the ability to see, to see clearly, to see things as they are, to see that there is a hand at the helm of the world, to see that things are moving, and moving towards the better and the brighter.

We need to see in order that we may be tender and just toward our friends, train ourselves to see the best things in them, not in a prejudiced way, not in a way that forgets that they have any faults, but see the best things in them, just as we would see the best things in the world, that we may take comfort in them, have hope concerning them, and that we may give them the joy of our present appreciation, that we may love them and encourage them and help them.

In order, then, that we may be true, may be just, may be courageous, may be helpful, that we may live in a real world, and not in a world of fancies, that we may deal with realities, and so help on the growth of things towards a better future, we need to listen to the counsel that recommends us to buy eye-salve with which to anoint our eyes, in order that we may see.

Father, let Thy light shine down upon us, illumine our pathway; let us be able to distinguish the light from the darkness; let us see how to take the next step that leads us ahead towards that which is better; so may our paths grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Amen.

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WHAT WE REALLY WISH TO KNOW.

My text I have chosen from the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, a part of the twelfth verse,—"We know in part."

In the year 1898 Professor Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, published a book called "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence." Mr. Smith is one of the learned, honest, true, noble men of the time. His position is that of an agnostic. He is not glad that he cannot believe any more; but there is always running through it a tone of sadness and regret. He wishes for a larger view of truth than it seems to him he can honestly perceive.

He deals with the great problems Life and Death, the Church, the Relation of the Church to the Bible, specially to the Old Testament, and the question of a Future Life; but nearly all these riddles are, to his mind, so far practically unanswerable.

In the year 1901 Professor Ernst Haeckel, of Germany, published a book called "The Riddle of the Universe." He also is an agnostic, in an extremer sense of that word than is true of Mr. Goldwin Smith.

He is a somewhat conceited, supercilious, scientific agnostic, or, at any rate, so it seems to me. He not only doubts, but he knows that it is not so. He knows, or thinks he does, that God and the soul and religion and the future life are only fancies, imaginations, myths of the world's childhood; and he thinks that scientific, sensible men will not trouble themselves about them.

I refer to these two books because they are in a certain way symptomatic: they are surface indications

of conditions that are very real beneath the surface of this modern life of ours. There is such wide-spread doubt and question as, at any rate, has not been known for two thousand years.

It would not be so bad if there were simply doubt and question; but thousands of people are not only intellectual, they are moral, spiritual, and religious Hamlets, forever weighing probabilities this way and that, and because they cannot settle certain difficulties action is paralyzed.

They perhaps engage in philanthropic work, study science, become interested in art and history: they plunge into the whirl of commercial life; but they are not guided any longer by any fixed stars, they have no high and clear and impelling hopes or motives, they wonder whether there is anything permanent about religion, and they are inclined to leave it alone.

They are not certain enough about it, so that they connect themselves actively with any of the great religious movements of the world. If they go to church at all, it is to accompany their wives or daughters or a friend now and then on a Sunday morning, or because they are attracted, as they would be to any other speaker, to listen to some particular man, who may possibly have something interesting to say.

This is the attitude of thousands of people at the present time. Now we have only to go back two or three hundred years to find that practically everybody knew everything, or, at any rate, supposed that they did.

There were no doubts in their minds concerning the profoundest mysteries. They knew what God was doing in the eternal ages that preceded the existence of the universe. They knew how the three persons of the Trinity kept company with each other, and how they conferred and planned as to the future course of events.

They knew just when the world was created, and why. They knew even the day of the week on which Adam was formed out of the dust. They knew when sin came into the world, and why it came. They knew very nearly the date of the day of judgment,—they had ciphered it out as to the time that the world was to exist and when it was to end; and they knew that after the day of judgment a few selected ones would go to heaven and the rest would go to hell, and that things would continue unchanging forever and ever.

All these things they supposed they knew. They were clear, settled. They had no practical or disturbing doubts about them.

But something has happened. To-day there is not a sensible man in Christendom who would presume to claim that he knew any single one of these things, in the old sense or with anything like the old certainty. It would seem as though the accumulated religious knowledge of the world had been swept away, and that we had to begin all over again.

What is it that has really happened? I want to ask you to note this, and then to note, further, as to whether the world has really lost anything, or, at any rate, anything of value.

What is it that has happened? Simply that God, through perfectly normal and natural channels, as the result of the increasing intelligence and careful study of the world, has made a revelation to this age of great, new, wide-reaching truth. These truths have expanded the universe from a little playhouse affair, no larger than the orbit of the moon, until it is to our conception boundless and infinite.

This new knowledge has compelled us to a new thought concerning the power manifested in the universe. It has compelled us to reconstruct all our ideas concerning the origin and nature of man. It has given us a

different thought about evil. It has taken away the supposed knowledge of the future, and left us to investigate it anew.

Has anything strange happened? Only what we might have anticipated if we had thought a little carefully about it. Consider for one moment. The human race began life here on this little planet, weak and undeveloped and ignorant, and it has been slowly growing and slowly learning in every direction.

The only trouble has been that this child-man has loved to please himself with myth-making and the weaving of fascinating fables,—has told himself fairy stories.

Now there is no objection to myth-making and fables and fairy stories, if people only remember that they are myths and fables and fairy stories, and if they distinguish between them, their fancies, their dreams, their imaginings, and what they really know. But the difficulty with the past has been that people have begun to believe that these things which they had dreamed, fancied, told themselves as fairy tales, were the realities of things, the divine revelations of infallible truth; and they have interwoven with these dreams and fancies and fairy tales their hearts' most sacred hopes, their thoughts about God, their trust in him, their beliefs as to their dead and the future life.

And they have come to think that God and religion and the soul and the future are bound up with these fancies and fables and fairy tales, and that, when one goes, the other goes. There is where the practical difficulty lies. It is right in there resides the tragedy of the present condition of the world's thought and feeling and fear and hope.

But this sort of thing has occurred over and over in the past. At certain great crisis stages in the advance of the world the old conceptions have become discredited, and people have had to reconstruct their theories, pick out the true from the false, and start over anew.

When Christianity came into the world was one of those periods. It is perfectly natural in the advance of the world that this sort of thing should take place, until people become wise enough to separate between fact and fancy, dream and reality, and be content quietly and naturally to take such steps ahead in the actual knowledge and progress of the world as are possible at the time or in the nature of things.

Has there been any real loss? The loss of a good many dreams, but no loss of anything real. If a man dreams that he is a millionaire, and wakes up and finds that he is not, he has lost nothing. He may be disappointed for the moment that the dream is not true; but he has lost nothing that was real. But we are in a better condition than that.

I wish to point out to you—and help you to understand clearly, if I can—that you have lost nothing that you ought not to rejoice to be rid of.

Let us consider for a moment; and I will take existing churches and existing names so as to make my point perfectly clear.

Do we lose anything by finding out that what the Catholic Church claims to know is not well founded? It claimed to know all about the inner nature of God, the Trinity, before the world was; and it has taught, and teaches still, explicitly and emphatically, that, unless we believe it, we shall no doubt all be damned everlastingly. Is it any loss to find out that that is not true?

The Catholic Church teaches us that Peter went to Rome, founded the first church there, and became the first bishop and the first pope. Now, as the result of the careful investigation of modern scholarship, we are forced to come to the conclusion that there is not a particle of satisfactory evidence on the face of the earth that Peter ever went to Rome at all, that he ever had

anything to do with the first church, or was ever a pope. But is it any great loss to find out that that is not true?

The Catholic Church teaches us that it has the power miraculously to convert certain particles of bread into the body of God and certain drops of wine into the blood of God; and it teaches us that, unless we eat that body and drink that blood, we shall be lost forever.

Of course, it goes without saying that there is no way on the face of the earth to prove any such claim true; and, if we could prove it true, what would it mean? It would mean that the great majority of the world were irretrievably lost. Are you sorry that you cannot prove that that is true? Is there anything real lost to the world in giving up a fancy like that?

It teaches that it has had committed to its hands the power to dominate the world. It claims the right to temporal dominion. It tells us that Christ, who was God, gave into the hands of Peter the keys, and that that means that the Church, the successor to Peter's power, is to have the right irretrievably to open and shut the doors of life in this world and the next forever.

Modern scholarship knows with practical certainty that the passage in the New Testament wherein the keys were supposed to have been given to Peter was an interpolation in the interests of the church after the claim began to be made.

There is no reason whatever for supposing to-day that God has put into the hands of a little clique of Italian priests the power to rule this great, free America of ours; but it is making the claim that it has such right, and is trying to exert the power to do it. Is there any loss in not believing that we are bound by duty to God to bow our necks to the yoke of an ignorant and foreign despotism like that?

Suppose everything that the Catholic Church thinks

and has ever taught was swept out of existence: would the world be poorer? It would be richer if everything were gone except those that are a part of the common heritage of the advance of mankind. Whatever is peculiar we can lose, and be the richer for it. Let us not mourn, then, the destructiveness of modern scientific investigation in that quarter.

Let us turn for a moment to the Protestant Church. At the time of Luther the world had not risen to the thought of any scientific investigation as to truth. It was something that had hardly entered the minds of men. So that, when the papacy was given up as an infallible guide, it was felt that some other must take its place. So Luther fell back on the Bible. Did he ever prove that the Bible was infallible? Did he ever prove that it was miraculously inspired? Did he ever prove that it contained just the books that ought to have been in it, and no more and no less?

It never occurred to him to attempt to prove it. It was one simple assumption, utterly baseless so far as anything like adequate evidence was concerned.

Now we have found out that that was an assumption, and that it was baseless. We have found out that the Bible is not infallible. Have we lost anything in so finding?

Consider, friends, for a moment, how much we have gained. Do you really wish to be obliged, on the basis of an infallible authority, to accept the character of Jehovah, narrow, jealous, cruel, unjust, as he is depicted in some parts of the Old Testament?

Not only is that objection a valid one, but on the other hand, if you accept the Old Testament as infallible, you have got to apologize for the fact that it is brimful of historical and scientific mistakes. How will you adjust those to your notion of infallibility?

Not only that, a worse difficulty is behind. God

and his government and his dealings with men are not only ignorant and cruel, they are immoral, as depicted in many parts of the Old Testament. Is it a loss, then, to the modern world that we are no longer religiously obliged to accept Luther's idea concerning the Bible? Is it a loss that we are free in this great, wonderful universe to seek for the light and the truth and the divine glory and beauty wherever God vouchsafes to reveal them to us?

Does it make any great difference to us as to who wrote the Gospel of John? Suppose that we do not know that. It would be very interesting to me if I knew what John thought about Jesus; but, frankly, I should not feel in the slightest degree obliged to agree with him. Why should I? If I could find it out, it would be simply John's opinion.

And so you take the great doctrines taught by the Protestant Church,—the creation of the world four thousand and four years before Christ, the fall of man, the wrath of God, eternal doom for the majority; for Protestantism has taught these things as well as Catholicism. Is it really a loss that we have found out that they are not true ?

But not only this: there is another phase of the present world that I wish to glance at, because it is so characteristic.

There is a wonderful parallel that might be drawn between the condition of things now and the condition of things in the Roman Empire just before the advent of Christianity. The old religions then were dying. Intelligent people and moral people no longer believed in the gods of Olympus. They were all astray.

And yet they were hungry for belief in some direction. They were feeling out this way and that for some kind of revelation. They knew nothing about scientific truth. They were not patient in waiting. They

were anxious to find some short cut to the infinite; and what was the result?

Rome was flooded with cults and philosophies and speculations from Egypt and from India and from all over the East, just as New York to-day is flooded with cults and speculations and dreams and philosophies and fancies from the Orient,—claims of marvellous wisdom, hidden somewhere in the mountains of Thibet, nobody knows just where; claims of wondrous things that can be done, or could be if you chose to shut your eyes and accept the loud statements concerning these people who have never been seen.

New York is full of this hunger after God, after the future life, after the infinite, the Unseen; and this has come in the break-up and decline of the old theologies.

But there is one thing I never could quite understand, —why people should feel that it was such a gain to accept beliefs which have never done the world much good in the East, where they have existed for thousands of years, and particularly certain phases of those beliefs which the people in the East have been struggling for ages to get rid of.

For example, one of the great Oriental beliefs is in reincarnation,—that we are bound to the eternally revolving wheel of existence; that we must be born over and over and over again, and live lives over and over,— a sort of endless chain.

And the very reason for the existence of Buddhism was a frantic endeavor to get rid of these reincarnations. And here are thousands of people in New York picking up these old clothes of India, and wearing them as though they were divine garments in which they ought to rejoice,—people taking as a new revelation the fancy that they are going to be reincarnated, or have been, and wondering what they were at the time of Antony or in the Middle Ages!

Now I have no objection to the truth. I only ask that he who comes to me and professes to be telling me some great new truth should bring me some slight credential; and this slight credential I have never got a glimpse of as yet.

Is it any real loss if these things are discredited? Do we really need to know the things that they claim to be able to tell us?

Our text says, "We know in part." Is that a misfortune? It seems to me one of the most blessed things in all the world. Suppose we knew everything all at once. The world would then be a squeezed orange. There would be no taste left in it any more. We should be through. You know it is fabled that Alexander, after he had conquered the world, sat down, and cried for another world to conquer. If we were through with this one, should we not be weeping and longing and praying for God to give us another problem to solve, another question to answer, another region to explore, something further to do? Is it really a calamity that we know only in part?

There is another thing for which we ought to be grateful in this limitation of our knowledge, as it seems to me. Since we know only in part, and since there is an infinite universe all around us to explore, we can still have the wonderful joy of discovery.

You remember Keats tells us in that wonderful little sonnet of his, when he fell for the first time upon Chapman's translation of Homer, that he found such delight in it, this new world that had been opened to him,—

> "Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

The joy of discovery, whether it is a new book, a new planet, a new ocean, a new anything! And God never yet, so far as we have been able to find out, supernaturally revealed to any man anything. He has left us, his children, with a growing intelligence and a patient research, to find out for ourselves, to have the pleasure of finding out, and, what is more important still, to develop ourselves in the process of study and discovery.

If things could only be poured into us, it would make no change in us; but we, as the result of thinking and reaching out and investigating and experimenting and demonstrating, are growing, we are building ourselves intellectually, morally, spiritually, climbing up ever into a nearer and finer likeness to himself. So it is a blessed thing that we know only in part.

Let us think for a moment what it means, what this means, to know. I refer to this in passing, because I count it one of the most important things in the world for us to make a clear-cut and careful distinction between knowledge and belief and hope.

We know—absolutely know—only a few things. We know only that which is demonstrated to be true. Do you say I know what I see, I know what I feel? In one sense this is true; but our seeing and our feeling are not always reliable; and we have to experiment with these experiences and feelings, and prove them, before we are certain.

We know only that which is scientifically demonstrated to be true. Yet we believe a thousand things besides; and we have a right to. Why? Because the balance of probability is in their favor. We are compelled to act every day of our lives not on an absolute certainty, but on that which seems to us probable.

There is a most important point involved here. If between two courses the probabilities weigh a fraction of an ounce in favor of one theory, then you are under

the highest of all moral obligations to act on that one, and not on the other, or on any other whatsoever.

I say this because it is one of the commonest and most lamentable things in the world that people think they have a right to pick up any fancy or whim or idea they happen to be pleased with, and preach it, propagate it, act upon it, and get other people to do the same.

Have you any such right? No, it is not only unreasonable, it is immoral. Why?

What has been the matter with the world in the past? It has been wandering and straying in by-paths, in wildernesses, in morasses, falling over precipices, chasing a road that turned into a squirrel track in a wood and ended up a tree, merely because people assumed that they had a right to pursue any notion that happened to please them instead of resolutely abiding by the truth, as being the only authoritative word of God.

You are under the highest obligation—for your own sake and that of the world—to seek for that which has the strongest probability in its favor, and stand by it until it is either disproved or established.

If the world were only willing to dream and play with its fancies, if it pleased, but really were willing to seek simply and quietly for the truth, to take whatever little it could be sure of, and be thankful for so much, and then reach out, explore, and enlarge the borders, that which is really known; if it would only be willing to be sure of the next step, and not speculate as to the ten thousandth step ahead,—if it would only be willing to do that, it would make some progress.

All that we really need to know is this, if we can know it: that there is solid ground under our feet; and we need to have light enough only, however dim, to enable us to take the next step ahead. That is all we really need to know absolutely.

Of course, it is delightful to know a good deal more;

but I for one propose to keep the word "knowledge" for that which is demonstrated as true, if the space it occupies in the universe is not bigger than the nail of my little finger. I will try to stand there, and then reach out as fast as I can, and find something more that is true, that is fine, something more that is divine; for, as I have told you over and over again, the only thing that is divine is the truth,—not your fancies, or whims or imaginings, or fears or hopes.

Now I propose to outline for you in the time that remains what I regard as some of the grand things and the sufficient things which we practically know. What do we know or what do we hold as so probable that we have a right not only, but a duty, to accept and act upon it? I do not think that we shall find ourselves very poor when we get through with the enumeration.

First, we know that we are more than animals,—that we are men and women; strange, wonderful animals, if you will, but animals whose chief characteristic lies in these two or three facts,—that we have thought about God, that we have been haunted by an unattained ideal, that we have dreamed of immortality. Strange beings, strange animals, these! We have good scientific reason for believing that we are souls: no other theory explains us.

It is absurd to talk of dead matter being whirled up by a gust of wind along the street until suddenly it assumes the shape of a human body, and then turns and looks at its fellow-particles of matter, and speculates as to what they are and what they mean. There is no leaping across the gulf which separates what we call "dead matter" and a thought, a feeling, mind, the soul.

We are men, then, souls, masters of this material universe instead of its product or its victims.

Another thing we know,—that the universe, as we look abroad, is not that which we see. The essential thing about the world is not the phenomena of stars,

of suns, planets, and asteroids. We know that the essential thing is that there is an infinite and eternal energy back of, underneath, all these phenomena, of which they are only the passing and changing manifestations.

We know, again, that we are of the same nature as this infinite and eternal energy. Let Science call it "energy," if you please: Religion speaks of it as "God." We are its children, we are of the same kind, the same nature. We are products of its life, we come into contact with it. It touches us, we feel it, we live in it, we commune with it. This is scientific verity.

We know another thing,—that there is an eternal distinction between right and wrong; and that right is divine, that right claims our allegiance, that we are eternally bound by it, and that obedience to it means life, happiness, all that we can possibly desire.

There is another thing we know,—that this infinite and eternal energy is in favor of the right. Let Lowell sing, if he will,—

"Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne";

but he goes on to sing also,—

"Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

No matter how many crimes, how much evil, how much wrong, we know God is in favor of the right, that the universe is in favor of the right. The universe must be in favor of the keeping of its own laws; and all the evil, all the wrong, there is in the universe, is the result of the breach of this infinite order and these eternal and righteous laws.

So much we know, then.

We know another thing,—that from the far-off beginning, which is hidden in the twilight of the dawn, there has been an orderly evolution, an advance, a growth, that the universe is going somewhere, that it is moving

under the impulse of a practically infinite Power, that there is some dimly discerned ideal towards which it is reaching; and we know that for this reason it is worth our while to co-operate all we can, to do things.

If I believed the universe was indifferent or was opposed to me, why should I beat myself against the inevitable? But, since I know that the universe is moving towards the right and the true and the beautiful and the sweet and the good, I know it is in favor of the things I want done; and, whether I can see the definite results of the things I try to accomplish or not, I know that every good thought, every noble impulse, every sweet feeling, every true endeavor, helps, that there is not a breath of good that is lost.

Emerson hit the mark in the centre when he said,—

> "One accent of the Holy Ghost
> The heedless world hath never lost."

It is worth our while to try then,—and do you appreciate it, friends?—oh, I wish I could make you understand!—the wonder of your being permitted to help. Suppose God should delegate you the power to create one new grass-blade or one new ray of light in the heavens, how you would pride yourself on it! You would think yourself become divine.

But he has done a grander thing; and you do not think about it at all, and do not appreciate it. He has delegated you the power of co-operating with him in creating a higher and better world, in shaping souls.

Suppose you had the power of Michel Angelo to carve some wonderful thing out of a bit of marble. You have the power to carve a soul, to shape a human life into the image of the Divine. You can help God bring about the perfection of the earth.

Then another thing is true. We have good reason to believe, we have at least the probability I spoke of

a while ago,—and I think we have more,—that this world is only the beginning, that this is the prologue, the primary school, that we are here at the initial starting-point, and that there is to be an unfolding of the meaning and glory and beauty of things over yonder, just the other side of the shadow, that there is to be an infinite advance.

We have started on a journey that is never to end,—a joyous, glad journey, a journey in which we shall not get weary, where we shall make new investigations of truth, see new beauties, solve new problems, unfold new glories, find new delights at every step, and on and on and on, singing and blessed, following the path of that light which grows more and more into the perfect day.

We have, then, these great practical certainties; and are not these all, far more than all, the things that we really *need* to know?

Lay aside your fancies, then, and your dreams, or play with them, if you will, but do not confuse them with realities. Stand on your feet where you can, and where you know the ground solid, and devote yourselves to finding out some little thing more that is true, helping the world take some definite step ahead along the pathway that leads to God.

We have standing ground, we have reason for being patient and waiting, we have reason for trust, for hope, for a joy that passes all expression.

I wish to close by reading you a few verses that I have loved and carried in my pocket-book for a good many years. They were written by the Rev. Washington Gladden, a minister now in Columbus, Ohio,—nominally orthodox, broad-minded, scholarly, sympathetic, hopeful:—

"When the anchors that faith hath cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

"I know that right is right,
That it is not good to lie,
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

"I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind,
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;

"That the rulers must obey,
That the givers shall increase,
That duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of peace,

"In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars are all gone out;
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt.

"And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side."

Dear Father, we do thank Thee so lovingly, so gratefully, for the things about which we can feel practically certain. We thank Thee that there has never been any loss of truth from the beginning of the world; that there has been a slow but sure gain; that the light broadens, that it shines into places that have been dark; that it is dawn now in some parts of the earth; that by and by the sun will be up and the high noon come, and the blessed light shall be seen by all. Amen.

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NOTE.

In some unaccountable way the most significant word in the title of the sermon preceding this got changed into another. The title should be *What We Really Need to Know*, but *need* was somehow changed into *wish*.

This is a curious illustration of my recent sermon on *Seeing*. I looked over the proof, but *did not see* that it was wrong. I saw what I supposed was there.

I wish all those who have the sermon would strike out the word *wish* in the title, and substitute *need* in its place.

M. J. SAVAGE.

THE DIVINE WONDER OF SPRING.

I HAVE found my text in the second chapter of the Song of Songs, the eleventh to the thirteenth verses, inclusive: "For, lo, the winter is passed, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree ripeneth her green figs, and the vines are in blossom; they give forth their fragrance."

There is a common saying to the effect that "familiarity breeds contempt." At any rate, it results in indifference, so easily do we become *blasé.*

If the phenomena of spring were to be observed only once, say, in two hundred years, what an excited interest there would be! Grandfathers and grandmothers would tell to their children and grandchildren how they remembered these marvellous changes, the bursting of the buds on the trees, the opening of the flowers, the first coming of the grass-blades; and those who were born at a time so that they might expect to live to look upon the marvel would be anticipating it for years, looking forward to the strange event.

But it comes every year; and, while we rejoice in it in the ordinary way, the chances are that we do not appreciate the wonder of it all, how strangely it comes about.

We have learned now what the writer of our text did not know, that the earth turns ever on its axis, and at

the same time moves ever in an elliptic circle around the sun. It sweeps away from the centre of light and life, turns that face of the earth where we reside in such a way that the sun's rays fall obliquely upon it, and it is winter and cold; the earth is covered with snow, and everything appears to be dead.

But by and by the earth reaches the extremity of its orbit, and turns and begins to wheel backward towards the sun; and, as it does so, it turns that belt of the globe which we call the north temperate zone in such a way that the rays fall more nearly directly upon it, and the great change begins. The south-lying snow-banks feel a new touch in the air, and begin to melt away; and little streamlets trickle down the hillsides. The brooks that have been in prison, shut away by their jailer, the ice, are set free; and they go dancing and singing their sense of liberty and joy.

On southern slopes, in little sheltered places, the first blades of green appear. The roots of the trees stir, the sap begins to rise, and that tender flush of dainty green begins to be visible on the tips of the outermost branches, as they sway against that softer blue of the sky.

Along the streamlets the pussy-willows stand up in their beauty and their promise, the buds begin to burst out, flowers appear in sheltered places; and that wonderful thing that we call spring is upon us with its suddenness of surprises, its beauty, its glory.

What does it all mean? I wish to ask you to notice with me for a little while some of the inexplicable wonders that are going on all round us. We observe these, we name them, we label them, we trace the orderly ongoing of events, and we think we know all about it; and the chances are that the wonder ceases, unless it is a wonder at our own supposed knowledge.

What is it that is going on? I must only suggest two or three things:—

In the first place, here is the lifting up of apparently dead things into life. I can hardly refrain from quoting Lowell's lines here:—

> "Every clod feels a stir of might,
> An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
> And, groping blindly above it for light,
> Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

Here are dead things becoming alive, so far as our ordinary senses report to us. At present I do not go beyond that. Every little leaf, every opening flower, every grass-blade, every bud, is extracting from the atmosphere its invisible gases, is lifting up from the earth its particles of dead matter; and they are thrilling with life, color, beauty, growth, they are unfolding, expanding, in this wonderful, this wholly inexplicable way.

We study the process, we observe the order of what is taking place; but the mystery is as great as is the mystery of God. It was no light word when Tennyson told us, in those familiar lines, that, if he could explain a flower in the crannied wall, he could explain God and man.

We puzzle and mystify ourselves sometimes over the mysteries that seem to us far away, and do not notice that we are taking for granted things utterly as mysterious under our feet and on every hand.

Here, then, is life coming out of death, some sort of power taking dead particles and making them live.

There is another thing going on,—order out of chaos, from all disorder, all confusion; that is, what appears to be such to us.

Tell me how it is that the grass-blade selects particles invisible in the air and particles visible in the earth, and arranges them in the precise order, so that they shall make a grass-blade?

Right beside it is a lily. Tell me how it is that the lily out of this invisible air selects these invisible particles and out of the earth selects its atoms, and arranges them in such an order that it always makes a lily, never anything else?

Tell me how it is that the rose out of this same mysterious storehouse gathers the materials out of which it makes just the rose, nothing else?

How does it happen that never on any oak-tree since the world began did there appear a pine needle or a leaf of the beech? Perfect order everywhere, working in the midst of these indefinite appearances and constructing thus the definite and perfect result! As Mrs. Whitney in that beautiful little poem of hers sings,—

> "God does not send strange flowers every year.
> When the spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
> The same dear things lift up the same fair faces,—
> The violet is here."

In the midst of this infinite confusion, then, as it appears to us, is a power of perfect order working to definite and beautiful results.

Another thing is going on. Here is beauty coming out of ugliness. Look over a landscape, just after the snow is gone,—brown, dull, dark, covered with débris, the remnants of last year's life, now dead, as we say,—ugliness everywhere; but in a little while some mysterious force out of this is creating perfect beauty, beauty such as artists and poets have dreamed of, but have never been able to reproduce, able only to suggest.

Another thing is going on. Out of what is brown or black, or apparently colorless, is coming all this wealth and wonder of color, and all the different varieties of color, each bud, plant, and shrub, each bit of bark, each twig on the tree, each leaflet of the many kinds of flowers.

each selecting just the material that is necessary to give it its own dainty and delicate shade.

And yet they tell us that there is not any color in the rose, that there is not any color in the leaf, that the colors appear somewhere in the brain, or in that never-discovered self we call "mind," and which works through the brain.

How is it that this rose here this morning, or this pink, picks out of the white light just those rays which are necessary to be absorbed and rejects the others, so that, as the report comes through our eye, translated up into the brain in consciousness, we see pink or white or red or yellow or green, any one of these wonderful shades of color?

Stop here a moment, and gain an access, not of conceit, but of humble self-reverence. Well might Hamlet say, "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!"

For it is we, you and I, the sons and daughters of the Infinite One, who select from the movements going on around us that have no sound all the music of the world, from the movements going on around us that have no color all the color of the world, from the movements going on around us that have no beauty all the beauty of the world. We select from this material universe the thoughts of God, and translate these hieroglyphics of nature into that language which is divine.

There is another wonderful thing going on. Out of that which is noisesome and foul are being selected all the dainty essences and perfumes of the world,—from the bog and the swamp, the manure heap, everywhere, becoming the fragrance of the lily, the pink, the violet, the rose, all these marvellous things that make up the wonder of the spring.

And here again we note that these are movements only: they are fragrance only to men, to creatures capable of this delicate feeling and appreciation.

These simply as hints of some of the wonders of spring. I have ventured to call them divine wonders. Let us see for a moment.

What is it that is at work here? What is it that lifts death into life, that finds order in confusion, that brings beauty out of ugliness, fragrance out of foulness, color out of that which has no color,—what is it that is at work? Is it nature? Is it the earth that does it? Is it electricity, is it force, is it something which is itself dead and colorless and without fragrance, without any thought, without any care for beauty.?

Is not the asking of a question like that the strongest and clearest presentation of its absurdity? Science has been studying and experimenting for many a long year; and it has never yet discovered a case of life coming out of anything except pre-existing life,—no life out of death, life from life, always and everywhere, so far as we have been able to investigate and discover.

If you say nature does it, if you say the earth does it, if you say matter does it,—well, only note: you have got to define nature, force, matter. Whatever you say does it, you have got to define this thing over again, and put life and order and thought and beauty and love into it before you can account for your results; and, when you have got that, you have got what? God.

No matter where you start, if you follow a rational course, you must end at the feet of God, and look with tender reverence and love up into his face. God, and only God, can bring life out of this which appears not to be alive.

But let me go a thought deeper now, as we are ready to, while I suggest to you that we have never yet anywhere in the universe found anything that was dead.

We have never found anything but absolutely perfect, ultimate particles of matter, and that all in motion and thrilling with life, so that they are instinct with God, pulsing with his creative power.

There are certain particles that are disintegrated, taken apart, and recombined into other things; but nothing ever dies, no particle of matter ever ceases to exist, no manifestation of force ever ceases to exist, becomes less, or shows either weariness or decay.

God, then, is life; and this life of the spring is God here manifest, at work; we in his workshop watching him as he performs these marvels, so much more wonderful than all the reported miracles of the past that they fade into cheap exhibitions of power in the comparison.

This power that is at work is a power of order; and, if you stop to think what that means, wherever there is an intelligible order, there is the manifestation of intelligence,—intelligence at work, selecting, combining.

What is it happens,—merely that every year the rose appears as a rose, the pink as a pink, the violet as a violet, the beech leaf as a beech leaf, the pine needle as a pine needle? Is it accident? Here is order, and what we must think of as purpose and design.

And, then, God is an artist, loves beauty, creates it everywhere. In the bottom of the sea, in the wild woods where the eye of man has never penetrated, this supreme artist is at work, because he loves and rejoices in the beauty that he makes everywhere, whether any other sees or not.

A colorist,—why, some of the artists of the past have become famous for all time because they handled color in such a distinctive way; and yet the best of them have only, far off and painfully, imitated a little the wonderful work of the divine colorist. You remember the lady who said to Turner, looking at one of his pictures, "I

never saw any such color as that"; and he replied, "Well, madame, but don't you wish you could?"

The artist can imitate nature's coloring in such a way that we wish we might travel somewhere over the world until we could discover it; but God is the supreme artist, the wonderful colorist.

And, then, as Lowell said once, "What a poet God is!"

Everywhere the poets of the world dreaming, thinking, catching insights, glimpses, seeing the marvel and the mystery of the passing figure of the Divine just as it disappears from sight, never able to overtake, dreaming of making and suggesting that which God is doing, always and everywhere.

The wonder of the spring, then, is a divine wonder.

I wish now to turn for a moment, and, while I practically go over the same ground, look at two or three things from another point of view, that I may suggest another outlook. We want, if we may, to get something of practical comfort and help out of these wonders, and not simply admire, not simply stand open-eyed and marvel. Can we get any practical help out of what is going on around us? It seems to me that, if we listen, spring is preaching in our ears a wondrous gospel of hope and cheer.

I said a little while ago that here is life out of death, beauty out of ugliness, all these marvellous transformations going on. What do they mean now for us practically?

Spring means this, first,—and I make these suggestions only for you to carry home and hide away in your hearts if you will, that you may get comfort and cheer from them in your hours of need.

Spring means—and it is telling us so on every hand—that light is first, and supreme over darkness. What is light? We have found out that light is simply a mode of motion; and there is not a place in this universe

where there is anything that is utterly still. There is not a particle of marble or steel that is not thrilling, throbbing, dancing with life and motion. Light is only a mode of motion.

There is no place then, not even in the lowest hell, where it is utterly dark. There is no place in the universe where darkness is supreme,—light first, and darkness is nothing but a shadow that light casts. If there were no light, there would be no shadow. If there were no sun, there would be no night; for night is simply the shadow of the sun on the other side of this round, swinging world of ours.

Light, then, first, light around all the darkness, light triumphing over all the darkness, light supreme everywhere. Carry that in your hearts, however dark your day. Know it is only a shadow, and that it must pass; because light is supreme.

And another thing spring is telling us,—that joy comes after every sorrow, joy is supreme over sorrow, sorrow is only an incident, sorrow is only an accident, sorrow is only a discord. The keeping of the laws of this infinite universe are order and music and joy everywhere. It is no accident that the poet caught at the suggestion of the morning stars singing together to celebrate the perfected creation. Wherever the creation is perfect, there is singing, of necessity music,—the music which translated into feeling becomes joy.

If there is any discord in our lives,—body, mind, heart, soul,—there is temporarily pain; but order is supreme, and ever brings order out of the chaos. There is in all things the power of healing; and the music must come at the last.

And then the other glad tidings that spring brings us is that life is always victor over death. There is no such thing as death. This is scientific truth. This flower, this rose, may disappear. It is only a curious combi-

nation of particles; but the particles of which it is made are perfect and eternal, and they enter into new combinations. The spirit and the life in it are not taken apart or disintegrated.

Not only does no particle of matter ever die, but no particle of force ever ceases to exist. Our souls, what we are, that spark which makes us children of God, is not a combination of material particles which can be taken to pieces. It is a principle, an eternal consciousness of life; and there is no such thing as its dying or ceasing for any length of time to be conscious of itself.

Spring is telling us in a thousand voices and on every hand that death is only an appearance, that it lasts for a little while, and that it is succeeded by life,—life, life everywhere.

Now after having suggested to you some of these divine wonders of spring, so that you can think of and follow them out if you will by yourselves, I wish to call your attention to two or three things which ought to make with us for a larger and higher and deeper and wider life.

I pity those people who do not appreciate the divine wonders of spring. Think what a loss it is for a man not to see the beauty, not to recognize the life, not to care for the form and the color, not to be artist enough to be touched, not to be poet enough to respond,—to walk through this marvel of the spring as a blind man in a garden, as a deaf man while the birds are trying to sing in his ears, all unconscious of it, absorbed in what? Fashion, money, interests of politics, absorbed in mere material pleasure, absorbed in anything else, I do not care what it is, only so that he misses this.

I found in a scrap-book of my son, who died five years ago, two or three sentences which I wish to read to you. He loved this nature, in all its forms, in such a way that it touched and played on him in every direction.

"I never take a step in the woods but I stop, jealous

of advance, lest I lose some part of the joy and significance in beauty of each outward movement. Mystery and unexplained delight!"

He walked through the world jealous lest he lose something of this wondrous beauty. I think I read to you once since he died three or four verses, which I wish to read you again as suggesting how much joy can be found in this marvellous nature around us, and how much those lose who do not find it:—

"I know not what it is, but when I pass
Some running bit of water by the way,
A river brimming silver in the grass,
And rippled by a trailing alder-spray,

" Hold in my heart I cannot from a cry,
It is so joyful at the merry sight;
So gracious is the water running by,
So full the simple grass is of delight.

"And if by chance a redwing, passing near,
Should light beside me in the alder-tree,
And if, above the ripple, I should hear
The lusty conversation of the bee,

"I think that I should lift my voice and sing;
I know that I should laugh and look around,
As if to catch the meadows answering,
As if expecting whispers from the ground."

Think how much a man loses who goes through all this, and does not feel it, does not see it! Wordsworth, you know, tells us about walking along by the lake and seeing a host of daffodils, blown on by the wind, and then he tells us how at last, when he is lying in his room, tired and worn, he thinks of them,—

"And then my heart with rapture thrills,
And dances with the daffodils."

He carried home with him the wealth of memory that he gathered on every hand.

Byron tells us in words often quoted that

> "There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
> There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
> There is society, where none intrudes,
> By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

How much poorer we are than we need to be! how much wealth there is on every hand waiting for us to gather, if only we will!

And now the next suggestion is this. As we notice, as we listen, as we feel, as we treasure these things, what do we do? We build ourselves as men and women, we develop ourselves. What is a man? A man is a bundle of possibilities, not yet unfolded when we are born, to be unfolded in the process of growth.

But suppose you do not grow, or suppose you only grow on one side, or suppose you only grow up to a certain level, and stop. Suppose there is put into the hands of an architect the plan of a magnificent building,—basement, kitchen, refectories; above that, drawing-rooms, libraries, art galleries; above this, other rooms, domes, outlooks on the heavens, observatories, chapels for worship.

With all this possibility he only builds the foundation on a sub-structure, never gets above the kitchen, or at any rate never gets above his library, never gets up into the chapel of worship, never gets into the observatory that looks out on the sky, never builds so high as that.

Here you and I are, possibilities of almost everything. Suppose we do not half build ourselves. In the process of thinking and feeling and loving and hoping, of giving yourselves for others, of caring for the beauty around you, do not you see that you are expressing yourself, and in the expressing you are developing yourself?

A man studies mathematics. He develops in the process that side of him which is capable of appreciating mathematics. He studies art or religion. He cultivates the artistic or the religious side of his nature; and he grows and develops towards God.

That part of you which is not exercised, is not cultivated, does not grow. Think, then, how you dwarf yourself, if you do not notice and enter into the divine wonder of spring.

And then my last thought is this. This phenomenal manifestation all around us, that we call the world, the stars, this movement going on which results in the growth and the beauty of the spring,—all this is what? It is like a cloud that hides the sun to a certain extent, but is luminous with the light that must manifest itself and shine through.

So this that we call Nature is only a cloud, hiding God, and at the same time revealing God. God is shining through in every direction as light and life and order and power and color and fragrance and beauty everywhere, streaming through this which we say makes a mystery of it and hides him away from our sight. He is the Power in and through all these things; he is the life and the wonder of it all.

How much we miss, then, if we do not look through nature until we find nature's God, if we do not come into the temple and get down on our knees in loving reverence, that kind of reverence which lifts us into the consciousness of the Divine.

I must quote here a few words. I have quoted them before a good many times. I presume I shall quote them a good many more; for I do not know of anything in all the literature of the world quite so wonderful in this special direction, and as carrying the marvellous suggestion. They are from Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey":—

"And I have felt
A Presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,—
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains, and of all that I behold
From this green earth."

This is what we need to do,—train ourselves to spiritual sensitiveness until we become conscious of this Presence, which is the life of this divine wonder of spring.

A man goes into the woods; and it is simply for shelter from the rain or shadow from the sun, or he calculates the number of feet of lumber there may be in the trees. Think of the difference between him and Bryant, where he says,—

"Father, thy hand hath reared these venerable columns,
Thou didst weave this verdant roof."

To Bryant the forest is God's temple, because he feels and thinks God, sees and worships and adores.

Father, we thank Thee that we are in any degree sensitive to the wonder of the spring. Let us never forget that it is the wonder of Thy presence, of Thy power, Thy life, Thy beauty, and Thy love; and let us translate these hieroglyphics which we call Nature's workings into the language of religion, of adoration, and of service. Amen.

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RELIGION AND BELIEFS ABOUT THE BIBLE.

I HAVE selected as my text the words to be found in the third chapter of the Second Epistle to Timothy, the sixteenth and seventeenth verses,—"Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness, that the man of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work."

There has been held in this city during the past week a three days' convention. Its make-up and its object seem to me somewhat remarkable. It has assumed the name of the American Bible League. Its object is announced to be to come to the defence of the Bible, to rescue it from the destructive effects of modern criticism.

Dr. Patton, the president of Princeton Theological Seminary, is at its head. I was interested to notice the range of its membership. It is chiefly made up of those representing the Presbyterian, the Lutheran, the Dutch Reformed Churches, with one or two each from the Baptist and the Congregational bodies.

It asserts that at the present time the Bible is being assaulted. It asserts that the great truth of divine revelation is in danger, and that, if this assault is successful, there will be no more need of any missions, the churches will all become empty and be closed, there will be no more reason why anybody should be governed by any supposed law of God, but every man will be at liberty to think and feel and act as he pleases.

These gentlemen, then, seem to suppose that they are coming to the rescue of God's truth in the world, that it

is in peril, and that, unless they can re-establish the ideas which were once prevalent, religion is gone, and the hope of man for this life and the next is taken away.

Who are these critics that are supposed to be assaulting revelation, religion, the word of God, the hope of man? They are simply the representative scholars of the world. They are the great scientific thinkers, leaders, teachers, who have given us a new universe, a new conception of God, a new idea concerning the origin and nature of man, who can read for us the hieroglyphics written on the rock leaves under our feet,—the great scientific leaders of the world.

Then there are the archæologists, the men who have uncovered the records of old time and long-buried civilizations, who have taught us to read the scriptures that we had long supposed were lost,—the men who have uncovered ancient Egypt, who have explored Assyria and ancient Babylon, the men who have told us what were the first, or nearly the first, ideas that men held concerning religion, God and man and destiny. They are the critics who have studied the history of the ancient religions, the ones who have unearthed the old bibles, the old records.

Until within a short time these were practically unknown to the Western world. We know to-day what were the beliefs of the ancient Egyptians. We know to-day what our fathers, forefathers, thousands of years ago, in India, were dreaming and hoping. These men have studied all the scriptures of the world, they have compared the religions and the developments of the religious thought and life of the world; they have created nothing less than what is a science of religion.

Then there are those critics who have particularly studied the Bible. You have heard a good deal, I suppose, in a general way about the Higher Criticism. Possibly some of you may not have carefully looked at the

definition to see what it means. That which goes by the name of the Lower Criticism concerns itself with the meaning of texts: the Higher Criticism studies the authorship and authenticity of the Biblical books, tries to find out who wrote them, when they were written, where they were written, and with what authority they speak to the world to-day.

Now the men that are supposed to be assailing the Bible, assailing God's truth, undermining revelation, are these men that are patiently seeking after light, trying to find just what is the truth. I suppose there never was a time since the world began when the serious, earnest men of the world were so devoted in their search for truth as they are to-day.

In almost every department of life,—among scientific men, physicians, historians, archæologists,—in every direction, these men are not trying to support or undermine anything. They are simply trying to find out what is truth, holding, as all serious men must, that the only sacred thing on earth is truth, the only word of God is truth, the only infallible revelation is truth, the only foundation of hope is truth, the only guide for life is truth.

They have little respect, indeed, for what people fancy, imagine, dream, particularly when they assume that these fancies, imaginations, and dreams are infallible, and attempt to impose them upon the intellectual life of men.

These critics, then, are simple, earnest, devoted truth-seekers. They are trying to find the way; and patiently, day by day, week by week, month by month, year after year, they sift over the dust heaps of the past, grateful and glad if they find one gem of any value,—anything that will help build up and lead on and make better or happier the world.

I wish to ask you now to consider with me for a few

moments what this book is concerning which the controversy is raging. I shall ask you to note some very simple things.

I hold the whole Bible here in my hand. The first thing that strikes one is that it is not one book, except as a matter of convenience: it is sixty-six books,—sixty-six little volumes. They were written during a period of nearly a thousand years, in different countries, by different people,—written without any understanding or concert on the part of the different writers. The oldest one takes us back about eight hundred years before Christ: it is one of the minor prophets. This is as far as we can go on assured, historic ground.

The first five books of the Bible, called those of Moses, were written, at least in the shape in which we have them to-day, within five or six hundred years of the time of Christ, and edited by whom? Nobody has the slightest idea. These books contained what was supposed to be an account of the creation of the world, the history of the patriarchs, the captivity of Israel in Egypt, then their escape. Then there is the conquest of the land of Canaan, the giving of the law. There are the ritual ceremonies of the Jewish people.

As we go on, there are certain supposed historical books that tell us about the days of the Judges, then of the Kings, the wars of Israel until the time of their captivity; for they were a little nation always, and a nation under the government of their own kings only for a very little while.

Then we have that wonderful Book of Job, purely anonymous, dealing with the great problem of human suffering in the light of the supposed justice of God. Who wrote it? Nobody knows. Does it settle any question? No. It simply discusses this great problem in the light of the best wisdom of that time.

Then there is the Book of Psalms, the great hymn-

book of the people of Israel, written, I was taught to believe as a boy, all of it, by David. To-day it is supposed that David may have written a very few of them. We are not even sure of that. It is a hymn-book written during a long period of time, by a large number of authors, practically anonymous, all of them.

And so the books go on. Here are the prophets,—not foretellers. In almost no case do the prophets claim in any definite way to foretell anything that is to come to pass in the future. They indeed set forth great principles, and announce to the people that, if they pursue certain courses of conduct, such and such results must inevitably happen. They are not foretellers: they are preachers, great proclaimers of righteousness, teaching the people what they believed to be the laws of God and the lines along which they must order their lives.

So the Old Testament goes on, climbing from hints of polytheism and barbarism, human sacrifice, up to the lofty heights of the Second Isaiah and the beautiful words of Micah, in which he sets forth the essential elements of the religious life.

Then the Apocrypha, which we do not count as a part of our Bible. Then the books of the New Testament, Paul's Epistles, the historical Book of the Acts, the histories of the life of Jesus, and the Book of Revelation at the end.

Now the point I wish you to note is this. Nearly every one of these books is anonymous. There are very few of them concerning which we know who wrote it, when it was written, or where; and this is true of the New Testament as well as of the Old. The only books of the New Testament of whose authorship we are practically certain are half a dozen of the Epistles of Paul.

Now I have gone over what the Bible is in this way for a few moments merely to lead you to a rational consideration of the next point I wish to make clear.

Is there anybody in the world who is attacking the Bible? I do not know of one. It seems to me a misuse of words to talk about "the present assault on the Bible," as Dr. Patton has been doing.

Nobody is making any assault on the Bible; for, as I have just made clear to you, the Bible is not one distinct and definite book. It is a small library; and these books are bound together in one volume, between these two covers, purely as a matter of convenience. And nobody ever did it by any authority.

And another point you need to notice. The books that are contained in the Bible to-day were never placed there by anything that claimed to be divine authority or the human authority of anybody. No law concernnig the Biblical canon was ever issued by the Church earlier than the sixteenth century; and that changed nothing. It simply recognized what had come to be a fact.

These books drifted together in this way by force of gravity, by common consent. Scholars to-day are not quite certain that it could not be improved in this particular. The Book of Ecclesiasticus, the Book of Wisdom, are certainly much superior to some of those that are contained in the canon; and there are one or two books in the New Testament which scholars could miss without feeling any the poorer.

Nobody, then,—and this is the point I wish to make very clear,—is assaulting the Bible, for the simple reason that the Bible as such has never made any claim.

The Bible does not claim to be inspired. The Bible does not claim to be infallible. No writer of any one of the books is authorized by anybody to speak for the author of any other book.

There is one verse that is sometimes referred to as though it meant something. The writer of the last book in the Bible, and one of the least comprehensible and

profitable, utters a curse against anybody who should presume to add to or take away from the words of that book. But he is speaking for the Book of Revelation, the Apocalypse. He is not speaking for Paul, for the authors of the Gospels, or the books of the Old Testament. He speaks simply for himself.

He does not say that his book is infallible, or that it is inspired. He simply curses anybody that interferes with it, as Shakspere utters a curse against any one who should presume to interfere with his bones.

The Bible, then, simply makes no claim whatever as to inspiration or infallibility. So we open the books with perfect freedom to find out what they are for ourselves. And let me say it is an ungracious task even to call to your attention the fact that the Bible is not infallible and not faultlessly inspired. For it has played such a wonderful part in the history of the world; and it is the noblest and grandest collection of religious literature that the world has ever known as representing the religious life of any people.

The Bible is dear to the hearts of millions,—rightly dear; and I would not make it any less so any more than I would interfere with the reverence of some man for the memory of his childhood days, of his father or his mother.

The Bible has been clasped to the hearts of men as they have gone down in shipwreck; has been held tightly by those who have died on the battlefield. Dear old grandfathers and grandmothers have sat beside the fire with spectacles before their dim eyes peering into the visions that have been contained in these wondrous pages. Men have died inspired with the hopes that the volume has kindled. Men have gone to the rack, to prison, to the stake, stronger because of its uttered words.

There are no religious lyrics on earth finer than some

of the Psalms. There are no more inspiring utterances of encouragement and reproof than are to be found on the lips of the prophets.

And, if for nothing else, the world owes a debt to these writers which it can never repay because they have outlined for us the wonderful human, divine figure of the Nazarene, the leader, the moral and spiritual light and guide still of the world.

No one, then, would think of uttering any word derogatory of a book like this. We simply feel bound as children of God and seekers after truth and lovers of our kind to find out what the book is, what are its claims to authority, and in how far we are bound by its words.

I suppose that God might have given us an infallible book if he had chosen; and, if he had, it seems to me that we may reasonably suppose that he would have made us sure of it.

Is it not a little strange, if God did mean to give us an infallible book, if we needed it for our salvation, that he should not have given us some way of finding it out with practical certainty? What did he do? What did he do? According to the claims of these men he did this:—

He sent his messengers to a few people in the beginning of the world's history. He confined his revelation chiefly to one family; and, when this family developed into a little people, living in a little country about as large as the State of Massachusetts, he revealed himself to them, but to nobody else on the round world. Never a ray of light, never a whisper of guidance, to anybody else.

And this state of things continued until about two thousand years ago. Then he or some incomprehensible third part of himself—it is difficult to give any rational utterance to what is not a rational idea—came down to the earth, born of a virgin, lived a little over thirty years,

was crucified, and went back to the throne of the universe. He did this to save men; and he sent forth his spirit to teach and guide men into all truth.

That was two thousand years ago. How much has been accomplished? There is not a third part of the inhabitants of the world as yet that have heard of it, that know anything about it; and the great majority of those who have heard of it do not believe a word of it!

Why? Because they do not want to believe the truth? No, because there is absolutely no rational proof that it is the truth. The wiser, the freer men are, the less they believe it, the less they are compelled to believe it. This is the condition of things.

Can we reasonably suppose that God did try to give the world an infallible book? I was talking some years ago with an eminent Presbyterian clergyman, the minister of a church in one of our large cities; and he said: "If I believed that God ever did give the world an infallible book, I should be utterly downhearted and discouraged. I should have to feel that God had somehow lost his hold on things; for, if he ever did give the world any such book, it is perfectly certain that we do not have it now."

That was his opinion; and it is the opinion of every man who freely, fearlessly, simply studies the facts.

Nobody, then, is attacking the Bible. We are simply seriously and earnestly trying to find out what it is,—to find out the reality of the religious life, the reality of the different claims in different parts of the world to religious guidance.

What has been done is this. These gentlemen have made, it seems to me, a most lamentable mistake. They have identified certain intellectual theories, a certain set of intellectual beliefs, with God's word, and have claimed that these, these dogmas, had behind them the backing of the Almighty.

And what are these dogmas? You know them; but, in order to understand just where we are and what the significance of this movement is, we need to glance at them for a moment.

These men are trying to turn the world back from the twentieth century to the sixteenth. They are trying to make us accept to-day that which the scholarship of the world has outgrown. These men believe that God has infallibly revealed to the world that men fell, in the person of Adam, six thousand years ago, and that, as the result of that, all Adam's descendants are doomed to endless pain, except such few as accept the plan of salvation which they as God's ambassadors are prepared to offer. This is the condition of things.

The Bible, in the first place, teaches, in some parts of it, some of these ideas. They hold that to accept these is to accept religion, that there is no religion without these, that there is no knowledge of God, no knowledge of the nature of man, of the destiny of man, unless we accept unquestionably these ideas which make up the old dogmatic scheme of human history,—man fallen, man condemned, man plunging over an abyss into everlasting woe, the great majority lost, a few saved through the sacrifice of the second person of the Trinity.

They tell us that this is religion. Now suppose we could have our choice. If it were a matter of creating facts by believing them, would we like to believe anything of this sort? Here is something I cannot understand.

If I were obliged to believe that man fell in Adam and that God holds me responsible for Adam's sin, and that I am to be damned for it,—if I were obliged to believe that the immense majority of the world is to go to eternal torment, and that only a few selected here and there are to enter into eternal felicity,—if, I say, I were obliged to believe it, I would bow my head and accept the inevitable fact.

But to rejoice in it, to call it a gospel, to proclaim it as good news, to lament the decay of faith in it, to feel as though everything was going by the board when there is a chance of finding out that something else may possibly be true,—this is a state of mind that is to me utterly incomprehensible.

Some years ago the Rev. Joseph Cook, famous at that time, gave a lecture in Tremont Temple in which he claimed to demonstrate the horrible belief of everlasting torment for the majority of the race; and hundreds and hundreds of ministers listened to him. And what did they do?

When he completed his argument, and they felt that it was settled, did they shed tears, did they moan, did they break out into lamentation? They unanimously applauded to the echo! And then I thought of that scene that Milton pictures in his hell. When the devil returned from his mission to accomplish the fall of man, and reported the success of it, that he had achieved the ruin of the earth and its inhabitants, then the assembled devils broke out into applause. But Eternal Justice could not endure it; and, while they were applauding, they were suddenly turned into serpents, and their applause became hisses.

It seemed to me that this would have been a fitting termination for the applause in Tremont Temple over the supposed demonstration of the eternal loss of the majority of the human race.

Believe it, if we must; but do not call it a calamity to find out that it is not true. This is the thing that I cannot understand. The world should put on its holiday costume, and go forth with processions, flower-crowned and rejoicing, if by any means we may be rationally delivered from these horrors of a barbaric past.

For it is barbarism pure and simple; and there is no reason under heaven for supposing that God is a fiend,

and that there is no hope for the great mass of his children.

These gentlemen, then, in taking this position,—and I weigh my words as I say it, and I mean precisely what I say,—are the real infidels of the modern world; and it is infidelity which they are creating a hundred times more than all that which they call by that name.

They have no real belief in God, no real belief in the truth of his word. They do not believe that it is safe to trust to free and open investigation. They have no real belief in the integrity of the human mind, in the care of man for truth, in his desire for light. They are the great unbelievers; and they would shut away their so-called revelation from the light, from study, from question, because they do not really trust that it can bear it.

If I should see a man with his back against a closed door and his feet braced, I should feel practically certain that there was something in there which he did not wish to be seen. If I find people hiding a book away from the free, fearless investigation of the world, I need nothing more to convince me that they are afraid that something will be discovered in the book which will discredit their theories concerning it.

These men are creating infidels. How? Why? Necessarily. They are teaching people that they cannot be religious unless they believe their theological ideas; and, as people find out that these theological ideas are not true, then they say, We will have nothing more to do with your religion; and it takes them perhaps years to find out that religion is not necessarily bound up with these theological theories at all.

We need to turn the matter completely around. Religion creates Bibles: Bibles do not create religion. Every religion in the world has its Bible; but the religion existed first. Man is essentially and eternally a religious

being; and this religious thought and feeling and life of his express themselves in Bibles, altars, hymn-books, priesthoods, rituals, services, sacred days,—all sorts of things which are the natural manifestation of it.

So, if you should blot out to-day every Bible on the face of the earth,—not only our Christian Bible, but the Egyptian, the Roman, the Greek, the Indian, the Buddhist, the Mohammedan, the Chinese,—if you should blot out all the sacred literatures of the world, you would not destroy religion, you would not even endanger its life.

Suppose you had blotted out all the books on astronomy in the world: would you quench the light of a single star? Suppose you had blotted out all the botanical works of the world: would you wither a single flower? Suppose you blotted out all the geographies of the world: would not the continents and the mountains and the rivers and the sea remain?

Let us not tremble, then, over the fate of any book. If the Bible can be destroyed, it ought to be. I will go further. If religion can be destroyed, it ought to be. If any man's theology can be destroyed, it ought to be. Why?

Because that would simply mean that they were not true; for truth cannot be destroyed. Truth is the expression of the thought and the life of God; and it remains eternally, leading, advancing, conquering forever.

There is a revelation of God which is infallible. A part of it is in this Bible. Whatever has been tested and found by the experience of the race to be true, to be inspiring, to be helpful, that is a part of the book of God.

The scientific truths of the world, that revelation of this magnificent universe which has come to the modern world,—this is a part of the scripture of the Almighty.

Think for a moment what this modern thought has given us. Instead of the little old universe of two or

three hundred years ago we know now that he we dare call our Father swings in the blue at least thirty millions of suns, with their worlds, planets, moons, sweeping around them. Here is a part of God's revelation.

Shall we call this no revelation at all, while we hold as infallible and sacred what certain wise Jews thought about it several thousand years ago?

The record of God is in the rocks under our feet, by which we have proved the antiquity of the earth and the antiquity of man; the record of God's beauty in the flowers; the record of his almightiness on every hand; the record of his wondrous order not only in the stars over our heads, but in the infinitesimal world of the microscope beneath us.

The record of God is wrought out in human history, the principles of righteousness and truth, the laws in accordance with which we have learned we can live happily and prosperously with each other, the laws written on the fleshly tablets of the heart.

God is revealing himself to us on every hand and everywhere; for his revelation was not one written in any book, not one completed ten thousand or five thousand or two thousand years ago. It is a progressive revelation, unfolding before us as our intelligence unfolds,—a revelation ever growing finer and sweeter and higher as the race advances and becomes more and more wrought over into the likeness of God.

We have an infallible book then; but it is not finished yet. Let us rejoice in what has been written in the past, and let us watch with eager and trustful eyes while God's finger in our very presence writes some new letter, some new word, some new sentence, of this book of his which shall by and by illuminate the universe.

And religion,—does it depend on any one book, any one record, any one conception or thought of man? Religion, as we have already seen, is eternal, is a part of the nature of every child of God.

If these gentlemen had only read carefully the Scriptures which they wish to turn into a means of binding the advancing thought of man, they might have learned better. The author of the Epistle of James tells us that "pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this,"—not to believe something, not to hold to a particular plan of salvation,—to "visit the widows and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Peter tells us in the Acts of the Apostles that he has learned that in every nation those that seek God and try to follow him are accepted of him, that he is no respecter of persons.

And Paul tells us that we are made of one blood, that God has made of one blood all the nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth, that we are God's offspring, that we are all feeling after him, and can find him.

And Jesus,—what does he tell us? He tells us that men shall come from the north and the south and the east and the west, and sit down in the kingdom of the Father, while these he was talking to, and who claimed to be exclusively God's children, might be shut out.

And, in that wondrous judgment scene, who does Jesus tell us is to be accepted? Not the ones who had believed, not the ones who have heard about the fall of man in Adam,—Jesus never says anything about a fall of man,—not those who have accepted any plan of salvation,—he says nothing about any plan of salvation,—not those who believe in the Trinity,—Jesus does not say a word about belief in the Trinity,—not those who have been practisers of this or that, not those who have said, Lord, Lord, not those who have made professions.

The ones who have fed the hungry, given a cup of cold water to the thirsty, who have been touched by the sor-

rows of the needy, the ones who have loved, been tender, who have served, the ones who have been godlike in their thought and their feeling and their life.

These are the ones that God loves to recognize as his children, these are the ones who are to enter into eternal peace.

Father, we thank Thee for the sacred words that have come down to us from the olden time. We thank Thee that we are not obliged to wear them as chains, but may use them as inspiration and help. We thank Thee that we may not think that Thou didst cease to speak to Thy children two thousand years ago. We are glad to believe that Thou art always speaking, always leading, always ready to comfort, always ready to help. So let us with open eyes look for new light. Let us with attent ears listen for new words of Thine out of the sweet heavens. Let us reach out our hands even in the darkness, confident that Thou wilt touch and clasp and lead us onward. Amen.

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

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WHY MORE PEOPLE DO NOT GO TO CHURCH.

I HAVE chosen as a text from the Epistle to the Hebrews the tenth chapter the twenty-fourth and a part of the twenty-fifth verse,—"Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works; not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the custom of some is, but exhorting one another."

In the Middle Ages they had no problem like this. There was no difficulty about getting people to go to church; for all the people practically in civilized Europe at that time believed that the world was lost, and that the Church, and the Church only, had the power to save.

If a ship is wrecked and the passengers are struggling with the waves, it needs no very persuasive eloquence to induce them to climb into a life-boat when one comes along. The motive, then, for church attendance at that time, and in view of the beliefs then prevalent, was quite adequate.

If we go back to Puritan New England, we find that nearly everybody went to church then; but we must remember three things. In the first place, if they did not go, the constable would be after them; in the next, if they did not go, they were liable to be looked upon with disfavor and to suffer social disgrace, such was public opinion on the subject; and, furthermore, if they did not go, the most of them believed that they were endangering their souls.

To-day, so far as the Catholic Church is concerned, it is no wonder that its adherents can claim that its fol-

lowers more generally attend church than do those of the Protestant faith. If a Catholic is devout, and really believes the creed of his Church, it is a choice between going to church and going to hell; and with such an alternative it is not strange that they go to church.

But going to church to a Catholic does not mean quite the same as it does to a Protestant. The worship, as we call it, the kind of service we are having here this morning, is not the thing in the Catholic Church. It is the confession, the absolution, and the partaking of the sacrament which are the conditions of felicity in another life. These are the essential things in the Catholic Church. You will see at once that the problem of Protestantism is an entirely different one.

Something has happened in the modern world; and the same motives which used to exist to lead people to attend church have become very seriously modified or have passed away altogether. What are the facts in regard to church attendance?

It is not necessary that I should try to be detailed or explicit in answering that question. Some years ago Mr. Dwight L. Moody said that there were not more than thirty millions in the United States who ever went near a church. I do not know what his authority was for that statement. In the last week or two I have seen some statistics gathered by those connected with the Federation of Churches in this city.

We have in the United States to-day something like eighty millions of people. These statistics which I refer to estimated that perhaps sixty millions of these were in some direct or indirect, regular or irregular, connection with some church of some sort. This does not mean of course that sixty out of our eighty millions of people go to church with anything like regularity. Perhaps we should be fairly safe if we say that half the people in the United States go to church more or less constantly.

Why is it that more people do not go? This is the question to which I propose to contribute what I may in the way of an answer.

I suppose there are bad people in the world who do not go to church because they are bad. I have never seen any such, and so do not feel sure of it; and for that reason I shall leave them out of the account.

I presume there are persons in whom there is no developed religious sensitiveness, nothing to which a religious service naturally appeals, just as there are persons with little artistic sensibility, little musical sensitiveness, so that they do not care for art and music. I have never seen anybody who did not possess religious sensibility. There may be such; but I choose to leave them out of account to-day.

In a little while I am going to ask you to go down with me and look for the deep-lying root from which has sprung the condition of thought and feeling which is so common in the modern world. It is easily to be found. In my judgment there is no special secret about it; but, before I do that, I wish to notice certain superficial excuses which people offer.

There are a great many people who do not go to church when the day happens to be stormy. I never could quite understand why. They ask the minister to go; and he is under peculiar difficulties. A good audience is at least half of a good sermon, to start with. The minister has to work hard all the week to get ready; and then he has the consciousness that a great many people whom he would like specially to hear the sermon are not going to be there, if it storms. And it always seems a pity to me that he should waste a week's work in that way.

In my opinion, it would be only fair to have the people either come to church or let the minister stay at home. Suppose we had it understood that, if at ten o'clock it

was stormy, there would be no service. Then the minister's week's work would not be thrown away.

Of course, everybody knows that the people who stay at home from church when it is stormy do not stay away from business when it is not fine. Or, if they have a ticket for the theatre or the opera, they do not stay away from it. Though in regard to this last suggestion I think there is one excuse.

Here is a distinguished actor or singer. The people have paid to see or hear him; and this is their one chance during the year. Of course, they would naturally put themselves out a little for that; but they have the feeling that they can go to church and hear the minister any time. And it is true.

So much I concede in the way of excuse in that direction.

But, if people only cared for what the Church stands for, and really cared for the minister and his work, I think they would help him even on a stormy Sunday. So much for that.

Then there is—I pass these over rapidly: they are real reasons, though they may not seem very serious to you—a peculiar kind of illness that is apt to attack people on Sunday morning. There are lots of people who do not feel well Sunday morning, who would feel well if it were not Sunday. And then they say, "I am so apt to take cold in the church"; but they take their lives in their hands, and go to the theatre or other places.

I never could see why the danger should lie in the church more than anywhere else. People tell me very gravely that they did not feel quite well on Sunday morning, and so thought they would stay at home.

Then here is a reason that is seriously offered a great many times. Men say, I am driven hard with my work all the week long; and Sunday is my only day of rest. There is a good deal of truth in this; but it seems

to me that it may be well to modify it by one or two considerations.

If you were asked to attend church as you go to business,—all day long—then that would be another thing; but you are only asked for two hours altogether, going and coming. And that leaves all the other hours of the day free for rest.

And it seems to me—I have never been a business man, and so perhaps cannot fairly judge—that a business man ought to find rest in having his higher religious, spiritual nature appealed to for a little while, getting out of the world of his every-day drudgery, remembering that he is a child of God, and that there are other things besides stocks and bonds and ledgers and trade.

I verily believe that, if a man gives himself earnestly to two hours of this sort of thing, finding out that he is a man, and not merely a business machine, this, coupled with the freedom of the rest of the day, would give him quite as much weekly recuperation as he would get without it. I simply offer this by way of suggestion.

Then there are people who tell me that they like to go off in the country, and find their worship of God in the presence of the beauties and glories of nature. That sounds well; but, so far as my experience and observation go, I question very much whether the people who say these things ever think of such a thing as God or worship after they do get into the country. If they would only prove they do, I would not say a word about it.

But is that anything more than a transparent way of saying that they do not wish to go to church? I do not say that it is bad,—not to wish to go to church,—but simply recognize a certain set of facts.

Then there are people who do not go to church because the service is not attractive to them. They do not find the music up to the level of a first-class concert or opera.

For some reason or other they are not in tune with the way things are managed. But the music and the service of the church are not to be placed in that class. They are not to be compared to that sort of entertainment. It shows, if a person is serious about it and has not a misconception of the meaning and purpose of the church service, that they would expect the choir of a church to rival any musical concert or opera.

Then there is another thing; and I wish to speak with a little particularity and earnestness here. Every little while the newspapers are full of statements which are derogatory to the average work of the preacher as a reason why the churches are not better patronized.

I hold in my hand an article from the Pittsburg (Pa.) *Gazette*. I wish to read just a brief extract: "I heard a well-known lawyer say that, if clergymen appealed half as interestingly and earnestly for the divine cause of Christianity as speakers do in a campaign for an office, the churches would not hold half the men crowding to service.

"And is it not true that a speech as dull as the average doctrinal sermon would defeat any political candidate? Again, are not the Saviour and the soul's salvation entitled to as much earnestness and eloquence as some scrub politician?"

So much I quote. I have a few remarks to make on this general subject. Of course, present company is excepted.

In the first place, during a political campaign the public is wrought up and excited over certain questions at issue, as people are over religious matters when a great revival is in progress. They gather during the time of a campaign to hear a man, if he is not over-eloquent. There is excitement in all the air.

And, to illustrate what I mean, when Mr. Bryan first became prominent, and was nominated as the Presiden-

tial candidate, there was no place in the country big enough to hold the audiences to hear him. People were excited and wild over the financial issue. But Mr. Bryan can without any very great amount of difficulty get places big enough for the people who want to hear him to-day; and yet he is the same Mr. Bryan.

That sort of comparison, then, is entirely misleading.

I wish to say, furthermore, that there never was a time in the history of the world when the average sermon was so high in quality and so fine as it is to-day. I wish to say, further, that there is no other body of men on the face of the earth who ever appear to speak to their fellow-men who for one moment, for learning, culture, character, ability, eloquence, will compare with the preachers of the world.

Consider a minute. You go to Washington to-day. How many men are there in Congress, in the Senate and the House both, who will attract outsiders to fill the galleries if it is known that they are going to speak? People will go to hear Senator Hoar, Williams of Mississippi, two or three, possibly half a dozen altogether, not more.

And, if a man makes one speech in Congress that attracts a little attention over the country, his reputation is made. Let that man be asked to talk to the same audience on the same class of subjects once a week for a year, and where would he be? How many lawyers to-day are there in the United States who, when it is known that they are going to address a jury, attract anybody from the street to hear them? How many politicians are there, public speakers, campaign orators, who, apart from the interesting conflict and the passion of the campaign, would get a large audience to hear them, particularly if they were speaking one or two or three times a week a whole year through?

John B. Gough gave his life for forty years to lecturing,

and always had a crowd. But note, John B. Gough did not produce one new lecture a year. He had new audiences all the time, but the same old lectures. It was play compared to the work you ask of a minister.

The Hon. John Bright, the famous English Parliamentary leader and orator, said to a friend of his about to enter the ministry, "Nothing I know of would induce me to undertake to address the same audience once a week for a year." What do you ask of a minister? Here is Dr. McArthur, I see by the paper, just about to celebrate the fact that he has been preaching to the same kind of people every Sunday, and doing it successfully, in the city of New York, for thirty-four years, and most of the time at least twice a Sunday, perhaps holding services mid-week besides!

You expect a minister to preach from forty to eighty times a year to substantially the same audiences, on a similar class of subjects, every Sunday in the year, and to keep it up year after year, and to be as fascinating, as interesting, as witty, as brilliant, as eloquent, as sublime, as pathetic, as John B. Gough or John Bright was to one or two audiences in a year.

The Catholic Church is wiser. In the days of Père Hyacinthe, when he used to set Paris in flame, what did he do? Came up from his retreat once a year, to deliver from six to eight sermons that set the world to listening. Then he disappeared. That was all the public speaking he did for the year. He brooded, meditated, grew, thought, felt, then came and poured himself out.

But you ask a minister to do it, as I said, once or twice every Sunday through the year, to the same audiences; and you ask him to spend all the week in making calls. You ask him to attend all the social meetings of the church, to look after the Sunday-school, to look after the church charities, to do everything else connected with the church life.

He is expected to accept invitations of clubs of every kind, and make after-dinner speeches on Civic Reform, on East Side Conditions, Tenement Houses, on the War in the East, on the Philippine Problem, on Popular Education, on scientific subjects, on everything under the heavens; and he is expected to know about them all, and to be witty and brilliant. If not, he is a poor sort of fellow!

It is simply appalling. There is no other man on the face of the earth of whom such huge impossibilities are asked as of a minister,—not one.

The little boy asks, and you laugh as if it were a good joke, "What does the minister do, papa, except preach a sermon on Sunday when he isn't playing golf?" But there is a good deal of nonsense talked in a home before a boy would think to ask a question like that.

I am surprised every day of my life that ministers under the conditions which I have described do half as well as they do. And when anybody institutes a comparison between the work of a minister and other public speakers, or when they talk about the poverty of the pulpit intellectually, spiritually, oratorically, or any other way, they simply show that they do not know what they are talking about.

Get some better reason than that for staying at home from church, or else do not give any.

That, again, is merely a superficial symptom of something deeper, to which I now propose to come.

What is the real reason? People used to feel that they must go to church. The penalty of not going was too severe for them to face. But the belief in that penalty has passed away; that is, the central, the fundamental fact. People no longer believe that they must go to church in order to be saved. A great many of them feel, perhaps, that the whole question of being saved is an antiquated one. They may not believe in a future life at all, or, at any rate, they may doubt about it.

So one grand reason for church attendance which held in the past does not now exist. There has come a change over the thought of the world concerning all the great problems that we used to regard as practically settled. To put it in a phrase, it means nothing more nor less than this: the whole orthodox plan of salvation is discredited.

If the people do not feel sure that it is not true, at any rate they do not feel sure that it is. The knowledge that has come to us in these modern times has compelled us to have a new thought of the universe, of God, of man, of the Bible, of Jesus, of the future. Every one of these great questions is up for reconsideration.

I wish to read you two or three words from Herbert Spencer. Particularly note that the phrasing is such as to indicate that he is referring to a previous time. He says "At that time" (this is from his Autobiography) "criticism had not yet shown me how astonishing is the supposition that the cause from which have arisen thirty millions of suns, with their attendant planets, took the form of a man and made a bargain with Abraham to give him territory in return for allegiance. I had not at that time repudiated the notion of a deity who is pleased with the singing of his praises and angry with the infinitesimal beings he has made when they fail to tell him perpetually of his greatness. It had not become manifest to me how absolutely and immeasurably unjust it would be that for Adam's disobedience (which might have caused a harsh man to discharge his servant) all Adam's guiltless descendants should be damned, with the exception of a relatively few who accepted the 'plan of salvation' which the immense majority never heard of. Nor had I in those days perceived the astounding nature of the creed which offers for profoundest worship a being who calmly looks on while myriads of his creatures are suffering eternal torments."

That quotation indicates what has been happening.

The whole scheme of the universe that dominated the beliefs and imaginations of men, when orthodoxy of the historic type came into existence, has passed away. Nobody of any intelligence believes a word of it to-day.

Now these men that I spoke of last Sunday, who have made up what is called the American Bible League, are only making matters worse. They are causing more doubt than they are dispelling, because, as I said then,—and I wish to recur to it again,—they are insisting that religion is identical with this discredited theology and telling people—and people are accustomed to believe what they are told from these sources—that, if these theological ideas pass away, religion is gone.

What wonder that people take them at their word!

And, then, there is another thing growing out of these conditions. There is a wide-spread question, at least on the part of those who sit in the pews,—or who used to sit in them,—as to whether the ministers are quite trustworthy. They doubt whether the ministers really tell them frankly their last thought. And they have reason to doubt.

Bishop Brooks, not a great while before his death, said to the ministers that he was addressing, You know that you all have beliefs concerning the Bible that you do not give your people.

I quoted—I think it was last Sunday—the words of a prominent Presbyterian divine who said to me that, if God ever gave the world a perfect book, it had been lost; for we had no such book now. Has that man ever told his people that? The chances are a thousand to one that he never has.

I was talking with a minister a few years ago, one whose name was known from Maine to Texas and from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and he said to me frankly, "What I think in my study is one thing: what I think it is wise and safe to give the people from the pulpit is another

thing." Do you suppose I cared to listen to that man after that? The question was always in my mind, Is what you are saying now something you think in your study or something you think it safe to give your people?

The supercilious conceit of a man who presumes to dare to give down to the common people what he thinks it is safe and proper for them to hear! Lying for the glory of God! I wish it to be understood that, if God has made anything true which it is not safe for people to find out, he had better keep me from learning it, if possible, because, if I do learn it, I shall tell.

If something is true and is not safe, then God is responsible for it, and not I. But is it not pathetic and pitiable that men should set themselves up to protect the Almighty from the consequences of that which he has made true? Is it not pathetic, is it not pitiable, would it not be matter for laughter for the angels, if it were not fitter for tears?

What is it that is happening, friends? As I have told you over and over, nothing strange,—the most hopeful thing in the world. The human race is progressing just a little, growing just a little, learning some new things,—that is all; and this cannot by any possibility touch religion, cannot hurt it.

The sun shines; and beneath its rays the grasses grow and flowers open, and all things are fair and beautiful. We may discuss the theory of light which Newton held, the theory of light which Young propounded, or any other theory of light; but the sun is not concerned about our theories, the sun does not stop shining, the sun does not grow weary.

We may discuss theories of electricity; but we can still use the telephone, and send our messages under the sea and over the mountains. And electricity, if we obey its laws, will move our carriages for us and turn the wheels

of our machinery. The theories about it do not touch the reality.

So religion is not going to be injured because theologies are discredited and die. Theologies are only our thinking about religion.

And let men, whether they fear or are glad, remember this: that their attitude is not going to stop the advance of God's truth. When anything is proved to be true, then the world, sooner or later, has got to take account of it, and find room for it; and, if it breaks and bursts your theories, no matter. That is because the theories are not as big as the truth; and you must make bigger theories to match God's truth. That is what the world's growth means. No fear for religion, then.

Whatever is found out to be true about the universe, God, the Bible, Jesus, the origin and nature of man,—whatever is found out to be true has got to have way made for it; for it is God's truth, and God is back of it and in it, and lifting it and pushing it forward.

Religion is not going to die. And, however many churches die, the Church is not going to die, either. I do not care what name you call it by. The name "Church" may fade from the dictionary, and no harm be done; but the organization of the religious life is going to abide forever. It must.

But the Church of the Future must be large enough to hold men like Herbert Spencer; it must be large enough for Huxley; it must be large enough for Darwin, for Lincoln, for the grandest and noblest thinkers, as well as the truest and noblest emotional natures, of the world.

If you ask a man to go into your church, and then at the door tell him he must leave his brains outside, the chances are that he will prefer to stay in the street with his brains rather than to go into the church without them.

The church door must be high enough and wide enough for the most daring thinker, for all the scientific truth,

for all the grandest discoveries, for all the noblest speculations of man.

And why does not the Church learn it? In the Middle Ages it was so. The Church included in her own domains all the science, all the philosophy, all the art, all the life, of the world. But the philosophy and the science and the art and the life of the world have outgrown that Church; and the Church is not sensible enough to know that it has got to build itself bigger accommodations.

Religion is going to last.

And now, friends, I want to come to a point that I have spoken of a great many times; but it seems to me that people do not half appreciate it. In the Middle Ages people believed that religion was the most important thing in the world. Religion is to-day the most important thing in the world; and it has to do with salvation in this world and in the next world,—has to do with it vitally.

What do I mean? I mean this:—

The world to-day is civilized and fine, not because we have the cars, steamboats, telegraphs, telephones, and electric motors: those are fine as instruments for the world to use; but you put them into the hands of devils, and you only have a worse hell.

The world is civilized and safe and hopeful when? When love and justice and truth and sympathy and pity and help and care are developed and dominant. The world is civilized when these things are mastered; and these are the things that are wrought out through the religious experiences and life of the world. These are the things for which all true churches stand, and for which no other institutions in the world do stand.

If you wish well to the world, you must be religious, you must try to get yourself into right relations with God. That is what being religious means. And then

you must try, as your first and most insistent duty, to get others into the same right relations with God. That means you must organize and combine and work together for the truth and the right life, and to spread the truth and the right life as a religious contagion all over the world.

And it has to do with your salvation in the future as well as here. Pain, suffering, torture, as much hell as you will desire, will last just as long as ignorance and law-breaking and wrong endure in this world, in the next world, in any world, in all worlds.

For the one condition of happiness, of all good, is knowledge of and obedience to the laws of life, which are the laws of God. And obedience to the laws of God, of life, of love, of peace, of happiness, of joy,—these are the laws of religion.

Religion, then, is not going to pass away. It is still the most important interest on the face of the earth; and there is no duty which touches you quite so closely or with quite so much insistence and power as the duty of leading the religious life and of helping others to do the same.

Is there, then, no reason for going to church? The trouble is that, when people make excuses about going to church, they are talking about it always from one point of view alone. What shall I get? What shall I enjoy? Shall I be delighted with the music? Shall I be thrilled with the eloquence? Shall I get something, shall I gain something, by going to church?

Remember one of the most magnificent words ever uttered,—"It is more blessed to give than to receive." The attitude of a beggar all through life is not the noblest that a man can hold. Be a giver, be princely in your generosity, be a benefactor, be a helper. Lift up and lead on the world.

Go to church then, ally yourself with some religious

organization, which is the most important organization in the world, not because you are going to enjoy the music, not because you are going to be pleased by the speaker, but because you are going to help somebody—you are going to be a part of the organized power of light and truth and good and love and life which shall regenerate and remake the world.

Here is the great reason for going to church; and this puts to the blush, to the shame, all petty considerations and excuses whatsoever. And it should make you seek out that Church, not that has the most gorgeous building or the finest service or the most fashionable congregation, but that Church where you can do the most to help on the world; and if you are influenced dominantly, influenced by any other motive, be ashamed of yourself, reform, and be a man; and being a man means being a child of God and a helper of your brethren.

I wish to close by reading one of our hymns, one of the most beautiful I know by Samuel Longfellow. You are very familiar with it.

"One holy Church of God appears,
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

"From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

"Her priests are all God's faithful sons,—
To serve the world raised up,
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love her communion cup.

"The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page,
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

"O living Church, thine errand speed,
Fulfil thy task sublime,
With bread of life earth's hunger feed,
Redeem the evil time."

Father, let us each consciously and with purpose and consecration belong to this one holy Church, which has existed from the beginning and shall exist forever; and let us be proud and grateful that we can be the humblest member and do the humblest work by way of service. Amen.

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OUR REAL GUIDES AS TO CONDUCT.

My Scripture starting-point you may find in the thirteenth chapter of Proverbs, the fifteenth verse,—"The way of the transgressor is hard."

I wish you to note that the writer says not the end, but the *way*. Popular opinion seems to be that the way of transgression is a very pleasant one, and that it is only certain things that are going to happen by arbitrary appointment before we get through with it that makes it a questionable course to pursue. It seems to me that the opinion is very common that, were it not for some supernatural, outside power, people would find the way of transgression an unalloyed delight.

This seems to be the opinion of some of those interested in the movement of the Bible League; and I take my starting-point for this morning's discussion from something that has been said by one of its representatives.

A tract has been published in which it is declared that the Higher Criticism, if universally accepted, "would paralyze all Christian missions, empty all our churches, silence all our pulpits, and"—it is this last point to which I specially call your attention—"give every man permission to believe and act according to his liking."

In other words, according to these authorities, if the Bible is not absolutely infallible, we have no moral guide. If the old idea of the Bible is no longer to be maintained, then there is no adequate reason for any one's behaving himself. Any man is free to think and do as he pleases

according to these authorities, provided the old idea of the two Testaments can no longer be upheld.

Because there are so many people who hold this idea it has seemed to me it might be profitable for us to consider as this morning's topic our real guides as to conduct,—the sanctions for conduct, if there are any.

It is very curious to me, and it is a fact that we cannot possibly pass by without giving to it as clear and emphatic an expression as possible, that these people who claim that the Bible is absolutely infallible never even pretend to obey all of it. They obey such parts of it as seem to them expedient or wise or best, but it is really something else than the Bible which determines their conduct; for, as I have said, I have never known a man in my life who did not deliberately and persistently disobey certain explicit commands of the Bible.

We are accustomed to say that a chain is as strong as its weakest link. Now, if there is one single, explicit command in the Bible which the people who claim to believe that it is absolutely infallible disregard, why then it opens the whole question as to how much of it we are bound to obey, and why. That is, the entire problem of criticism is up for settlement.

I wish to give you a few illustrations. The Old Testament commands that all witches shall be put to death. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,"—a perfectly clear command. Our Puritan forefathers in New England obeyed what they believed to be the veritable word of God. Whenever we refer to the matter to-day, we spend all our time in apologizing for them; that is, we apologize for our fathers because they obeyed the Bible. We are ashamed of them for doing it. We say that they were only partially civilized. And yet they were obeying the Bible.

If we attempt to evade this by saying that there are

no such things as witches and never have been, then we are denying the truth of a part of the Bible. We must take one horn or the other of the dilemma; and in either case we are denying the infallibility of the Bible or disregarding its express command.

There is another thing. I wonder how many of you are aware of it. The Bible clearly and emphatically and over and over forbids people to take interest on loans, either of money or any other kind of property; and two or three hundred years ago this was taken seriously. It was against church, or canon, law, as well as against the Bible, for a man to draw interest on anything that he lent.

How is it to-day? Why, most people have probably forgotten that there is any such command in the Bible. Every bank president, every director, every depositor, is disregarding the command of the Bible. Every one who has anything to do with a trust company, every one who owns a mortgage on a piece of property, any one who takes interest for anything, is disregarding the Bible; and yet I suppose there are thousands, thousands, of good Christian men and women in this city to-day who are living on the interest of the money which they have saved. And it is not troubling their consciences any. They are even glad if they can get a high rate of interest.

And yet I am not discussing whether it is right or wrong. I am simply saying that any Christian who takes interest is admitting that he will obey the Bible or not according as it pleases him. He is a rebel—a deliberate, wilful rebel—against what he claims to be the absolute law of God.

Take another illustration. Jesus said to his disciples in the most solemn manner, establishing, as he desired to do, perfect equality among his followers: "Call no man father. You have one Father in heaven; and

you are all brethren." But the head of the largest body in Christendom is the great father, *papa*, the pope; and every archbishop and every bishop, every cardinal and every priest, all the way down, is called "father" every day of his life.

Here, again, an explicit disregard of a New Testament command.

Jesus, in discussing the question of divorce, permitted it for one reason; but there is a great movement in the Episcopal Church to-day to declare that it knows better about this matter than did he whom they worship as God. Bishop Burgess the other day issued, so far as he had the power to do it, a command to all the clergy in his diocese not to marry *any* divorced person.

That is, he undertakes not only to be wiser than the man whom he worships as God, not only to disregard the letter of the Bible, but he undertakes to punish the innocent party in the case, the one who has done no wrong.

Now, as a matter of fact, a minister, for the purpose of performing the marriage ceremony, is a State official. He marries, not by virtue of his position in the Church, but by virtue of the State authority back of him; and no State official has any right to disregard the law of the State.

Bishop Burgess, then, is commanding those who will follow his direction to disregard the laws of New York, take it into their own hands as to whether they shall keep the law or not.

The Sermon on the Mount is unspeakably sweet and fine, so far as the spirit of it is concerned; but I have never known a person in my life who even tried to obey it literally. "Resist not evil." That is the command of Jesus; and yet whatever civilization there is on the face of the earth exists because we have a great complicated machinery—army, police, courts, justices, judges—for the sake of resisting evil and holding it in check.

Tolstoi, one of the great geniuses of the century, literally carries out that text. He is an anarchist, philosophically; he would have nobody resist evil: he would have everybody obey Jesus, so far as that word is concerned; but nearly all Christendom regards him as a crank because he tells them they ought to obey the Bible. And yet in the same breath these people are telling us that we ought to obey the Bible, and that, if we do not, there is no reason for our behaving ourselves, anyway.

How many people love their enemies, really love them, instead of trying to get even with them? "Give to him that asketh thee"; and yet, as the result of our study of the problems of society, we have a great association here in New York organized for the express purpose of keeping people from giving to everybody. They tell us that it is wrong, and that we are fostering beggary and crime. That is, this great association of Christians has it for one of its great purposes to keep us from obeying the Bible.

The Bible forbids any Christians going to law. Did you ever know a Christian keep from going to law on account of that command? Is it not rather a question as to whether he is likely to win his suit or the expense or trouble of it? "If a man sues thee at the law and takes away thy coat, give him thy cloke also." How many of you do that?

Then there is one other instance only that I will dwell upon; and that seems to me remarkably significant at the present time. The New Testament says, If there is any one of you that is sick, do what? Call the doctor? No. Send for the elders of the church, have them pray over this sick person, anoint this sick person with oil; and the explicit promise is that he shall recover, and that, if he has committed any sins, they shall be forgiven him.

Now we, a Christian people, as we are all the time saying, have explicit laws against anything of the kind.

If a father has a sick child and does not send for the doctor, we consider him a criminal. He is sometimes prosecuted for neglecting the child's health and endangering its life.

In other words, with the exception of a few people here and there who are considered odd, on the borderland of insanity, there is not a Christian in Christendom who thinks of obeying the Bible in this particular. Did you ever know of a person when he was sick having the elders of the church sent for, and being anointed with oil and prayed over instead of sending for the doctor?

The point I want to make clear is that the people who insist that the Old and New Testaments as we have them to-day are "the word of God," are absolutely infallible, never think of obeying it in every case. It is something else that determines their conduct.

Now let us turn and see what this something else is which works throughout the whole range of human life. If we go down among and study the lower animals, we find that they are governed by impulse and instinct, as we say; that is, they always do what they are inclined to do unless deterred from it by fear or force. And we say it is well that they should; for that whole range of life below us is not immoral, it is unmoral, it has no recognition of any right or wrong.

But, when we come up to deal with men and women, no matter how low the order of life may be, we have entered another sphere, we find ourselves face to face with other considerations. Conscience has been born, right and wrong are recognized, sympathy and love have come in as forces that help determine our conduct.

But here, again, let us state the naked, bald principle. Any man has a perfect right to do whatever he wishes to do, provided he does not in the process injure or trespass upon the equal right or well being of somebody

else. Every man, therefore, follows his impulse just as every animal does, except where other considerations come in to make him, on the whole, prefer to do something else.

In other words, it is generally true that men always do, what on the whole, they prefer to do. This preference, however, is determined by a good many different considerations.

Now let us notice a little while specifically some of the things that determine our method of living. And in the first place we need to look at what we are; and what we are is only in a very small degree that which we have made ourselves. What are we by inheritance, what each is by inheritance, what are his constitution, tendencies, desires, aspirations, hopes, fears. It is what he is that will in the first place tend to determine what he will do. And what he is, this depends upon where he was born, who his father and mother were, what makes up the general environment that has brought him into being.

Is he born in the jungles of South Africa, in India, in China, Japan? Is he born in Europe, in America, in a Catholic country or a Protestant one, in a Christian country or what we call Pagan? The larger part of what we are is that which comes to us by way of inheritance before we have anything whatever to say about it one way or the other.

And this, the initial characteristic and constitution, is what determines us in the first instance in the matter of conduct. Some men find it very easy indeed to be good, some find it terribly hard; and, originally, no merit, no blame, no fault of the individual, is concerned.

A boy brought up in a family where comfort surrounds him on every hand, generally is not inclined to steal. He does not need to steal. But there are little boys

born in the great cities of the world, in the midst of poverty and want of every kind, and where perhaps not only are they inclined to snatch the things that they really need, but they are trained and taught to do it as a business. Are they to blame in the same sense that the rest of us would be if we did similar things?

I remember the case of a man who was very much inclined to get angry at every provocation. Somebody said to him one day, "Why do not you control your temper?" and he replied, and replied wisely,—for he understood the differences of condition: "Control my temper? I control more temper every twenty-four hours of my life than you ever controlled since you were born." True: some people have no temper to control; it is perfectly easy for them to be good-natured. Others carry such a power of steam that they are on the edge of an explosion all the time.

This only as an illustration. Carry it out for yourselves in a hundred different ways, and see what it is as the initial force which tends to determine our conduct.

Take another step. Not only those inheritances, but the family of which we are a part, the style, the character of the family, its training, culture, tastes, its social relations. Every boy is run, so to speak, in the family mould; and most boys are easily shaped in this way. Now and then there is one who by the initial force of his own character breaks over these limits, and sometimes is a good deal better than his family, and sometimes a good deal worse. But the family tastes and tendencies and characteristics come in to determine the character of the child.

Then beyond that there is the set, the class, to which you belong. Are you rich or poor? Do you belong to what is called good society, so that you are proud of what it means, or are you made up of commoner kind of clay? The dominant ideals of the set to which you

belong and in the midst of which you move have everything in the world to do with your course of conduct.

How was it under the old régime in France? I refer to this merely by way of explanation. A young man could be vicious in a dozen different ways according to our standards to-day; but, so long as he regarded and maintained the "honor" of his class as it was interpreted at the time, he was practically free to do almost anything else. But, if he did that which his father regarded as dishonorable, he might even be cast out, disinherited, have no more connection whatever with his family and friends.

Francis I. after the battle of Pavia sent word to his mother, "All is lost save honor." There is the ring of that ideal of what was fitting to a man belonging to a certain class and occupying a certain station. Anything else might go; but to this he must be true.

Then there is public opinion. What a tremendous power that has in determining a man's conduct. There are men I know who will pay their tribute to public opinion by a course of hypocrisy. They will do things that public opinion does not approve, but do them privately, keep them out of sight, hide them away. They are more afraid of public opinion than they are of doing wrong.

If they can do wrong in a dozen different ways and nobody know it, it does not trouble their conscience much. They do not care. At any rate, they do not care sufficiently to be deterred from it. But public opinion, its condemnation, its disgrace, is the one great thing which they fear.

I have postponed, although you may think it ought to have come earlier in the discussion, a reference to conscience. I did it because conscience is something so generally misunderstood. A man thinks he is perfectly justified in any course of action so long as he can

claim to be conscientious in it. He is not justified at all because he is conscientious; and, though it may sound like a paradox, no man has any right to disregard his conscience.

You are under obligation to be conscientious; and yet by being conscientious you may not at all or necessarily be right, you may be bigotedly wrong.

Let us note a few considerations that will make this perfectly clear. I think, if you should ask most people what conscience is, you would find many answers something like this. It is that which tells me as to what is right and what is wrong, tells me what I ought to do and what I ought not to do.

No, conscience is not anything of the kind. Conscience never told anybody what was right or what was wrong. Conscience is not a satisfactory or safe guide in that regard. Conscience simply tells you over and over again, and insistently, and as with the voice of God himself, that you must do right.

It does not tell you what is right. You learn that in some other way. And yet what you conscientiously think is right, for the time being, you ought to follow and be true to. Why? Because, if you do not, you violate your own nature, the sanctities of your own soul, you disregard your own sense of what you ought to do; and in that way you break down and debauch your moral being.

But it is not conscience which tells people what is right and what is wrong. We find that out as the result of human experience. It never needed any revelation from heaven in any supernatural way to tell us what was right or what was wrong.

We find out, for example, what is healthy to eat and what is poison by experience. We have learned that certain things hurt and certain things are good for food; and we need no more than a knowledge of the results to make us certain in this regard.

So precisely in the same way people have learned by experience what courses of conduct are right and what are wrong, provided they are going to live together and get along with each other. For example, if anybody is going to own anything, have any property, even his own clothes, stealing must be forbidden. People learned by experience, then, that stealing was wrong.

If people are going to live at all, of course murder must not be permitted. It needs no revelation from heaven to tell us that murder is wrong.

If people are going to gain physical comfort, assault and battery must be prohibited, infringement on personal liberty must not be allowed. So you see that we have found out what is right and wrong by experience, by trying it.

In ten thousand different ways this human race from the beginning has been engaged in one age-long experiment as to what is best for the individual, best for groups of individuals, for the family, for society. We are not always clear, and circumstances alter cases; but, practically, we have no difficulty in deciding these questions of right and wrong, provided it is the right and the wrong which we really desire to discover.

But there is one point I need to consider right here; and that is that our thoughts of right and wrong are confused in a hundred ways because of the differences in the standards of judgment of different people. And we naturally say, If it is perfectly clear, if it is settled that this is right and that is wrong, why is not everybody agreed in the matter? It is because so many other things have come in to confuse our ideas.

In other words, a good many of our ideas as to right and wrong are conventional, purely conventional, instead of real; and people who are dominated by conventional ideas as to what is right and wrong will hold to these sometimes with a tenacity that does not exist in the case of real distinctions.

I shall have to illustrate here to make clear what I have in mind.

The Bible forbade the Jews to eat pork. I never found out why Christians have not taken that command over with all the rest of the Old Testament which they still consider binding; but, as a matter of fact, they have not.

Other people consider eating pork perfectly harmless. Perhaps they even like it, and thrive on it. Now in the nature of things is it not perfectly clear that there is no moral quality about the question as to whether or not you will eat pork? It is not a matter of essential and eternal right and wrong. It is a purely conventional idea. It is a matter of taboo as connected with a certain kind of religion.

An Italian bandit will rob a man, and perhaps in the process murder him; and, if he finds on his person something to eat, and a part of that lunch happens to be meat and it is Friday, he will not eat the meat. Robbery and murder he can get along with; but he cannot eat meat on Friday.

Now why should not a person eat meat on Friday? Nobody has ever discovered that it does not agree with the human system on that day as well as any other day. There is no inherent, no natural, no God-created reason why people should not eat meat on Friday as well as on any other day.

There are certain people very conscientious about the way in which they keep Lent. The Bible does not command the keeping of any Lent. God has never commanded it. It is a purely conventional, ecclesiastical usage. And yet there are people who will slander, who will lie, who will get the best of their neighbors in a bargain, who are unkind, injurious, immoral in a dozen ways, but who are scrupulous about keeping Lent. There is no inherent, no natural reason here. It is purely a matter of convention.

When I was a boy, my father never would let me go to walk in the fields on Sunday. I could walk to the graveyard and read the epitaphs if I chose. I suppose he considered that that had some sort of indirect moral or religious effect upon me. But I could take no other walk on Sunday. Why? The Bible does not say anything about taking a walk on Sunday.

I have known a great many people who after a while would come to think that it was proper for them to take a quiet drive on Sunday afternoon; but they would consider it very wicked to go sailing. But in one case you are at least making the horse work, and in the other you are not. So far as Sunday labor is concerned, all the argument is in favor of the sailing. But I have known people who were very strict in making a distinction of this kind,—purely conventional, you see, not grounded in anything essential or real.

Take the whole question of Sunday usage as touching the Bible. I wonder if you ever stop to notice what the Bible forbids as to the Sabbath. It forbids just one thing,—work; and it does not command you positively to do anything on that day. It simply says you must not work.

That is on the seventh day of the week. There are a great many people who are very conscientious in observing the seventh day of the week, but have no conscience about the first day. There are thousands who are very conscientious about the first day, but have no conscience concerning the seventh.

And the ministers who tell us that it is wicked to work on Sunday are the ones of all in the community who work the hardest on that day of any day in the year. It is the minister's hardest day of all. He deliberately then disobeys the command as to work on Sunday: his position compels him to do it. But he will tell his hearers a thousand things they must do because it is Sunday;

and yet the Bible says nothing about them, and there is no necessary reason that we can find as to why they should be so regarded.

These merely as illustrations as to the great distinction between conventional ethics and real ethics.

I want you to come now with me for a few moments, and consider as to what are the great, necessary, eternal laws of right and wrong; for, friends, this is a moral universe from zenith to nadir and throughout its entire diameter.

The universe is of necessity in favor of the keeping of its own laws. These are the laws of God, and the only laws of God. The laws of the universe are the eternal expression of the thought and the life of God himself. Here, then, are to be found the laws of right and the laws of wrong; and the reasons for them are eternal; the reasons for them lie in the fact that, if we do not obey, we must inevitably and eternally suffer. There is no escape.

There are no arbitrary rewards in this universe; there are no arbitrary penalties; but there are eternal results, inescapable results. Come right home. Suppose I break a law of my body. I must suffer. I take away from my health, from my power as a physical being. If I carry it far enough, I get sick. If I still carry it far enough, I must die. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,"—not something else, *that*.

You break a law, and God is pledged to the penalty because it is the expression of the divine nature, eternally operative, and that no one can evade.

Now am I under any obligation to keep the laws of my body? Have not I a right to eat or drink what I like, and get sick or keep well, or die, if I please? No. Why? Because I am under the highest conceivable obligation to keep this body as a machine in as good repair

as possible, have it possess as much power as possible, that I may use this power for good, for the help of the world.

I have no business to disregard it, to treat it badly, to disable it, to throw it away. It is not mine for any such purpose. I am under the highest moral obligation. And, if I do not keep these laws, then I have got to pay for it,—that is all. Pay for it finally, if I carry it far enough, by my life.

Now there are other moral laws,—the laws that relate me as an individual to other people. I have a right in those relations to do anything I please that does not hurt them, that does not take away from the fulness of their life, which does not work them an injury, which does not interfere with their happiness, their welfare.

But I have no right, under the impulse of any inclination, desire, passion, or whatsoever, to do anything as related to anybody else that is going to injure that other person. Here is the great ethical law of life.

And suppose I do? If I carry it far enough, the clumsy machinery of human law will take care of me. If I keep inside the limits of human law and break the finer laws of right and wrong, then I injure and degrade my own moral nature; I deteriorate; I lower the range of my own life; I become less and less a man, a poorer, more ignoble type of man.

Now these, friends, are the real laws of right and wrong; and, if we wish to be obedient to God, let us study the evolution of human life on earth, and find out those states of mind, those feelings, those courses of conduct, which have helped men, made the world better and happier, or those which have injured it, which have kept it back, which have taken away from its fulness of life.

There are two considerations. There is the immediate effect, then there is the ultimate effect, of your actions. To take a very crude and homely illustration, I eat some-

thing I am very fond of. The immediate effect is pleasure. I enjoy it very much. But I am sick the next day, and perhaps for six months: that is the ultimate effect.

There are a good many things we do in relation to each other which produce an immediate pleasure, but which in their ultimate effects produce sorrow and disaster and death.

Let us study, then, the course of human evolution. Let us find out those things that have made the world brighter and better and happier, that have made it an easier and sweeter place to live in; and let us remember that those things are the right things. And let us find out those things that have hurt men and kept the world back; and let us be perfectly sure that they are the wrong things.

Let us not be troubled by the conventional ideas that we come in contact with on every hand. Some one tells us we must not do this. Why, we ask, why, has it ever hurt anybody? No. Then do not be afraid of it. Here is something that, so far as the laws of human society are concerned, you can do. Have those courses of conduct hurt the world? Yes, they have. Then they are wrong. Do not dare to follow them any more.

Now at the end I wish to go back to the Bible again. I have said nothing against the Bible. I never said anything against the Bible in my life. I wish you to understand that I think there is no book on earth religiously and ethically so noble, so important on the whole, as is the Bible. That does not mean that it is infallible or perfect in every part.

I say, "On the whole," it is the grandest religious and moral book of the world; but it is chiefly grand, chiefly valuable to us to-day, for what? For its specific statements, for the Ten Commandments, for orders, in this

part of the Bible or that, given to a particular people at a particular time? No.

The worth of the Bible to us to-day over and beyond every other consideration is that it contains the portraiture of Jesus of Nazareth. This is the one thing that gives it supremacy over all the other religious literatures of the world; and no matter at all as to whether we are perfectly certain about every passage that makes a definite statement touching his life. It may be fallible and mistaken in a hundred ways; but there stands a portrait of the Nazarene, the serenest, the grandest, divinest, noblest picture of a human life that this world has ever known.

It is living with him as an imaginative companion, taking him as a standard, comparing our lives with his, which is more important than anything else that the Bible contains.

You sit in your room, and a portrait of your mother is on the wall; and you remember how sweet and pure and tender and loving and self-sacrificing she was, and you feel ashamed of yourself unless you are worthy of her. In her presence, with her eyes on you, you feel you can do no wrong.

Think of the picture which Paul draws, comparing this human life to an arena where the contests of the old Grecian games were carried on. A foot-race is in progress; and Paul says that there is a "great cloud of witnesses," those that have lived in the past,—Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Samuel, Elijah, Isaiah, the prophets,—all the mighty and noble, the witnesses, the martyrs, our own friends, fathers and mothers, the dear ones who have gone ahead of us, are here, rising in the seats, tier above tier around the arena, while we are running our race, engaged in our life contest. They are looking on; we are in their presence.

And Paul says, Let us run this race with patience,

because they are looking on, because they will applaud when we have done well, because they will grieve when we do ill, because, when we get through, we have got to meet them, and be ashamed or glad according as we have lived our lives ill or well.

And this is what it means to keep ever in the presence of Jesus of Nazareth, to think that he knows and cares. It is possible for us to lead lives like that, to be what he was in the presence of wealth, in the presence of poverty, when among the sinners, in the face of disaster and sorrow, when death came and looked him in the face.

That is a human life; and it is possible for us to live like that. And because of these noble ones who surround us on every hand, who make up our imaginative companionship, in whose presence we lead our lives, let us run with patience the race that is set before us, let us live worthily of those who have known what it meant to be a man.

And now, Father, we thank Thee that Thou hast not left us without guides. Thy voice is always whispering if we will hear, Thy light is shining upon our pathways, if we will only look and see. Examples by the thousand have been ours in the past, besides our supreme example, Thy dear Son; and, if we will, we may know what it is which helps, and we may consecrate ourselves to the high and noble life which leads to Thee. Amen.

Can Telepathy Explain?

BY

MINOT J. SAVAGE

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GROWING AGED TOGETHER

BY

REV. ROBERT COLLYER

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GROWING AGED TOGETHER.

"Mercifully ordain that we may grow aged together."—*A Prayer of Tobit*, TOBIT viii. 7.

I LOVE to turn now and then to this touching story in the Apocrypha, of the young man and woman who were just married and ready to start together on their untried career, and especially to notice how this was their first cry to heaven when the wedding-guests had gone, and they were alone in their chamber: "Mercifully ordain that we may grow aged together."

The man had come a long way after his wife, and knew very little about her, except as her father had told him they were a good and honest stock. She was to go back with him, and live with him under the eye of her mother-in-law; and how the experiment would succeed, as the years swept on, he had of course no idea. His mother was a woman of very notable qualities. When her husband went blind, she turned out and made the living with her spinning-wheel; and they were so delighted with her work in one place that they gave her a kid in addition to her day's wages. But, when she brought it home, and her husband heard it bleating, he wanted to know where she got that kid. She told him it was a present, but he did not believe her. He said she had stolen it. Well, she could go out and work for him, but she could not and would not submit to a charge like that. So she turned on him, and gave him such a piece of her

mind as I suppose he never forgot as long as he lived; and after this they got along very well until better days came, and there is no hint in the family history that she ever referred to the thing again. She had it out with him then and there, and made him ashamed of himself, no doubt. And then, as she knew he was a true man and he knew she was a true woman, in the face of this grim convulsion they did not rush into the divorce court or threaten to do so. He did not turn brute or she turn vixen. The sky cleared when the storm was over, and never clouded up again. And how the story got out I have no idea. Perhaps the man told it, a long time after, against himself.

This young man was their one child, the pride and joy of their life; and this was the home into which he was to bring his wife. But whether she would settle kindly in the new place or be all the time fretting after the home of her childhood, whether such a woman as his mother was and as his wife ought to be could so blend their supremacy as to make one music as before instead of a discord that would make him rue the day he brought them together, like the elements in a galvanic battery,—all this was unknown to him; but they knelt down and prayed, "Mercifully ordain that we may grow aged together."

It was one of those weddings, too, for which we sometimes predict a leisurely repentance,—love at first sight, followed by a very brief courtship, and then the wedding, friends' congratulations, kisses, tears, laughter, and a supper, which they ate, no doubt, looking shyly at each other, and wondering whether it could be possible that they were husband and wife. Was it a dream that had come true or only a dream, a drama or that out of which all dramas are made, a mirage of sun and mist on the horizon of their life or the essence and substance of all realities? Poor things! They were both quite young.

They did not know much of the world they had lived in and nothing at all of the world they were just entering. Since they first met, it had been Eden unfallen, with the dew of heaven on it. Did they wonder whether a brief space would find them outside their Eden, among the thorns and briers, with a flaming sword at the gates, forbidding their return? I can only wonder: I cannot tell; but this is worth more than all such surmise,—they knelt down together, in the still, sweet sanctity of their chamber, with the light of Eden on their faces, with its sweetness and purity like an atmosphere about them; and then the man prayed, and the woman said Amen to this prayer.

It was natural, also, that, coming together as they did, they should know very little of each other in regard to those details of the life before them, on which so very much must depend in the course of time. There was a story in their sacred books about a fore-elder who had made just such a match as this, and it didn't turn out well at all. They were unrelated souls; and, as time went on, it revealed the difference so fatally that, when he was an old man, and blind, she practised on him a gross deception, to gain a blessing for her favorite son he had meant to bestow on his own. They may have thought of this, and wondered whether their trust in each other would ever come to such an end as that. He had swept suddenly into the circle of her life,—a fine, stalwart fellow, filling up the picture she had in her heart of the man she would marry. But she really knew no more about him than he knew about her. Could he hold his own as bread-winner, and she as bread-maker? Could he keep a home over her head, and could she make it bright and trim, as a man loves to see his home when he comes in tired and wants to rest? Would he turn out selfish or self-forgetful, or she be a frivolous gossip or a woman he could trust like his own soul? Would

the sunshine break out in his face as he entered his own door, and meet the sunshine breaking out on hers? Would she cry, "Husband, here's your slippers: little Anna has been toasting them this half-hour," and he reply: "Ah, wife! you're the woman to think of a man. Where are the children?" Or would he save all his snarls until he had shut the door and sat down to supper, and she give him back his own with usury? There it all lay before them,—the vast, unknown possibility, leading to heaven or to hell by the time they got to their silver wedding. There was but one wish resting in their hearts, come what would,—resting there as the lark, in my old home-land, rests among the heather; and then it soared, as the lark soars, singing, into heaven. And this was the burden of their spring-time melody,—"Mercifully ordain that we may grow aged together."

Still we have to see how this cry would be of no more use than it is now, sometimes, if it did not stand through all the time to come at once as a safeguard and an inspiration,—a safeguard against some things that prevent our growing aged together and an inspiration to some that help us. It was a natural and most beautiful longing just then voicing itself out of their pure hearts' love. They felt sure they had been made for each other, as I love to believe; and, while they knew that time must turn the raven hair to white, furrow the brow, blench the bloom, and touch all their faculties with its wintry frost, if they should live, still they wanted the good God to deal them out an even measure *together*. This seems to me to be the binding word of the whole story,—TOGETHER then as now, in the autumn as in the spring, in taking as in giving, until they were borne away, not far apart, into the life to come.

But, touching the most outward things of our life, I can see a danger, if they do not take care, that their prayer will not and cannot be answered. They

may both grow aged,—that may be as God ordains,—and they may live together while their life lasts,—that must be as they ordain,—yet this day may be, for all that, the end of their equality in age. For, if he were one of those men we have all known, whose life and soul is given over to business, who rise early and sit up late, and work like galley-slaves to make a fortune, and she were one of those women who take life easy, and run no risks, he might be a broken-down old man with a fortune while she was still young enough to enjoy it. Or if he had a secret vice, such as keeping water on the sideboard and a sample-room in the closet, or any of those subtle and dangerous devils that are always watching for a chance to drag a man down, while she held her life sweet and pure and true, then, long before their silver wedding, he may be in his grave or be fit for very little out of it; an old man in mid-age, with the warning finger of paralysis on his shoulder or the splints of inflammatory rheumatism in his marrow,—a broken man she has to nurse like a fretful child. Or if she, poor girl, is beginning this wedded life, as so many girls do, without the fine, sturdy womanhood of the open air, with a bloom on her blessed face like that you see on the blossoms in a hot-house, while he has in him the strong vitality of the desert and the hills, then by the time she has borne those six sons we hear of she will have aged two years to his one. I know, if he has a man's heart in his breast, he will love her and cherish her all the more for her lost beauty and broken health; and some blessing may be found in this altered relation which might never have come to their perfect equality. But this is not the real kernel of the question. This blended being of the man and woman is, first of all, a piece of exquisite mechanism, ordained of Heaven for a certain work on this earth; and it is the first condition that all the arms of its power shall be equal to their design. Now where this power

fails by our folly, on either side, the thing in that shape is past praying for: we can only pray then for power and grace to make the best of it; and, thank God, that prayer can always be answered. So I hope, when they cried, "Mercifully ordain that we may grow aged together," this outward condition of equality in health and strength was there in their nature, or they might as well pray that the wheels of a watch, one-half pewter and the other half steel, might be of equal endurance and worth.

And so to-day, if young men are not honest and wholesome clean through, and if young women will not train themselves to the finest and sturdiest womanhood possible to their nature; if they will not eat brown bread and work in the garden—if they have one—with some more grip than a bird scratching, and quit reading novels in a hot room and devouring sweetmeats; if they dare not face the sun and wind, and try to outwalk—ay, and outrun—their brothers, and let our wise mother Nature buckle their belt,—they had *not* better say Amen when the stalwart young husband cries, "Mercifully ordain that we may grow aged together."

This, however, is the most outward condition. Reaching inward, we find others more delicate and divine. These young people have now to find each other out, and they may spend a lifetime in doing that. Some married folk find each other out as I have read of mariners finding out the polar world. They leave the shores of their single life in the spring days, with tears and benedictions, sail on a while in sunshine and fair weather, and then find their way little by little into the cold latitudes, where they see the sun sink day by day, and feel the frost creep in, until they give up at last, and turn to ice, sitting at the same table.

Others, again, find each other out as we have been finding out this continent. They nestle down at first among the meadows, close by the clear streams. Then

they go on through a belt of shadow, lose their way, and find it again the best they know, and come out again into a larger horizon and a better land. They meet their difficult hills, and climb them together, strike deserts and dismal places, and cross them together; and so at last they stand on the further reaches of the mountains, and see the other ocean sunning itself sweet and still, and then their journey ends. But through shadows and shine this is the gospel for the day: they keep *together* right on to the end. They allow no danger, disaster, or difference to divide them, and no third person to interfere; for, if they do, it may be as if William and Mary of England had permitted the great Louis to divide their throne by first dividing their hearts.

Did you ever hear my definition of marriage? A wise and witty man says: "It resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them." The definition is as witty as it is wise; and he might have added, Part the shears, and then all you have left is two poor daggers.

So it is possible we may grow aged in finding each other out, and wondering why we never saw that trait before or struck that temper; but if there be between us a true heart, *if the rivet holds*, then the added years will only bring added reasons for a perfect union, and the sweet old ballad will be our psalm of life:—

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun tottle down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

We must find each other out; and then it is possible that, like my mother's old shears, over which I used to ponder when I was a child, one side is greater, and the other, by consequence, less.

I found James Mott, a fine old Quaker, delighted, one evening when I went to call on him, because, while he was working in his garden, two men went by, and one said, "That is James Mott."—"And who is James Mott?" —"Why, don't you know? He is Lucretia Mott's husband." Now James Mott was by no means a common man. With a lesser half, he would have seemed a great man; and he was great in his steady and perfect loyalty to truth and goodness. But his wife was the woman of a century; while he was so noble and great of soul as to be glad and proud of her greatness, and at the same time he seemed all the greater for his worship.

Audubon, our great naturalist, married a good, sweet woman; and, when she began to find him out, she found he would wander off a thousand miles in quest of a bird. She said, "Amen!" and went with him, camped in the woods, lived in log huts and shanties on the frontier, anywhere to be *with him*. She entered into his enthusiasm, shared his labor, and counted all things but loss for the excellency of the glory of being Audubon's wife. When the children began to come to them, he had to wander off alone; but he could not go into a valley so deep or a wilderness so distant that the light would not shine on him out of their windows. He knew exactly where he would find her and how she would look; for while, as Ruskin reminds us, the clouds are never twice alike, the sunshine is always familiar, and it was sunshine he saw when he looked homeward. So, if you have read his life, you will remember how his heart breaks forth into singing in all sorts of unexpected places as he thinks of the wife and children waiting his return; and in that way they lived their life until they dropped

into the lap of God like mellow fruit. It was laid on the man to do this work. How the woman's heart yearned to have him home, we may well imagine, and how gladly she would have given up some of his greatness to keep her children's father at her side. But she did not tell him so, if she was the woman I think she was; and so she is changed into the same image, from glory to glory. Growing aged together in the body, they are touched now in the spirit with immortal youth.

The little idyl ends without telling us how the answer came to this cry on a wedding-night, or whether it came at all as they had expected and hoped. But that it did come in some good, sweet way is certain; for there is no word about a convulsion, and they have six sons. They move away, when the good wife is dead; and after that we only see the man who lives, the neighbors believe, to be a hundred and twenty-seven. It makes little difference that we do not know exactly how their life together ended. If they kept these safeguards and followed this inspiration I have tried to touch, I know it was all right.

When Oberlin was eighty years old, and very infirm, climbing one of his native mountains one day, he was obliged to lean on the arm of a younger man, while his wife, who was still strong, walked by herself. Meeting one of his parishioners, the old man felt so awkward at his seeming lack of gallantry that he insisted on stopping and telling just how it was: she could not lean on his arm, but she leaned on his heart all the same; they had grown aged together, but he had shot a little ahead; they must not think there was any other reason; it was as it always had been, only he was the weaker vessel now, and would his friend please say so when he happened to mention what he had seen. So it would be with these twain, in that far-away Eastern valley: they would keep

together; and, when the arm failed, the heart would still abide in the old, beautiful strength.

"And what did you see?" I said once to a friend who had been into the Lake country, and on his return told me he had gone to Wordsworth's home. "I saw the old man," he said, "walking in the garden with his wife. They are both quite old, and he is almost blind; but they seemed just like sweethearts courting, they were so tender to each other and attentive." Miss Martineau tells us the same story, with the additional particulars of a near neighbor, how the old wife would miss her husband, and trot out, and find him asleep perhaps in the sun, run for his hat, tend him and watch over him till he awoke; and so it was that, when he died, they made one grave deep enough for both, and, when she died, they were one,—one in the dust as they were one in heaven, and had been on earth for over forty years. The world came to Wordsworth at last, but the wife at first. "Worse and worse," Jeffrey said, when a new poem came out. "Better and better," said the wife. The world might scoff: the wife believed. She was no Sarah to laugh at the angel of the Lord. What wonder, then, they were sweethearts still at threescore and ten?

So the wife of Thomas Carlyle, the woman with the brave blood of old John Knox coursing through her heart, upheld her husband through all weathers, proud of his strength, tender of his weakness, and never saying, "Thomas, pray do write so that people can understand you." His wild, weird words might puzzle her brain, but they were simple Saxon to her heart; and so, when she died, he had graven on her tomb, "For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and unweariedly forwarded him as none else could in all of worthy that he did or attempted."

And so this is a prayer we can all make to God on our

wedding-day, and, if we will, on any day and every day after the wedding, and always find the answer in the cry. Is there danger that we shall make it hard for Heaven to answer us in the tale of the years, because we are using them up like a candle lighted at both ends? We can guard against that. No man and woman ever cried out with their whole heart, "Mercifully ordain that we may grow aged together," who did not find wellsprings in their dryest deserts, gleams of sunlight stealing through their darkest shadows, an arm of power for their most appalling steeps, and sunny resting-places all the way.

I think the average novel is making sad mischief in the average mind in its pictures of true love. It makes the tender glow and glamour which related natures feel when they meet true love. It is no such thing: it is true passion, that is all; a blessed power, purely and rightly used, but no more true love than those little hooks and tendrils we see in June, on a shooting vine, are the ripe clusters of October. For true love grows out of reverence and deference, loyalty and courtesy, good service given and taken, dark days and bright days, sorrow and joy. It is the fine essence and fragrance of all we may be in our blended life, and all we do. It is sown a natural body: it is raised a spiritual body; and so it is written, The first man is of the earth earthy, the second man is the Lord from heaven.

The most sacred relation into which we can enter is this of true husband and true wife. More sacred when we find our way to its heart than those of father and mother, because here is the fountain-head from which father and mother, parents and children, spring. It is true husband and true wife. He the weapon man and she the web man in the ancient Anglo-Saxon translation of those words of the Master. Have ye not read

that He which made them at the beginning made them male and female, he the weapon man, she the web man, he the defender, she the clother, he the warrior, and she the weaver? So the terms stood in the rude, clean life in the woods and on the sand dunes from which we sprang, each essential to the other and both to the whole.

This is the compact when we stand true to the holy laws that blend the two lives into one, binding us together until death do us part, and from the kingdom of nature, shall I say, helps to bring in the kingdom of heaven.

For the good bishop Jeremy Taylor says marriage, like the bee, builds a house, and gathers honey of sweetness, labors and unites societies into republics, keeps order and exercises many virtues, promotes the general interest of mankind, and is that good estate to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

"Marriage," he says again, "has in it less of beauty than a single life, but more of safety. It is more merry, but also more sad. It is fuller of joy, but also of sorrow. It lies under more burdens, but is supported by the strength of love, so that these burdens become delightful." And I would say that marriage is a divine institution because it springs from a divine root and reason. Therefore, the Master says, a man shall leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one, and what God hath joined together let no man put asunder.

So, I said, I love to muse over the story of the youth and maiden who, when the wedding-guests had gone and they were alone, prayed unto Him, the giver of every good and perfect gift, "Mercifully ordain that we may grow aged together," and then to think of them going hand in hand and heart with heart to the end of their

pilgrimage, true to the noble picture from the heart of our Tennyson that

> "Woman is not undevelopt man,
> But diverse: could we make her as the man,
> Sweet love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
> Not like to like, but like in difference.
> Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
> The man be more of woman, she of man;
> He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
> She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
> Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
> Till at the last she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words;
> And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
> Sit side by side, full summ'd in all their powers,
> Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:
> Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm."

UNITARIAN CATECHISM

BY

M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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INTRODUCTION.

The preface by Mr. Savage gives the reasons, clearly and concisely, why a book like this is needed. It answers a great demand, and it will supply a serious deficiency. Having had the privilege of reading the contents very thoroughly, I gladly record my satisfaction in the character of the work, my hope of its wide acceptance and use, my appreciation of the author's motives in preparing it. The questions and answers allow of supplementing, of individual handling, of personal direction. It is not a hard-and-fast production. There is a large liberty of detail, explanation, and unfolding. The doctrinal positions are in accord with rational religion and liberal Christianity, the critical judgments are based on modern scholarship, and the great aim throughout is to assist an inquirer or pupil to a positive, permanent faith. If any one finds comments and criticisms which at first sight seem needless, let it be remembered that a Unitarian catechism must give reasons, point out errors, and trace causes: it cannot simply dogmatize. I am sure that in the true use of this book great gains will come to our Sunday-schools, to searchers after truth, to our cause.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

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The list of reference books that follows the questions and answers will enable those who wish to do so to go more deeply into the topics suggested.

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A RATIONALIST'S PLEA FOR SUNDAY.

I TAKE as a text, first, the words of the Fourth Commandment, as recorded in the twentieth chapter of Exodus, beginning with the eighth verse: "Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son nor thy daughter, thy man servant nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it."

As a part of my text also I wish to read the sixteenth and seventeenth verses of the second chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians,—"Let no man therefore judge you in meat, or in drink, or in respect of a feast day or a new moon or a sabbath day: which are a shadow of the things to come; but the body is Christ's."

With all my mind, with all my heart, with all my soul, I believe in Sunday. I think it would be a calamity greatly to be deplored, were the day to become like all the rest of the days in the week. Its sanctity should be observed, it should be hedged about and guarded, made holy; that is, consecrated to the highest things that are possible.

This is my feeling about the day. Because I believe in it, it seems to me unfortunate when it is defended by arguments which will not bear careful criticism. When an institution is supported on foundations that cannot

be examined without finding them defective, then the chances are that, when people have found out these defects, they lose faith in the institution itself; which is entirely another thing.

A great many of the best things in the world are frequently defended by very poor arguments, supported on foundations that will not bear examination.

Because I believe in Sunday, then, I propose this morning to tell you the truth about it. I shall tell you concerning its origin, its history; and then you will see that, while the traditional reasons for caring for it are not likely to continue, there are other reasons in the nature of things which are fitted to make for it, as I believe, an eternal foundation.

Though popularly confused and regarded as one, the Sabbath and Sunday are entirely distinct and separate. In order that this may be clear, however, I shall first have to consider with you for a little while the Sabbath.

You may be surprised, if you have not studied its history, when I say that the Sabbath did not originate with the Jews, that it did not originate with the Bible, that it is thousands of years older than the Bible, and is purely pagan in its origin.

I do not know how far back we should have to go to find the first Sabbath. It is lost in the mists of antiquity. We can trace it, however, to the Akkadians, a people who lived in the valley of the Euphrates before the city of Babylon was founded. It grew out of planet worship.

The word "planet," as you are aware, means a wanderer. It was a name given by the early peoples to those heavenly bodies which appeared to them to wander somewhat aimlessly about the heavens in contrast to the stars, which seemed to keep their positions. The sun and the moon were planets to them, the earth being regarded as stationary. So there were seven planets

known to the ancients,—the Sun, the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

One day was dedicated to each of them. That, as you see, made up the week; and it was found that four of these periods of seven days, or four weeks, corresponded practically with the appearance of the new moon, which was a day regarded as perhaps in some ways holier and more sacred than any of the others.

Now how did it happen that Saturn's day became a rest day? Saturn was regarded as an unlucky planet. His influence was malign, gloomy. It was therefore supposed to be unfortunate to do anything on Saturn's day. The feeling was very much as it is in the minds of a great many to-day in regard to Friday. Saturn's day was an unlucky day; and doing anything was tabooed, it was forbidden. And, if you should study the habits of the people of that far-away time, you would find that the king himself was hedged about with all sorts of restrictions. He did not dare to do anything on Saturn's day.

Here is the origin—ignorant, superstitious, pagan, barbaric—of the Sabbath.

Now the Jews adopted this day, and made it a part of the Ten Commandments. I have read you as my text the Fourth Commandment, as recorded in the twentieth chapter of Exodus. I wish to call your attention, however, to what perhaps none of you has ever noticed,—that there are two reasons given in the Old Testament for observing the Sabbath Day.

In the fifth chapter of Deuteronomy, beginning with the twelfth verse, is another copy of the Fourth Commandment. It is substantially the same as that in Exodus, except the reason for its observance. Nothing is said here about the creation, six days, and resting the seventh. The reason for keeping it is given in these words: "And thou shalt remember that thou wast a

servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand and by a stretched-out arm: therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the sabbath day."

You see the reason here is entirely different from the one which is given in Exodus.

But no matter about the reason. I wish you to note now what is the heart and essence of this Fourth Commandment. It simply forbids people to work, nothing else. It does not tell you to do anything. It simply tells you not to do anything that can be considered as labor; that is all.

And that is all you find throughout the entire history of the Jewish people. They regarded this as a day on which nothing that could be called labor must be performed; and the Jewish traditions played around this idea of labor, and the writers of commentaries speculated upon it. Some of their speculations and restrictions seem to us to-day very childish and absurd. They tried to decide as to what actions could properly be called work. How far you could walk without its being regarded as work, what you could do in this direction, what in that, how much of a load you could carry without its being regarded as work,—these indicate some of the speculations into which the commentator entered.

But it was all concentrated in the one thought—you must not do any work. But the day was not a gloomy day with the Jew. It was not a sad day: it was a feast day. The late Emmanuel Deutsch, an eminent Jewish scholar, one of the curators of the British Museum, in an article on the Talmud says this: "Here we cannot refrain from entering an emphatic protest against the vulgar notion of the Jewish Sabbath being a day of gloomy austerity. It was precisely the contrary, a day of joy and delight, a feast day, honored by fine garments, by the best cheer, by wine, spice, and other joys of pre-

eminently bodily import; and the highest expression of the feeling of self-reliance and independence is contained in the adage, 'Rather live on the Sabbath as you would on a week-day than be dependent on others.'"

That is on the authority of one of the eminent Jewish scholars of the world.

The Jewish Sabbath, then, was simply a day on which no work of any kind must be performed. Whatever else you did was not a breach of the Sabbath; and there were no positive commands as to anything that was to be done on that day.

When we come to the time of Jesus, how did he regard it? We shall find some light thrown on the problem by noting his attitude. He did such things as earned for him from the people, his critics, the name of Sabbath-breaker.

This does not mean that he disregarded the Fourth Commandment. You can become, according to popular opinion to-day, a Sabbath-breaker without disregarding the Fourth Commandment; for people have invented all sorts of things that according to them you must do or must not do on the Sabbath that the Fourth Commandment says nothing whatever about.

What did Jesus do? He acted on the principle, and he taught the principle, that human well-being must supersede all ritual, all ceremony, all ecclesiastical claims whatever. It is lawful, he contends, to do good on the Sabbath. "The son of man is Lord of the Sabbath"; "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath"; that is, man is not to be sacrificed to the supposed claims of the day. That was the attitude of Jesus.

Did he say anything about Sunday? Not a word,—never referred to it in any way whatever.

Now it is popularly assumed that in some way there was a transfer made of the Sabbath to Sunday, that the laws touching the Sabbath were brought over and applied

to Sunday, that the sanctity attaching to the Sabbath was applied to Sunday, that all the rules and regulations and traditions that had obtained as regarded the Sabbath somehow were transferred, so that they would have equal force concerning Sunday. But there is absolutely no truth in this assumption whatsoever. The two days have nothing whatever to do with each other, and never had.

How did the Sabbath, then, fall into disuse, and how did Sunday come in some sense to take its place? In the most natural way in the world. The Sabbath was a part of the Jewish, the Mosaic law. When a Jew became a Christian, he still remained a Jew, and felt himself bound by Jewish traditions and restrictions. So he kept the law of Moses, and was a Christian besides. That was the attitude of the first Christians who had been Jews.

But, inevitably, another problem came up. Here were men who became Christians who had been Greeks, Romans, who had belonged to any one of many different nationalities, who were not Jews and never had been. The question, then, was as to whether these were bound by the Jewish law or not. The early Jewish Christians said they were, and that the only way for a Gentile to become a Christian was, first, by the process of proselytizing. He must become a Jew first, and then be a Christian.

But you remember that the one great distinction which has won for him his fame all over the world was that Paul distinctly took the opposite ground. He broke with this whole idea, and as the result of Paul's attitude came one of the greatest controversies of the early Church.

Paul said that the man who was not born and trained a Jew did not need to become a Jew in order to be a Christian, and that he was under no obligation whatever to keep the Jewish law. That was the attitude of Paul.

What happened then? For Paul's contention, as you

know, won, and became at last the universal rule of the Church. What happened? Why, this: the Jewish Christian kept the Sabbath, and he also kept Sunday. How did Sunday spring up? Why should he keep it? The word "Sunday," of course, is later than New Testament times. In the New Testament it was the first day of the week, or the Lord's day. How did it spring up? The disciples came to celebrate Sunday as the day of the reappearance after his crucifixion of the Master.

They believed, and I believe, that Jesus appeared after his death, and was seen to be alive; and this to them was the great central, conquering fact of Christianity.

It was this belief, beyond question, whatever you may think about it, which gave Christianity its power to conquer Rome and the world.

Sunday, then, or the first day of the week, or the Lord's Day, was the day on which they met to eat the Lord's Supper, to hold a little religious service, and celebrate the reappearance of Jesus.

Now the Jewish Christian kept the Sabbath just as he had been accustomed to; and he also met with the disciples on Sunday morning to celebrate the resurrection. The Gentile Christians did not keep the Jewish Sabbath at all. They merely met on Sunday morning to celebrate the resurrection. After the Gentiles became the great majority and the city of Jerusalem was destroyed and the Jews ceased to be a separate people, naturally, of necessity, the Sabbath as a Christian institution died out. It ceased to be believed in or practised any more; and Sunday remained. But, as I have said, the two had no relation with each other whatever.

I have already read as the second part of my text the two verses from the second chapter of Colossians. I call your attention to them again.

Whatever anybody may think about the binding authority of the Old Testament, this passage of the New

Testament distinctly, definitely, and by name abrogates the law of the Sabbath, and tells Christians that it is no longer binding upon them in any way whatsoever. It teaches the doctrine that the Sabbath was merely a shadow of some greater substance to be revealed, and, after the substance came, the shadow passed away.

These, then, are the facts in regard to the dying out of the Jewish Sabbath and the appearance in history of the Lord's Day. As I said, the two have nothing whatever to do with each other; and any authority you can find for the observance of the Sabbath has no application to the way in which we shall treat the first day of the week.

How did the early Christians treat it? What does history have to say to us about it? Why, this. They met on Sunday morning to hold a little religious service; and after that service they went about their usual business, as they did on any other day. It never occurred to the early Christian to make any application of the Jewish Sabbath law against work to the first day of the week. That is entirely a later idea, which has sprung up in a way which I shall tell you about in a little while.

For the first two or three hundred years, then, the early Christians met on Sunday morning (it was not called "Sunday" morning yet), and ate the Lord's Supper and held a religious service, and then went about their usual occupations.

I wish now to read you the first law that was ever passed as touching this first day of the week. In the year 321 Constantine, the first Christian emperor, issued an edict, an extract from which I propose now to read: "Let all Judges, and inhabitants of cities, and all craftsmen rest on the venerable day of the Sun; but countrymen may freely and lawfully attend to the cultivation of the fields, lest by delay the opportunity granted by the favor of Heaven should be lost, seeing that it fre-

quently happens that the grain and the vine cannot be so fitly planted on any other day."

That is the first law that was ever passed in history touching the first day of the week. Constantine had been a sun-worshipper, and he had become a Christian for political reasons; for he was not the kind of a Christian for whom we should have any respect or with whom we should care to associate if he were alive to-day. He had been a sun-worshipper; and he refers to this day as "the venerable day of the Sun."

Additions were made to this edict under various emperors. In the year 425 Theodosius II. forbade games and theatrical exhibitions. In 528 the Third Council of Orleans forbade all labor on Sunday. Only in 525 theatres were forbidden, in 528 for the first time all labor.

Now, as further authority—for people like to know on what these statements rest—as to the way Sunday was looked on in the early Church, I wish to read you a few words from Saint Cyril, the Bishop of Jerusalem. In the year 345 these words were written, or about that time. He says: "Turn not thou out of the way to symbolism or Judaism, for Jesus Christ hath redeemed thee. Henceforth reject all observance of Sabbaths, and call not meats, which are really matters of indifference, common or unclean." This is Saint Cyril.

In 392 Saint Jerome, one of the greatest Fathers of the Church, says this (he is speaking of the custom of the people on the Lord's Day): "They went to church, and returning from church they applied themselves to their allotted works, and made garments for themselves and others." And again: "The day is not a day of fasting, but a day of joy. The Church has always considered it a day of joy, and none but heretics have thought otherwise."

I am aware that the followers of Luther and Calvin have been very strict in their Sabbatarianism in this

later time; but listen to a word of Luther's on the subject: "If anywhere the day [Sunday] is made holy for the mere day's sake, if anywhere any one sets up its observance on a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to feast on it, to do anything to remove this encroachment on Christian liberty."

Calvin has been regarded generally as fairly sound and orthodox; but he carried the matter so far that he proposed changing Sunday to Thursday, so as to get rid of all the old-time associations in regard to the day. And the story goes that one day John Knox went to Geneva to visit Calvin, and found him out playing bowls on Sunday afternoon.

Two other great authorities I will mention. Beza, who was a friend of Calvin, his biographer, and after his death in a certain sense his successor, advocated work on Sunday. Bucer, a friend of Luther, and in his later life a professor in the university of Cambridge in England, insisted that abstinence from labor could not possibly be pleasing to God.

These, then, are unquestioned facts concerning the history of the day, and the opinions of certain famous men at certain great crises of history concerning it.

Where did the Puritan Sunday come from, if it was not an early church institution? Let me say here to you frankly and simply that what is ordinarily called the Continental Sunday was the Sunday of the Church for the first fifteen hundred years. That is, although by one edict after another labor was forbidden, it was recognized as a church order, and not something based on any words of the Bible; and it was a matter of church authority pure and simple, though the secular power backed up the church. But the people, after going to church in the morning, regarded themselves as at perfect liberty to give the rest of the day to recreation and rest.

Where, then, did the Puritan Sunday come from? Note one thing. It was never heard of from the foundation of the world until the time of the Puritan revival in England in the sixteenth century. The Puritans claimed, indeed, that they had resurrected the Jewish Sabbath; and they advocated its observance on the basis of Old Testament commands. But they had not resurrected the Jewish Sabbath: they had created something entirely new, which no one had ever seen before; and they forbade all sorts of things and commanded all sorts of things which the Fourth Commandment, even if you regard it as divine, has said nothing whatever about.

It was the custom, when the Puritans first came into power in England, for the common people to abuse this day. It was a day of cruel, immoral sports, a day of bear-baiting, a day of drunkenness, a day of debauchery; and the Puritans naturally and rightly revolted against it, and attempted a wide-spread reform. In the process they evolved what has come to be called the Puritan Sabbath; and they looked to the Old Testament as their authority for it.

You know the Puritans lived, a large part of their time, in the Old Testament, and seemed to care more for it and take more delight in it than they ordinarily did in the New.

Here, then, is the origin of the Puritan Sabbath, as we are accustomed to regard it in the modern world. It has no authority in church history, it has no basis in the New Testament, there is no divine command touching it in the Old Testament. There is no reason, then, in any divine word in the Bible or anywhere else, for keeping the day as our Puritan forefathers were accustomed to keep it.

I am done with what may seem to you like destructive work, criticism. I have been clearing the ground. I have simply been telling you what every scholar knows

to be true, that is all; and, if I should argue in favor of Sunday on the basis of some of these ideas, you might go and search the books, and find out that my reasons were wrong, and then say that Sunday was of no value.

I believe that Sunday is of the utmost importance. I believe there are reasons cogent and great for keeping the day; and some of these reasons I now wish to suggest to you.

No matter where it originated, whether in the Euphrates Valley or somewhere else, no matter if it sprung out of planet worship, no matter whether the first rest day was an unlucky day, no matter what mistakes the Jews made about it, or the early Christians or the Christians of later times; *we have the day.* It has come down to us as a sacred tradition, it has come to us as a wonderful inheritance from the past.

Now what shall we do with it, what ought we to do with it? Is there any "ought" about it? If there is no infallible, supernatural command, if there is no New Testament reason, or Old Testament reason, or Church history reason, is there any "ought" about it?

There is an "ought," an imperative, compelling "ought," of the most sacred kind conceivable. I will try to make this clear.

Noblesse oblige, we say,—nobility is obligation, opportunity is obligation. If I can do some great and fine thing, then I ought to do it. I ought to do it, as I am a man. I have no right to disregard the possibility of good, of service.

We have this day, then. What shall we do with it? Shall we throw it away? Shall we make it like all the other days of the week? I appeal to you, not because I believe that God will be angry over our doing this or that. I appeal to you, not because I believe God has given any infallible command touching the subject what-

soever. I appeal to you as reasonable men, in view of the possibility of the highest and noblest good.

The day is ours. Shall we fling it away? Shall we make it like all other days or shall we turn it to the highest and noblest possible account?

First,—to begin with the lowest reason,—I think it would be most unfortunate for us as drudges, as workers, to lose this day. A man might suppose at first, without carefully considering it, that he could accomplish more work by laboring on Sunday; but I believe that it has been demonstrated beyond question in human experience that in the long run men accomplish more work by giving themselves to labor six days than they would if they included the seventh, and treated it in precisely the same way.

It is a law of our physical being, then, that we can accomplish more by having these periods of suspension and rest. We could accomplish more in ten years, possibly, by working all the time; but the chances are that we should not live so long, that we should not accomplish nearly so much in the course of our lives.

We need Sunday, then, purely as a matter of opportunity for bodily rest and recuperation.

Another point. We need it for mental rest. I do not mean by this that the mind is something apart from the body; but the mind works through the brain, and, no matter how mighty a man may be, or how ingenious, the amount that he can accomplish will be limited by the capacity of the instrument through which he works.

If you wear your brain out, if your nervous system becomes depleted, no matter though you be the mightiest intellect that the world has ever seen, you are helpless so far as this life and your work here are concerned.

For mental rest, then, for brain recuperation, you need this pause, this day set free from anxiety and care.

You know that the man who leaves his work behind

him, who locks it in his office or store when he goes home at night, is the one who comes back fresh and strong to his labor in the morning. The man who gives one day in seven to complete mental recuperation is the one who comes back Monday morning in the best possible condition for another efficient week's work.

But these only by the way. These are of supreme importance in one way of looking at them; and yet there are so many other reasons above and beyond these that I touch on these as preliminary, and pass them by.

I wish you to note what a man is; and then you will see what I have in mind. A man is a man not by virtue of the qualities and characteristics that he shares with the other animals. You are not a man because you have a body, because you stand on two feet; because you think, remember, dream, because you reason even; though man possesses these faculties, probably, in a much greater degree than any other animal. But you are not a man because of these things; for other animals stand on two feet, think, dream, reason, feel. It is not these things which make you a man.

You are a man—why? What are the two or three great characteristics that man possesses which he does not share with any other known creature in the world? Man has an ideal. He is haunted by the unattained. He can grow, he can advance, he can make progress towards the attainment of these higher and finer things. That is one thing that sets him apart from all other animals.

Then he is a soul, he is a spirit. He is a child of God. He is of kinship with God. He can think God, he can feel God, can come into intimate personal relations with God, can live a life linked in with that of God.

This is the supreme characteristic of all.

Then there is one more,—these three, out of any possible ones, I mention for the sake of clearness and emphasis.

The other is that a man is an immortal soul. His life only begins here. He is only in process of preparation. He is getting ready for the next step or he is coming to the next step without getting ready. The next step anyway is to be taken.

The things, then, that make a man are these three: his possession of an ideal, his ability to think what he can attain and to grow towards it, his sharing in the spiritual nature of God and being God's child, and his sharing in God's quality of immortality, being an immortal.

Now it goes without saying, if any man is half reasonable and half thinks about it, that, man being this kind of creature, the one thing of overwhelming importance in his life is that he should consider these things and live in the light of them. Otherwise, he is not a man. Otherwise, he is simply living the life of an animal. Otherwise, he is not making the most of himself, he is not preparing for the inevitable destiny that waits him.

When will you get ready for the future? When will you cultivate the ideal, when will you develop yourself, get into right relations, into living, conscious, personal relations with God,—when will you do it?

Almost everybody is absorbed in labor of one kind or another. You are spending your time in getting food for this body, clothes. You are spending your time in trying to accumulate a good deal more money than you really need. You are spending your time in trying to get a finer house than your neighbor's, you are spending your time earning money to buy horses and carriages, yachts and automobiles, perhaps in seeking for some distinction among your fellows,—writing a book, painting a picture, carving a statue, doing something which will make you a name.

Now these things are all well; but these are not the things in which your life consists. They are not the

things that make you men and women. They are up here,—the ideal, the soul, the immortal outlook. When will you attend to these things?

As I have said, the six days chiefly go to other things. That which does not have some distinct and definite time set apart for it generally is not attended to at all. You know that. That which you are going to do any time you never do. If a thing is to be done, there must be forethought, planning, a place for it, a deliberate outline of that which is to be accomplished, and a definite effort towards its achievement.

Here, then, is a day come to us by inheritance, a day hallowed by a thousand precious memories of the past, a day set apart, a day free, an opportunity. Here is the time, and practically the only time, for you to live as men and women, to cultivate those things which distinctly and definitely make you men and women.

This seems to me to be the most important of all considerations touching the sanctity and the use of Sunday.

But we are not selfish beings. We have no right to live only for ourselves. We must remember that what is true of us is true of every other man and woman in the world; and we are under the highest conceivable obligation to do everything we can to kindle an interest on the part of other men and women in these great, high things which so intimately and eternally concern their well-being.

When shall we do this? Here is a day that has come to us as an opportunity,—a day that we should set apart to cultivating ourselves to the highest and best and to cultivating and helping our fellow-men.

There is another consideration about our fellows. One of the grandest things about this human race of ours, and one that has its roots in this quality of the ideal, is that this race is capable of becoming civilized. It is not civilized yet, except to a very slight extent and in a few

places; but the marvellous thing about this race of ours is that it can become civilized, and the grandest thing that we can do is to help on its civilization.

How shall we do it? In what does civilization consist? Here is a man that is hungry. I will feed him if I can; but that does not necessarily civilize him. He is cold: I will give him clothing if I may; but that does not necessarily civilize him. If I fill all these wants, that does not necessarily civilize him. If I cultivate his faculty of the æsthetic, so that he appreciates poetry, that helps; but, if I educate him, it does not necessarily make a better man of him. If I help him to the acquisition of some position of influence or power, that does not necessarily make him any better. If I do any of these things, I do not necessarily civilize him; and, if I spread these ideas over the world, I do not necessarily civilize the world.

I can talk to Chicago and hear the voice of my friend; but that does not necessarily make my friend or me one particle better than before we could talk so far. Here a little while ago a train was run for a little while at a hundred and nine miles an hour. The people on it were not necessarily better because of the time it was making than they were in the time of Washington or Abraham.

Owning a yacht or an automobile does not necessarily make one a better man. It is not in the physical forces of the world that lie the secrets of human civilization. These are instruments of tremendous power; but they are powers that can be used for mischief by bad people as well as for good by good people. They are not civilization.

The world becomes civilized just as fast and far as men and women come to care for truth, as they are developed in the power to love, as their ability to sympathize with their fellows is widened, as they become more tender, just, as they care to help each other more.

It is these spiritual, these religious qualities, and these alone, that civilize, lift us above the brutes that fight and tear each other for prey. We become civilized, then, as we become religious in the true sense of that word, as we cultivate ourselves as children of God, as we see the haunting ideal of the better life and strive towards it, as we cultivate those qualities and faculties of our Father which fit us for the next great step onward when death has opened the gateway, and let us out into the wider life.

These are the things that civilize; and these are the things connected with religious organizations, with the Church, with Sunday, with these opportunities for the higher and the better life.

For their sake, for the sake of the world's civilization, then, let us keep this day, this great day, this day whose fruit has been the cultivation of so many of the higher and finer qualities of man in the ages that are passed. Let us keep this day, guard it, make it our own. Let us use it for the noblest and best ends of which we can conceive.

I have said, and I repeat again for clearness, God has not issued any supernatural command on this subject. The only divine command is that which inheres in the nature of the universe, in the nature of man, and in the best opportunities which are ours. Here *is* a divine command, impregnable, infallible, eternal, universal.

We are under this highest of all conceivable obligations to take this day, to make the most of it for ourselves, for our neighbors and friends, for mankind. And, if we use it merely for our own behoof, if we use it to make a little more money, for golf or riding or driving, automobiling, yachting, for Sunday night concerts,—miscalled generally "sacred," ordinarily profane in the worst sense of that word,—if we use the day for any of these poor concerns, we make ourselves poorer, we throw away our

opportunities, we waste the possibilities that God has placed at our disposal.

If I could have my way and arrange the day for the world, I would have the morning given to the highest religious and spiritual uses; that is, to the highest and noblest uses of men and women. Then I would make the rest of the day a day of recreation, a day of family reunion, neighborly association, friendship, in which all might get the best possible physical and mental preparation for the labor of another week.

The great trouble with the day now is that so many people use it, not so much for re creation, though they call it recreation, as they do for dissipation. In other words, of how many men is it true that, when Monday comes, they are as fit to take up their duties again as they were in the middle of the week before? Sunday has been so used as to be an injury instead of a help.

Let us, then, with clear eye as to the history of the past, recognize the meanings and the possible uses of the day; and let us remember Sunday to keep it holy. Holy? What do I mean by that? The word in the Bible everywhere means set apart, consecrated to some special, high use.

Let us remember Sunday, then, and keep it holy to our manhood, to our womanhood, to the best interests of our neighbors, to the welfare of mankind, to the hopes of the future.

Father, in the truest sense of the word, this is Thy day; and it is our day. We thank Thee for it, no matter through what process Thou hast given it to us. It is ours. Let us then take it, and make the most and the highest and the best of it for our own sakes and for the sake of mankind. Amen.

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PLANTING A GARDEN.

My text is from the second chapter of the Book of Genesis, part of the eighth verse,—"And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden."

This world in its natural condition, before man appeared or had anything to do with it, was not a garden: it was only a desert, forest, morasses, a jungle; but in saying this we are not saying anything evil about it. It is a tradition that it was on account of man's sin that thorns and briers and thistles appeared; but thorns and briers and thistles are all good in their places, as good as a pear-tree, as good as a rose-bush.

There was nothing on the earth that was in itself and for its own sake or in its own place evil. The world was not a sinful world or a wicked world or a fallen world. It was not an immoral world: it was only an unmoral world. There was no conscience on earth in those days; there was no standard of right and wrong in the light of which things might be examined and either commended or condemned; and we are to remember, I think, always that nothing is naturally or necessarily evil in itself.

I have surprised people sometimes in years past by suggesting to them that no quality, no faculty, no taste, no tendency, even no action on the part of man, is in itself or of necessity evil. The only way that men can do evil is in one of two,—either by excess or perversion,—the excessive use of faculties and powers which in themselves and in their right use are well or the perverted use of faculties and powers which in themselves are well.

Take an extreme illustration,—killing a man. That

in itself has of necessity no moral quality whatever. It may be pure accident, and the man who is the agent of it innocent as a child; it may be justifiable homicide; it may be atrocious murder; it may be an act of justice on the part of some agent of the State; it may be loftiest heroism. It all depends upon its conditions, its circumstances, upon the motives which surround and determine it.

So the world, before it became a garden, was a good world for itself, a good world for the kind of creatures that inhabited it. It became relatively an evil world only when a man appeared; and it was evil simply because the things that were produced in this desert, jungle condition, were in his way. They hindered him. They stood in the path of his growth, of his development to something higher, finer, better.

Somebody has defined dirt as "matter out of place." Dirt is all right in its place; but that which is right in its place becomes an evil when it is out of its place or when it stands in the way of something that ought to become better.

So the world was all right when it was wilderness and a jungle; but, as I said, man appeared, and then there was call for culture, for a garden, for a garden-maker.

The old story is, you know, that man was set to work as the result of his sin, that it was assigned to him as a punishment. The tradition goes that man began life on this planet in a garden. That tradition we can no longer accept as true; but, had it been true, the most fortunate thing that ever occurred to him would have been his being turned out of the garden.

It is a blessed thing for man that he must begin life in a jungle or a wilderness, and that there can be no garden until he makes it; for it is only in the process of his turning the wilderness or the jungle into a garden that he cultivates and develops himself.

Those people and races to-day that live in what we call the garden climates and places of the world, where no work is required, where the ripened fruits drop into the hand at a touch, where man does not need to make any effort to lead a strenuous life,—these people, do they become civilized, do they develop? They remain savages, barbaric. There is no call for development on their part, there is no incentive; and man needs a motive, needs either to be pushed or lured, one or the other.

We sometimes fancy that God, if he had chosen, might have made people perfect. I have heard the world criticised a great many times because men were not made good and wise at the very start of human history. The people who make that criticism do not stop to think deeply enough to see how false, how utterly unfounded it is.

I do not believe, for example, that it is within the scope of Almighty Power to make a man good outright. What we mean by virtue is the result of long moral experience, the being tempted and overcoming, the working out these problems of right,—right feeling, thinking, living. So that goodness is the flowering of a long process, like the blossoming of a century plant.

Neither do I believe that it is within the scope of Almighty Power to make a man wise outright. What do we mean by wisdom? Wisdom is the result of a long process of learning, of experience; and it can come only as the result of that process. So, as I said, it is the most fortunate thing in the world for us that we begin life ignorant, that we begin life innocent perhaps, but nothing more.

I do not believe that the new born child is either fiend or angel. He is chiefly a bundle of possibilities, something that can be made over, wrought into, developed towards the finest things.

Note a little closely, and you will see how these two

things go together. A man thinks, strives; and there are two results. He accomplishes some external thing; and he builds himself by the same course of action. A man invents some marvellous thing. He thinks first, he gets the germ of the idea in his mind, he dreams something better than he has ever seen. Then he tries to make it; and, as he begins the process of manufacture, new ideas come to him, the dawning of newer and higher conceptions. And the thinking and the working keep step. Step by step he advances. The thinker, the dreamer, and the maker,—hand in hand they go; and it is through the process of trying to create that of which he thinks and dreams that he becomes. So it is the garden-maker who becomes the creature fit to live in a garden and be at home in it.

It is fortunate for us, then, that we start life, not in Eden, but in the wilderness outside, and that the Eden condition lures us on as a dream, something of which we are to think, something towards which we are to progress.

There is another thought which the garden idea gives me this morning. Each of us has his own little plot of ground that he comes into possession of and of which he is placed in charge. He has nothing to do at first with the nature of this plot of ground. He does not make it what it is. It is a garden or it is a possibility of a garden, into which he is put as creator, as cultivator.

Suppose that we are naturally very brilliant, have remarkable ability, remarkable powers in this direction or that,—that our plot of ground is peculiarly fertile and ready at a touch to blossom out into the sweetest and finest things. It is nothing for us to be proud of. How easy it is for us to pride ourselves on our natural ability, if we have it,—if we are strong, if we are good-looking, sweet-tempered, if we have musical ability, artistic genius, mathematical power, are able to plan and execute

things, if we can make money, win success,—if we have any of these natural endowments conferred upon us, how easy it is for us to swell a little with self-conscious pride, and be inclined to look down upon those less capable than we!

On the other hand, if our plot of ground is particularly poor, sandy, rocky, if it has no promise of results for all our cultivation, we are ready not only to blame the universe for it, the giver of these things, the appointer of our conditions, but we are ready to excuse ourselves from making any attempt.

But we have no right, on the one hand, to be proud or conceited; and we have no right, on the other hand, to neglect making the best and most of that which is placed in our care. We may not be able to do as much with it as our neighbor can do with his; but that does not excuse us from doing the best we can.

I have been glancing this morning at a beautiful, wonderful little book written by Helen Keller. Here is some one who never saw a ray of light, who never heard a sound, some one, you would say, shut up to utter inaction, and, if anybody ever born, excused from action or endeavor. And yet here she is the authoress of a book, writing beautiful ideas for the stimulus, the suggestion, the guidance, of people who can see and hear!

If one like her can do something with her plot of ground, have any of us the right, because that which is placed in our charge is not quite as fertile as we wish, to say that we are excused from making any effort, from doing anything, from being anything?

Let us remember, none of us, however conceited he may be, can really do very much. All of us can do some little thing; and it is that little for which we are responsible. God does not ask us to do the impossible; but here is our little plot of ground, and here are our faculties and powers. Let us make the most of them. Let us do at least what we can.

We have this plot of ground. If we wish anything to grow in it, what must we do? We must plant the seed, we must cultivate it. That seems a very simple thing. You would suppose that everybody would concede that at the outset: you would not suppose that anybody would ever have any question about it; and yet in my life experience it is one of the things that is oftenest misunderstood and most frequently called in question.

I think I must have referred to this before, and I presume I shall refer to it some time again; but there is hardly a week goes by that I do not come in contact with people who are perfectly astonished to find certain things growing in their garden. And yet, if you watch their lives a little carefully and see what they are doing, you will find they are planting the seeds of these things all the time; but they are very much surprised to see them growing.

Here is some person, for example, who is suffering from dyspepsia or gout or rheumatism or some difficulty or another; and he wonders at the mysterious ways of Providence, why he should be afflicted after this fashion. If you should study intimately his method of life from the time he was a boy, you would see that he had been planting dyspepsia, rheumatism, and gout, and these difficulties of one kind and another, almost every day in the year; but what he wants in regard to his own physical condition is the privilege of planting any seeds he pleases and having only the pleasant things spring up,—that is what we all want. In other words, we want to do as we please and not be called upon to pay for it. Precisely the same thing is true in the mental realm, in the moral, the spiritual world.

Then, on the other hand,—to glance for a moment at the other side of the same truth,—we find people who have never planted the seed of certain things, never paid any attention to their cultivation, and yet who wonder that the things have not grown.

I talk with a person, for example, sometimes; and he tells me that he has no conscious religious sensitiveness or sensibility. When Wordsworth speaks of being "disturbed with the consciousness of a presence" in the universe around him, these words mean nothing to the man I refer to. There are thousands of people who live in what seems to them, at any rate, conscious personal relations with this Presence. They pray, and feel sure that, whether the prayers are granted or not, they are heard.

Now all this side of their nature seems to be asleep. But I talk with this man. I ask him if he has ever prayed, if he has ever made any definite attempt to cultivate what we call the spiritual nature; and I find that he has not. It has never occurred to him to do that; and yet he seems to think that, if there is any truth in it, if things of that sort ever grow in anybody's garden, they ought to grow in his. And yet he has never planted the seed, he has never taken the first step towards cultivation.

I find people, for example, ready to pronounce in the most positive, off-hand way as to the truth or likelihood of a certain thing's being true. I ask them if they have ever studied it. No, they have never made one honest experiment, they have never investigated it at all; and yet they seem to think that, if there is anything in it, it ought to have come within the range of their experience without their having put themselves out in the matter at all!

But here is a man who has naturally no ear for music. The possibility of it is there: it might be cultivated. Would you think it sane and wise for him to deny the existence of this musical sensibility that he has never cultivated?

They tell me that in India the children, the young people, whose business it is to select colors for weaving or plaiting into rugs and fabrics of one kind and another,

are able to distinguish perhaps a dozen, possibly fifty,—I know not how many,—shades that I could not distinguish at all. Shall I deny the existence of these shades until I have tried, at any rate, to cultivate the possibility of seeing them?

If you want things to grow in your garden, then, plant the seed and cultivate the young plant; and, if you do not want certain things to grow in your garden, do not plant the seed, or, if you do plant the seed of things you do not like, do not shoulder the blame off afterwards on the universe, do not find fault with God because he is not mocked, because "that which a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Another point. After you have planted certain wonderful things in your garden, remember then how much you owe to God, and how little claim you have a right to make on your own behalf for the finest results.

The original plot of ground is his. He made it, not you. The seed is his. That mysterious, inexplicable life-principle in the seed which enables it to grow is not yours: it is his. The sun, the dew, the rain, the air,—all these things that condition the growth are his, not yours.

Then for all the marvellous things that come into your life, that make up its mystery and beauty and joy, remember that you owe gratitude to him, and that you have had the very least conceivable part in it all.

We are apt, of our strength or beauty or ability, our taste in this direction or that, to think, as did the old Babylonian king, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" But we have done the least part of it all. Let us, then, remember two things,—that gratitude for all that is finest and best in us belongs to God and that service, the use of these things, belongs to God, that they are not ours to do with as we please.

And, then, there is another wonderful thing—more

wonderful still than this—that I would have you remember. God needs us just as truly as we need him. In other words, in planting and making a garden, it is God and we co-operating together; and without us there would be no garden, without us no culture, no moral living, no spiritual aspiration,—none of the world's great reforms, no civilization, without us, none of the art, the music, the wonderful life of the world.

We co-operate. We help God make a grass-blade. Think how wonderful it is! We help him make a flower. There were grass-blades, there were some wild species of flowers; but think for a moment how man, co-operating with God, has transformed the earth! Think of the different edible fruits of the earth that are the result of human thought and cultivation. We have co-operated with God.

In other words, what we have done is simply this. We have discovered which way God is moving, we have discovered the natural plan or trend or purpose of nature's God. We have been able to co-operate, and help these things on. We have turned the wild plants of the earth into beautiful flowers. There are now I know not how many hundred different kinds of roses, all, or nearly all, the result of the purposed production of man. So we have made over the whole surface of the earth by co-operating with God, by studying what was possible and helping this thing on. All our work is of the same kind, as I have had occasion to remind you now and again in the past.

We build a ship according to God's laws; we launch it according to God's laws; we lift the sails, and God's winds blow it across the ocean; we use God's power of magnetism in the compass by which we find our way. It is all co-operating with God. We create nothing absolutely new. We simply develop that which God has put into our hands.

And so all the finest things in human life are the result of our taking inherent possibilities, tendencies, purposes, unfolding them, and helping God to bring to pass these wonderful, these magnificent results.

What about the weeds? There are always weeds in every garden. There are weeds in every human character, weeds in every human life. And they are not bad things: they are a good sign. If there is a plot of ground which, uncultivated, would not produce weeds, it would not produce flowers, even if you planted them. The existence of weeds, then, is most hopeful. It means that the ground is rich, that there are possibilities there of something better than weeds; and, if the weeds still, after you have done the best you can in the garden, will spring up between the hills of corn or in close proximity to some beautiful thing that you are cultivating, or if the weeds will grow under the fences along the walls or in the corners, and if you have not time to eradicate all of them, do not be too much discouraged. The chief thing is not that there shall be no weeds, but that there shall be a crop of something that is worth while, and that it be cultivated enough so that it will grow in spite of the weeds.

I find fathers and mothers over-much troubled, I think, sometimes, because of the natural mischievous characteristics of their boys. If I had a boy who at the age of six or eight or ten was so quiet and staid and well behaved that I had no criticism, no need of any cultivation of anything, no weeds to be rooted up, no need to plant a crop, so that it would take the place that would otherwise be absorbed by the weeds, I should lose all heart about it. I should think he was one of those of whom some wit has said he was "not healthy enough to be bad."

There is no harm in these tendencies towards the weeds: they mean vigor and power. A man ought to have tre-

mendous passions and possibilities of evil in him. These passions, these tendencies, these powers, are simply force: they are not evil in themselves. It depends entirely on what you do with them. They are simply like a span of mettlesome horses. If you do not master them, if you do not know how to drive them, perhaps your excursion may result in disaster; but, if you do know how to drive them, then they carry you with speed and smoothness on your course.

The man who has no great possibilities of evil in him simply has no possibilities at all of good.

Do not be over-much troubled, then, about the natural weeds that you find in your human lives. Only remember that they are weeds. Clear enough space for a good crop, keep down the weeds enough so that the crop will grow, and then get rid of the rest of the weeds, if you can; but sleep at night and be at peace, even if some of the weeds are not entirely eradicated.

There is another suggestion. There would be a good many more beautiful gardens in this world if people did not spend so much of their time in lŏoking after their neighbor's gardens. I have seen lazy men, not overmuch inclined to work, leaning leisurely on the fence which bounded their ground, and studying the condition of their neighbor's.

Sometimes this means envy or jealousy, sometimes, perhaps, it means an aimless sort of admiration of what your neighbor is producing, sometimes it means that he loves to criticise and give advice; but in any case, whether it is envy or jealousy or criticism or advice, it is not work on his own ground, and so much time is lost.

It is none of my business about my neighbor's garden, except in so far as I can help him. If I can be of service to him, well and good; but let me not presume to criticise and find fault with him to the neglect of the work which ought to be done on my own little plot of ground.

It is said—I do not think it is true: it is one of those half-truths which are witty—that the world's critics are those who failed in other things. The critic in literature is the man, so it is said, who is not a success in producing. If a man can produce better literature on his own account and get well paid for it, he does not have much time to spend in writing criticisms of the efforts of other people.

And so, if a man devotes his whole time and strength and care to making his own garden fine, he will not have much time left to advise his neighbor how he ought to do it or find fault with him for certain things that he does not accomplish.

You know it is said that a woman who has never had any children of her own is the most certain as to how a child ought to be brought up. Anybody, for example, can tell you how a newspaper ought to be edited. Very likely he could not write a leader that any respectable editor would accept; but at the same time he is apt to know all about it.

So I suppose there is hardly a man in the United States who does not feel competent to advise the President or to tell how this department ought to be run, or that. So there is this constant tendency on the part of people to lean over the fence of their garden, and become absorbed in what is going on on the part of the neighbor.

And out of this grows, oh, so much of mischief! One of the worst things I know is this being absorbed in the way your neighbor is living. It is none of your concern. "To his own master," the New Testament says, "he standeth or falleth." If you can help him or if he needs help or if he calls to you for help, then generously pour out your sympathy and effort.

But do not surmise and speculate and guess as to what he is doing, and presume that he is doing it in the wrong way, and then talk about him to the neighbor on the

other side of your particular garden. This is the root of—I was going to say—almost half the mischief of the social world.

Let us remember that it is not our business to cultivate our neighbor's garden: it is our business to cultivate our own; and, if we cultivate our own as it ought to be cared for, we shall have little time or wisdom left for criticising our neighbor's.

To carry this idea a step farther, the best way we can advise our neighbor is by making our garden an ideal one. You build a fine house on a corner of the street here in New York, and you improve the value of the property that adjoins it on every hand. You go out West and take up a tract of land, and begin to cultivate it, and the price of the land next door is higher within a week,—not because you have found fault with it, not because you have pointed out its defects, not because you have criticised it, but because you have made your own place better.

If you cultivate your own garden as it ought to be cultivated, you set up a standard that other people cannot ignore or disregard. You criticise by action, you criticise ugliness by beauty, you criticise the desert condition by fruitfulness, you criticise defects everywhere by what is positive on your own ground.

And, then, you stir up the spirit of admiration and honest emulation. There is something in every man that leads him to wish to do as well as the next man has done. And you challenge him if he is lazy, you rouse him if he does not care.

The way, then, to help on this world is to do your own part just as well as you know how. If a man, for example, instead of writing a book to tell young men how to succeed in business, goes to work and succeeds in business himself, and lets the young man look on, he is telling him better than he can by talking or writing about it.

And, if you think a man's moral character or way of living is defective in any fashion, live as you think a man ought to live, and you are telling him in something better than speech what it is possible for him to become.

So, if you wish to render the finest conceivable service to the world, live out your own life nobly, truly, faithfully. Set it up as a standard, ring it out as a challenge, let it become an example; and other people will see and take account of it, and copy.

And now just one thought at the last. We may not be able to reform the world. There is very little that any one of us can really accomplish. A young man starts out, and thinks that all he has got to do is to point out to the multitude how beautiful his conception is as to what ought and might be done; but he finds out very soon that people are sceptical, that they pay almost no attention to what he says. They say: Yes, you are enthusiastic now. You will get over it. I was like that when I was a young man; but I have got away beyond that effervescing period. I have settled down, and concluded that about the best thing I can do is to take things as they are, and not worry much about them. That is the kind of response you will get.

You have some grand reform. You feel sure that, if it could only be carried out, the world would leap ahead a hundred years in its civilization; and yet you find that the utmost you can do is to interest a few people here and there in it, and set them patiently at work in the faith that by and by something will happen.

There is very little, then, that you and I can do; but there is one thing we can do! The range of our influence is narrow: there is only our little plot of ground over which we have much definite control; but we can make that fair, we can create a little heaven if we will, if we are determined, if we are patient. We can tell the truth, we can be kind, we can be sympathetic, we

can be helpful, we can lead sweet and noble lives with our husbands, our wives, our children, our relations, our little neighborhood circle.

We can cultivate our own little garden; and, as I have already said, that is the best service that we can render the world. We have set an example, we have raised a standard, we have challenged competition. We have at any rate made ourselves a little sweet place in which to abide.

And if we only, all of us, begin to-day and work hard at that plain, prosaic, but promising task, we can realize the dream embodied in these verses which I have recently cut out of a newspaper, and which will fitly close with their ideal of what is possible the suggestions I have been making:—

"The world will be a better place
In a hundred years.
We'll have a brighter, happier race
In a hundred years.
The ills of old, the worn-out lies,
The ancient wrongs, like mist that flies,
Will melt in the rays of a new sunrise
In a hundred years.

"A human soul will be higher-priced
In a hundred years.
The Church will be converted to Christ
In a hundred years.
There will be more of faith and less of creed,
Be more of justice and less of need,
Be more of honor and less of greed,
In a hundred years.

"There will be more of substance and less of form
In a hundred years.
More love will keep the world's heart warm
In a hundred years.
The laws will aim at the common good,
And religion will be a brotherhood,
While toil will be honored as it should,
In a hundred years.

"There will be less misery and less wrong
In a hundred years.
There will be more of gladness and more of song
In a hundred years.
Baptized in a new humanity,
Each man to man will a helper be,
While the toiling slaves will all be free,
In a hundred years."

Father, let us not find fault with Thee because Thou hast not given us a better opportunity. Let us not envy or criticise our neighbors; let us not be puffed up with pride at our great opportunity. Let us take the place where we are set, and create around us sweet and true and helpful conditions, so that we may live right, and make it easier for others to do the same. Amen.

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M. J. SAVAGE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY E. A. HORTON

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EDWARD A. HORTON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

This little Catechism has grown out of the needs of my own work. Fathers and mothers have said to me, "Our children are constantly asking us questions that we cannot answer." Perfectly natural! Their reading and study have not been such as to make them familiar with the results of critical scholarship. The great modern revolution of thought is bewildering. This is an attempt to make the path of ascertained truth a little plainer.

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OUR RELATION TO THE PAST.

I HAVE found my text in the fourth chapter of Deuteronomy, a part of the thirty-second verse,—"Ask now of the days that are past."

There must be something inherent in different types of human nature to lead to such different ways of looking at things. There are, for example, two diverse and contradictory ways of regarding the past. They are very marked in certain people; and you might for the purpose of our discussion this morning classify mankind in this way:—

There are those that look back and there are those that look forward.

You will find, in studying the history of the religion of Israel, that there were two traditions, and that the two streams of thought ran side by side. There was a certain number of persons who saw all the glory of the world in the past,—the world began in perfection, it fell away from that, and the tendency since that time has been always downward.

These people have told us the story of the Garden of Eden, of how God created man in the first place perfect, in his own image; that was the time when there was a paradisal condition on the earth; that is the perfect dream from which men were rudely awakened; they were driven into the outer world; and from that day to this things have been going, on the whole, to the worse.

There have been persons representing this type of

thought in the modern world who have told us frankly that, in their judgment, there was no use in hoping to reform the world, no use in trying to make things over; we were perfect once, but now everything is going to the bad; and it is to end in a general catastrophe.

There was another class of persons, however, in ancient Israel who looked forward. They have nothing to say to us about any Garden of Eden, about any perfect condition of things at the beginning of human history. These are the prophets and those who represent the prophetic tone of mind. They say nothing of any perfection at the start. But their dream of an Eden, of a perfect condition of things, a kingdom of God, is in the future; and they are always looking forward.

It is a curious fact that we find precisely these two types of mind in the ancient classic world. The comparison, the likeness, is indeed, it seems to me, very remarkable. There were certain ones who told us the story of the old Saturnian days, the time when the God Saturn lived among men, reigned upon earth.

At that time there was no sickness, no poverty, no crime. Hatred and injustice and cruelty did not exist. It was a perfect paradisal condition of affairs; and they talk about this as the "Golden Age." This was succeeded by an Age of Bronze, an Age of Brass, an Age of Iron; and the world was ever growing worse and worse.

On the other hand, we find in this same old world the Promethean myth; and, according to that, humanity began on earth in the feeblest and most miserable condition possible. The gods treated men either with neglect or with contemptuous cruelty. Prometheus steals the celestial fire from heaven, and bestows it upon men, teaches them the ways of life, and starts them on the pathway of civilization. He does this as the Christ himself, at the price of agony and pain.

So here, both on Hebrew ground and in the old classic

world, we find these two ways of looking at the past. Now in some fashion, it seems to me we ought as individuals to combine these two in ourselves. We ought to look at the past, and recognize what was great and good, sweet and glorious, in it, and recognize also the imperfections, the weaknesses; and we ought to look forward with a great hope, seeing the possibilities of unlimited advance.

The most of us, I take it, are accustomed to look towards the past with what I may call an exaggerated respect and reverence. People seem to think that there is somehow a kind of piety in regarding the past as something that cannot very easily be improved. This seems to me the majority opinion. There are others, to be sure, who think that everything that is past is bad, and that only new things are worthy of human attention.

There ought to be a combination of these two tendencies. One is the conservative; and the other is the radical. But, if the conservative power is always in the majority, then there is no growth, no advance. If the radical power is too strong, things may be improved—and the word "improved," as I use it, ought to be put in quotation-marks with an interrogation point after it,—out of existence.

Take an illustration from a tree. The conservative power must be sufficient to maintain the type of the tree, let it be a pine, oak, elm, or whatever. It must maintain that form. But the radical power, the expansive power, must be enough so that the tree can give and grow. This is the idea.

I think that prejudice—prejudice in favor of the old ways—is not only natural, but right. It can find ample justification. Here, for example, is a path. It has been trodden by hundreds and thousands of feet. People have gone over it safely; and by following that path

they have arrived at the point which they desired to reach.

Some one comes along, and proposes to discard that and strike out a new road. People are naturally prejudiced in favor of the old path. "Speak well of the bridge that has carried you over" is a proverb. This prejudice is natural and right; but, if there is to be any growth or progress, if the world is to become any better, some day a new path and a better path must be found.

I believe that most proposed reformers of the world are wrong. They propose a new type of government, a new kind of social organization, new methods of education, a new kind of religion. I say the chances are nine cases out of ten that the people who do this are wrong, and ought not to be followed.

But, if the world is to grow any, some one of these new men is going to be right some day, because it is possible to make improvements in society, literature, in our government, in religion; and somebody will discover the way.

The attitude which we ought to maintain, then, is prejudice of a mild kind in favor of that which is already established, but at the same time an honest open-mindedness to new thoughts, to new ideas, to new light, from whatever source they may come.

I said that the majority of us are over-much prejudiced in favor of the past. Consider for a moment how true this is. The living world to-day is held and shaped in the grasp of a dead hand. The past dominates, overshadows, rules, the present. It ought to do this within certain limits. I think it does it too much.

Consider for a moment. Think how much of the life of any man is shaped and determined by the past before he has anything whatever to say about it. Let him be born in the sixteenth century or the twentieth, let him be born in Africa or in Asia or Europe or America,—

he has nothing to say about it. Of what race he will be a member,—he has no choice. Into what religion he will come,—he cannot lift a finger to decide so momentous a matter.

Of what sort of parents? Shall they be educated or ignorant? Shall they belong to the nobility or the peasantry? Shall they be rich or poor? Shall they be narrow or broad-minded? Shall they be tender and loving or hard? What kind of parents? All these questions are settled for us before we have anything to say about them.

Suppose we are born here in America: will the parents be Catholics or Episcopalians or Presbyterians or Unitarians or Agnostics? It is a matter concerning which we have nothing to say.

And the first years of training, childhood and youth, when the new, fresh life is shaped as in a mould, and hardened year by year. At what time does a young man wake up, and feel that he is master of himself, consider his condition, the possibilities of his nature, and determine to take charge of his own career?

Is it not true that in most cases men and women never do wake up in any such way as that? How many are there who are free, free from the past, so that they can look out over the possibilities of life, and determine the great things for themselves?

Consider the matter, for example, as it touches society: how many men ever get free from the prejudices of their class, their caste, the social type into which they were born? As an illustration and to see from what a far past come down the traditions that determine the dominant tone of things to-day, note how we are accustomed still to look upon labor.

In the old days the only gentlemanly business was fighting. It was the most important business at that time in the history of humanity. We have hardly out-

grown it yet. The "gentleman" still is not the man who works with his hands.

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?"

Here is a protest wrung out of the heart of some one who had dimly recognized the nobility of productive labor. The gentleman still is the man who does nothing,—this according to popular ideas,—he is one who lives on the results of the accumulated labor of the past, and is free to follow his own whims and fancies.

And yet we all know, if we think of it for a moment, that the man who is engaged in rendering some service to his fellows, no matter how humble it may be, is of infinitely more importance than this type of gentleman to which I have referred. But that ideal of the past still dominates us socially; and we find it almost impossible to be free, we find it impossible to recognize the real worth of the man who works with his hands.

Robert Burns uttered his great protest:—

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's a man for a' that."

But the most of us here in New York to-day do not believe Robert Burns. The rank, the stamp, is still the one thing most eagerly desired and the most passionately sought. This is an illustration of the fact that the past

> "Still rules the present to our hurt."

The world—you have heard me say this a good many times—is only partially civilized as yet, and that only here and there. The larger part of the world has not roused itself at all as yet to escape from the bondage of the past. Take China, stagnant for a thousand years, largely because of its worship of ancestors. On the other hand see Japan, roused from her sleep of centuries

and taking her place in the ranks of the leading nations. Here is the difference between the two types.

But it is only here and there that men have roused enough from this drugged sleep of the past so as to be free, so as to recognize the glories and benefits of those fair things that are to come.

What is true in regard to society is true in regard to politics, to government. How many men in New York to-day at the next election will vote either the Democratic or the Republican ticket as the result of free, personal, intelligent inquiry as to the situation? Not one in a thousand. It is determined, and was determined in their case before they were born, that they would vote the Democratic or the Republican ticket at the next election. They have inherited their political ideas,—or perhaps I might better say political prejudices,—for they are not worthy of the name of ideas in most cases.

The same is true in our religion. How many men and women are there who have deliberately chosen that type of religion which seems to them to represent the highest truth and to have the highest promise for the future of the world? In what I read as our Scripture lesson the fathers were ordered to repeat over and over again certain ideas to their children, to instill them into the childhood mind, so that they might never be forgotten. That has been the process from the beginning of the world until to-day; and it is right within limits.

We ought diligently, earnestly, to teach our children what we believe to be true and right and most hopeful for mankind in the way of religious thought and life. But we ought to couple that teaching with this further thought,—that we see only in part, that the whole truth is not yet discovered. We ought to remember that lesson which the old Pilgrim preacher at Leyden in-

stilled into those who were just about to embark on the "Mayflower" for this New World,—"God has more truth yet to break forth from his holy word"; and he bade them be open-minded and open-eyed for the discovery and reception of this new truth.

Constantly am I coming upon illustrations of this fact. I meet and talk with some one, a man perhaps who has become practically convinced that he ought to be a Unitarian, ought to unite himself with the Unitarian Church, but who is dominated and held by the past. Possibly he is afraid to think freely. Fear, as the result of the teachings which he has received from childhood, is wrought into the very fibre of his brain. Perhaps he has only a tender and delicate reverence for father and mother, their thoughts, their ways, and he does not like to depart from them.

And he thinks that the way to manifest this reverence is by staying his life long where they were! My father was born in 1794. There was no railway, no steamboat, no telegraph, no telephone, none of the appliances of modern civilization as we are accustomed to speak of them in the physical realm, in existence on earth at that time.

Ought I, for that reason, to discard the use of all these? Or do I reverence him more if I manifest his spirit, his open-mindedness, his care for truth, his love for finer and better things? It seems to me that I reverence him more by living as he would have lived with my opportunity than by merely copying what he did in an entirely different set of circumstances.

So I find people constantly hold religiously to the past. I find myself once in a while impatient because people do not progress religiously more rapidly; and yet, when I look dispassionately and calmly over the world, I find myself wondering how anybody ever gets free from the past.

Consider how a boy is trained. At his mother's knee, by the precepts of his father; and the mother he tenderly reverences and the father he respects. As he grows up, in childhood, in church, in the society in which he lives, all these teachings are re-enforced. If there is any religious paper taken, it is the denominational one, representing the ideas of father and mother, the church and the minister with which he is familiar. All his life long he is drilled, trained, shaped, moulded, after certain fixed ideas which have been inherited from the past.

He goes into business. The chances are that he has no opportunity, no time, to study religious problems. He goes to the church he has been accustomed to attend. He hears the same thing reiterated week by week and month by month. He reads still his denominational paper or review. He lives in that little world: he knows nothing else. If he looks outside, it is with suspicion, because he has been trained all his life long to believe that *this* is God's truth. I wonder, I say, that men ever escape from that kind of training and influence, that they ever get free!

And so in the case of the young theological student,—my own, for instance. I was trained for years not to think, not to be free, not to inquire impartially and dispassionately. I had it impressed upon me over and over again that this was God's truth; and, when I was graduated from the theological school, I was sent out, like a religious West Pointer, to fight for a certain set of ideas.

I was never taught, until I tried to teach myself, to be free in my thinking and to search simply for the truth. I wonder sometimes, then, that young ministers ever escape from the bondage of the past.

Institutions are difficult to change. They have become established, money is invested in them, they are

hedged around by legal enactments, so that it is immensely difficult to reconstruct a thing when it is once established.

I could find, if I had more time, an illustration in the Bible House. The American Bible Society is compelled by law, until it takes some special method for having that law changed, to publish and send over the world simply the old version of the Bible. No matter if they have found out that it is full of mistakes, no matter if there is a better one and they know it, they are not free to publish and distribute that better one. It requires a long process of law to extricate themselves from this difficulty, and give them the necessary liberty to do that which they believe to be the best thing to be done.

Hint at another illustration. Take the Presbyterian Creed. Every Presbyterian minister knows perfectly well that no body of men on the face of the earth to-day would ever frame the Westminster Confession of Faith. But it has been framed, it has come down from the past, it has around it the associations of centuries of reverence and religious life; and so, though it ceases to represent that which is vital in the thought and feeling of the world to-day, it becomes practically impossible to change it, to get free from it.

And so in every direction,—I have no time to go into the matter further this morning,—but in every direction the world is held in the grip of the dead hand; and it is one of the most difficult things in the world for it to get free.

There is one other phase of our subject only which I have time to touch this morning. I want to ask you to recognize your debt to the past, to be grateful to it while holding yourselves free, recognize what you owe it, and then remember that since the past no longer exists the only way you can pay that debt is to the present, to-day and to-morrow.

What do we owe the past? Everything,—these bodies of ours, our brains, the power of thought, our æsthetic nature. If we love that which is beautiful, if we take delight in a pink or a rose or a statue or a picture or a landscape, the fact that we care for these things is a gift of the past.

Our moral natures, wrought out through thousands of years of human experience as to the best way to live; our religious aspirations and hopes, those things which lift us above life, above death, and make us inhabitants of eternity,—these we owe the past.

And, as we look over the face of the earth, the discoveries, the inventions, all those things that have changed the primeval wilderness into the marvellous earth with which we are familiar to-day.

Then what a debt to the thinkers and the writers, the singers and the workers, of the past! Suppose, for example, that Shakespeare's works were blotted out of existence: how unspeakably poorer the world would seem to us! Multiply that by all the writers of poetry that the world has ever known. How rich we are in this inheritance of song!

How rich we are as the result of the dreams and the work of the world's painters, its sculptors, all those who have made the beautiful, fair, fine things which are a part of the wealth of any man who chooses to make himself capable of feeling and appreciating!

Then we live in such a quiet country,—a country where there has been established a social peace and order. Do you ever think what that means? We are so accustomed to it that we take it as naturally as the air we breathe; and yet it has taken hundreds of thousands of years of labor, of thought, of struggle and effort on the part of man, to produce this condition of things that seems to us so commonplace as to be perfectly natural.

Then the liberty, the liberty at last, to think, to set

down our thoughts, to print,—do you ever stop to reflect how very modern these are? They exist only in a few places in the world; and it is only within the lifetime of men now living that they have come to be granted with such perfect freedom as we know them to-day.

Then with what gratitude we ought to look back to the world's great liberators, to the men who have fought, and given their lives that we might be free. As a typical example, remember Winkelried, who gathered the spears of his foes into his own bosom that he might break the ranks, as he cried, "Make way for liberty."

At what a price these men have made way for liberty! Made a path where you and I can walk with perfect simplicity and freedom.

Appreciate your debt, prize these commonplace things, guard them as you would guard your life, transmit them to your children untouched, unimpaired.

I have time left only to speak of one other thing which associates itself with these simple symbols which are here at my feet. This is to be the Lord's Supper. What does it mean? It means that a man lived nearly two thousand years ago. If you call him "God," then this meaning, this magnificent inspiration, is all gone; for he is no example, he is no type, he is no inspiration to me. I am not a God. I am a weak, feeble, ignorant man. I want to know, not what a God could do, but what a man could do.

So I ask you to recognize the gratitude you owe to the spiritual missionaries of the past. I speak of Jesus as the great, dominant type of them all; but in their degree we are indebted to every one of them. Along the line of our own history there are Abraham and Moses, and Samuel and Elijah, and Isaiah and Micah, and Paul. These all in the spirit of Jesus, round him as a group of lesser stars around that which is the centre,—more than for all others like him, of his spirit, accomplishing in their degree the same kind of work.

I am glad and grateful to-day that Jesus lived; but I do not forget Mohammed, Gautama the Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, any of the great spiritual seers and witnesses of the past. They have helped create this spiritual atmosphere that we breathe. They have helped work out the magnificent possibilities of spiritual life which are open to us all.

But Jesus, whose supper we are soon to eat, stands supreme above them all. The attitude which he maintained towards the future, the relation in which he stood to his fellow-men, how he regarded wealth, how he looked upon poverty, how he treated sinners, his sympathy for those in sorrow and bereaved, his attitude in the presence of temptation, what he was when the last great temptation came to be faithless to his life ideal, what he was when he looked without quailing into the eyes of death, how he could speak of those who turned him over into the hands of the agony and torture which were to end his life,—in all these he was so fine, so sweet, so tender, so supreme, that for him as representing the religious life of the past we should be grateful beyond any words.

And yet I think we are not to reverence and worship Jesus in any such way as to fetter the mind or the heart of to-day. He was the great radical leader of his age. We follow Jesus. We illustrate his spirit and temper by being as free-minded as he was, by being as open-hearted as he was. We honor him by accepting any new truth which he never saw, of which he may never have heard. We are like him in following God wherever he bids us go.

But not Jesus alone,—all those since his day who have lived in his spirit. I love to think that we are to gather those around this table in our thought, to have them in our hearts and minds; for they are divine in their degree as he was in his.

I love to think of Jesus as a man. Why? Because it teaches me what humanity may be; and, if men may be like that, I may be like that. So there is an example, there is challenge, there is inspiration; and these that we have loved, many that we have known, have been like him.

I am not quite sure that I can copy Father Taylor's words; and yet I do not know why not. Father Taylor was a Methodist, orthodox in the extreme; but he was a perfectionist also. He believed that men could be perfect as the Father is perfect. So, when some one asked him once whether he believed that anybody had ever lived since who was as good as Jesus, he said, "Yes, thousands of them,—thousands of them."

Why not? Have not you known some? A father, a mother, a husband, a wife, a daughter, a son, some intimate friend, who in the midst of frailty and imperfection were so divine that the light of the Father's face shone in theirs, so that you would have felt there was no idolatry in worshipping the divine which they so sweetly manifested.

Let us then, above all, be grateful to the great spiritual leaders, liberators, ideals of the past, grateful to Jesus perhaps above all, grateful to all those who have shared his spirit and helped on the accomplishment of his work, grateful that God has given into our lives some dear one, a part of our flesh, a part of our brain, of our heart, somebody so near to us that we have clasped their hands and looked into their eyes,—grateful that God has given us these, a part of the wealth that we have inherited from the past.

And along with this gratitude, when we see where man started and to what he has attained, when we note the fact that the divine impulse is as fresh and young as in any age of the olden time, when we note that it is unspent, this divine power, let us couple with our gratitude

for the past a hope of all fine and sweet and noble things for the days that are to come.

Father, we thank Thee for the past, thank Thee for the loved ones that have been ours, though they are by our sides no longer. We are rich, Father, because Thou didst give them to us even for a time. We are glad, and we are grateful, and we believe that love shall never lose its own,—quite lose it; and so we dare to trust that we shall find them again. And with this gratitude and this hope we are grateful to Thee now and evermore. Amen.

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I never like to say good-by, and I do not like to preach sermons which have the air of being formally last sermons of the season. So I shall say nothing about that this morning, but have chosen as my subject the one word

SUNLIGHT.

My text is in the nineteenth Psalm, part of the fourth, fifth, and the sixth verses: "The sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

If we should take all the planets, all their moons, all the asteroids, all the wandering bodies that are in any way connected with this solar system of ours, and should roll them up into one ball and place them against the surface of the sun, it would be very much like a pea beside an orange. That is, they would represent—I think I am correct in saying—a little more than three per cent. only of the bulk of the sun.

No wonder, then, that he dominates and rules his little family of worlds. How he does it, what that mysterious force is that we label "gravitation," nobody knows. We have studied and determined its law; but, beyond that the light comes through ninety-two and a half millions of miles of space, and works its will with this little earth of ours, we know something, but a very little.

It is cold, they tell us, deadly cold, away off in space; and yet through that cold space is coming—what? Heat? I do not know. There come wave motions of force through the ether, which become translated into heat when they come in contact with our atmosphere. Beyond that we know little.

If the nebular hypothesis is to be accepted,—and it is generally held to by all competent scientific men,—then æons ago (we do not know how far away in the past) the sun flung off ring after ring of its own substance, which breaking, falling together, condensing into globes, became one after another the outermost planet, and then the next and the next in its order, until the whole family was complete.

And there is a curious, half-way human suggestion, to my mind, in the fact that the smallest of the planets, just as we might say in the family the smallest and feeblest children, are the ones that the sun, as it were, holds close to itself, guarding by its own more immediate contact and life.

The sun, then, created the earth. How much did it create? All. We indeed believe that there is something in us, a spark of the Infinite and Eternal Life, which the sun did not create; but even concerning this the sun ministered in its appearance, in the development of these physical forms which are animated by the sparks of Divine Love.

The sun shaped the earth, sculptured it into its present design, lifted the mountains, depressed the valleys, scooped out the hollows that are filled by the oceans and the seas. The sun marked out the courses for the rivers, the smaller streams, the little brooks that tumble down the sides of the hills. The sun created the grass-blades, the shrubs, the trees, all the flowers. The different products of the earth are the work of this far-away sun.

And the sun has created the conditions and the possibility of our human civilization. We talk to-day about the northern nations being the dominant ones of the world, as though the cold had somehow had a hand in making us what we are. But warmth is life: cold is death always. It is a significant fact, to my mind,

that the first civilizations of the world were in the sun-lands,—Egypt, India, Greece, Italy; and civilization has made its way northward, and is able to exist in the north, only because we have learned to create artificial tropics. We live, all of us who live at all in any civilized sense of that word, in the tropics. Look at the pygmies, physical and mental, that live in the far frozen regions of the north or the south.

We live in the tropics the whole year round. When we go out in the winter, we are wrapped in woollens and furs, so as to maintain what is practically a tropical heat while we are exposed to the cold; and, when we enter our offices, our stores, our churches, our libraries, our homes, we are again in artificially created tropics. So that civilization is of the sun. The sun is the creator of all forms of life with which we are familiar.

Not only that, the sun is the power, the source of all the power that we use in developing our civilization. The ocean currents, the rivers,—the sun lifts up the particles of moisture from all over the earth, condenses it by the touch of the chill of the hilltops, sends it down to the sea in rivers; and we have all our water-power given us by the sun.

Out of this same water, sun-created, comes all our steam and everything that the word "steam" suggests. Electricity,—is that an exception? I think not. I venture no definite scientific statement; for, as a matter of fact, I suppose nobody on the face of the earth knows what electricity is. Only we do know that the sun is a great electric dynamo, and for aught we know, and in all probability, is the source of all the electric power which we use in transforming the face of the earth.

And, then, the sun is the great artist. All the beauty of the world is his handiwork. How fair is the dawn some summer morning! The sun rises higher and higher, by and by flushes the tips of the hills. Then it begins

to creep down towards the valleys, turns every dew-drop upon every leaf into a jewel. It glances on the brooks and ponds and the rivers. It flashes in the beauty of the white caps that dance over the surface of the sea.

The sun has saturated with light and brilliancy and beauty every gem found in every mine. The sun has painted the plumage of every bird. The sun has made the exquisite tinting of the butterfly's wing, of the bee, of the scales on the fishes, and every glittering reptile that rejoices in the light.

The sun, then, is the source of creative power, of all force used in our practical civilized life, of all the beauty that delights the eye and the heart.

But we are so curiously made that we inhabit at the same time two worlds. We live in this outer material world, and we live in an inner world of thought and feeling; and, having started ignorant and weak in the outer world, we have taken on its stamp and shape, and we always talk about this inner world in figures borrowed from the outer.

We stand on a solid surface beneath our feet in the outer world and in the inner; we have an outer sky and an inner sky over our heads. There is an outer atmosphere that we breathe, and an inner atmosphere in which we find our intellectual, our moral, our spiritual life.

If we wish to talk about any great mental or moral or spiritual reality, we borrow a figure of speech from the external world. When we wish to refer to our souls, we must find something invisible, something swift, some thing mighty; and we say the wind.

When we wish to talk about right, or the rule of right, we can find nothing better to suggest it than a straight line. If we wish something solid beneath our spiritual feet, we talk, as did Jesus, of having our foundations on a rock, a rock of truth as well as a rock of sandstone or granite.

And so this whole inner world that we occupy has taken its shape from the outer. We are stamped by the outer as a bit of gold is stamped by the die. We are the gold, the finer stuff; but the material world in which we have been trained gives shape not only to our bodies, but to our minds.

Now I find a parallel truth to this that I have been saying about the sun in this inner world. The sunlight here is joy, happiness, good hope, cheer,—whatever we mean when we think of well-being, the fulfilment of our desires; and all these things in their measure are true in the inner world which I have already asserted as being true in the outer.

Joy is creative: the creation of all life is an ecstasy; and so the creation of all high, fine, sweet things is accompanied ever with joy.

Sadness depresses, weakens, depletes us of strength, takes away from our ability. Joy sets the heart beating, the blood dancing, gives us a quickness and newness of power.

Look over the history of the world, and find the great men who have created the great and wonderful things, and you will find men who in the act of that creation felt high and ecstatic experiences of joy. I believe that every great thing that a man has ever done has been accompanied thus by an ecstasy.

Joy is the power that helps us accomplish great things. If a man wishes to succeed in life, let him choose a career, a kind of business, in which he can take delight. If it is taskwork, if it is something that he does against the grain, if he would let it alone if he might, he may get through it perfunctorily and fairly well; but no great and fine thing is ever done in that spirit or in that way.

All the beautiful things of the world that men have created have been—I think it is inevitable—accompanied by great delight and ecstasy of joy. I see Michel Angelo

at his work, on his back on a scaffold, painting some great scene upon the ceiling of some sacred edifice, or, with the mallet or chisel in his hands, seeking for the figure of beauty that his own thought places within the unwrought stone. There must be the delight of creation, of discovery, of power, in working out these things.

Can you imagine the great musical composers as producing their grandest results to the accompaniment of anything but delight in the genius to which they were giving expression? Then the great discoverers. I think, when Newton, if the story be true, sat under the apple-tree and watched the fall of the fruit, and had the great discovery of the law of gravitation flash into his mind, that there must have been a sort of madness of joy in the solution of one of the great mysteries of the universe.

You remember the story of Archimedes, how, when the answer to a great problem came to him in his bath, he forgot where he was for his delight, and rushed into the streets of Athens, crying, "I have found it, I have found it, I have found it!"

So all the great work of the world goes along with this accompaniment of delight, of joy.

But must I defend the pursuit of joy? Our Puritan training has been such that we have been brought up to the idea that anything we like to do must somehow be wrong, that joy is dangerous. I remember all my boyhood I was repressed. If I threatened to bubble over with happiness, I must put the cover on and hold it down.

Our great religion, they tell us, is a religion of sorrow. —the central feature of it is the cross; and yet in the face of these facts I venture to assert this morning that the one great, dominant, inevitable, and right motive of human life is joy.

You cannot help it. Did you ever hear of a man's choosing something which he did not choose? It is

a contradiction in terms; it is an absurdity in its very statement. You cannot voluntarily choose that which you do not like. You may indeed choose pain, choose a dark path instead of a bright one, choose self-sacrifice, temporary agony even, but always for the sake of some higher, farther joy. If it is not a joy for yourself immediately, it is a joy for somebody else; and you take joy in giving the joy to somebody else.

I do not say that it is right—it is often wrong—to choose that which gives immediate gratification; but why is it wrong? Because choosing immediate delight is frequently the straightest road to an ultimate sorrow, to evil for yourself or somebody else; and always, always, —there is no exception,—if it is wrong to choose anything you would like to have, it is wrong because some way and somewhere it is going to be pain for somebody, and a greater pain than the immediate delight. If not, then it would not be wrong.

But, rationally, self-sacrifice is simply the giving up of a lesser good for a greater.

I referred a moment ago to the cross, that symbol of agony, as the central feature of our faith; but what of the cross? Out of the cross was born the gospel, good news, a message of joy for all people on the face of all the earth. And what says the New Testament writer in speaking of Jesus?—"who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame," willing to take the agony, choosing the agony, if you will, for the sake of the happiness of mankind and the sake of his own grander happiness in giving happiness to others.

You may be sure of one thing. If any course of conduct were to lead ultimately to the sorrow and pain of mankind, that would be wrong. If you suffer pain in any direction, physical or mental, it means that there is something out of order, something wrong. Joy is

the only possible object of human service,—ultimately, I mean; and every great religion,—think of this,—though it tell you to deny yourself and go through martyrdom and sorrow of every kind, ultimately promises eternal felicity as its outcome.

Joy, then, is the one great right object of all human endeavor. But in a world like this it is not all joy. Does that mean that the world is necessarily bad? No. It means that the world is growing, that it is incomplete. It means that we are constituted in such a way, inevitably,—neither power nor wisdom could have helped it,—that the possibility of pain goes along with the possibility of joy; and ignorance and passion frequently precipitate the pain. But they are necessary. Pain on earth is a condition of some larger good. Into all lives some time come the cloud and storm and tempest. Hear Mr. Longfellow for a moment:—

The day is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining:
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

And I wish to couple with that an exquisite little thing, I think; it is by Aldrich; and I want you to carry with it this thought,—that it is the sun that gives us all the clouds, it is the sun that creates every fog-bank, it is

the sun that makes every rain-storm, it is the sun that gives us all the tempests. The sun, then, makes the rain.

"We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

"Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,—
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

"We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves; the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind,—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain."

It is the sun, then, makes the rain; and it is the sun of the inner world that brings cloud and tempest and rain-storms there. And fortunate it is—let me suggest this deep, practical truth—that there is something besides sunlight, that there are clouds, that there are storms, that there are tempests even. You know, friends, what I mean when I say that, given certain natures, too much prosperity means a desert, means hardness, callousness, unproductiveness.

There are certain kinds of soil on which, if the sun shine too long, they become parched and hard and cracked, and nothing will grow. I have known men and women who have been unkindly, from a human point of view, preserved from sorrow. They never have had any trouble, never lost a friend, always had everything they desired.

I used to have a young lady friend in Boston—she is richer now, richer through sorrow—who told me once, before the sorrow came (she had an indulgent father, and she married a millionaire for her husband), that she could never remember the time when she wanted anything that she could not have.

That is a dangerous thing in this human life of ours. She has lost a beautiful child since then; and her nature is so much deeper, so much richer, so much more tender.

I have a friend in another city who told me once that, if she should be passing through any great grief, the last person she would go to would be her minister. Why? Because he had never had any sorrow; and, when he spoke of it, it was with a perfunctory sort of tone, saying the thing he thought he ought to say, but with no sympathy.

It is this kind of people, I take it, that Lowell must have had in mind when he said,—

> "Console if you will, I can bear it,
> 'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
> But not all the preaching since Adam
> Has made death other than death."

You know those natures who have never suffered anything. They are shallow, flippant. They do not know the meaning of life,—its heights, its deeps, its breadth. What it means to be a man or a woman in a world like this they do not know. It is a language they have never learned.

But sorrow teaches it. This is a lesson you can read better when your eyes are blinded with tears. You can understand if you have felt, if the ploughshare has cut down to the primitive rock and overturned and torn your nature through. Then you know what it means. Then you have learned the dearest, the sweetest, the noblest thing in human life,—you have learned what sympathy means.

Sympathy,—unless a man has it, he is unkind, he is cruel, he does not understand, he is deaf and blind, Sympathy is the key to all hearts. It lets you into the ministry that angels might be glad to share.

And you can only learn this through suffering. I will venture to test your patience by reading a few more verses, this time in illustration of the thought that storm and tempest are needful to clear the air, to give a healthier earth and a brighter sky:—

There is a peace that broods in the dull air
  Above the rank green of malaribus pools,
  When heaven is leaden, and the wind that cools
Sinks heavy with stagnation everywhere.

But there is death in it, and foul decay.
  The tempest then is mercy. Up the edge
  Of the dull sky roll thunder-caps. The sedge
Moans answer to the storm yet far away.

The whole earth dreads the coming, and sits still,
  Shrinking before the fury of its wrath;
  The far wheels rumble on their darkening path,
And rush to execute the tempest's will.

Through the dun clouds the lightning's flashing blade
  Cleaves red with anger; and the echo loud
  Leaps to the trembling earth from smitten cloud:
Such turmoil an unhealthy peace hath made.

But now the storm is over; and the tears
  Hang dripping on the eyelids of the flowers;
  And many a breach is left in earth's fair bowers;
And many a heart still trembles with its fears.

But, oh, how clear the sky, and fresh the earth!
  The tears are jewels in the bright sunshine;
  And on the trees; and every tremulous vine,
And birds to their new melody give birth.

The thrill of tempest gives awakened life;
  And all the spring lifts higher; and the air,
  Sweet as heaven's breath, and balmy everywhere,
Sheds a new peace, and sweeter, for the strife.

God holds life's tempests in his hand; and they
  Fly, swift-winged angels, to perform his will;
  And, after clearing storms, the "Peace, be still,"
Spreads the blue sky where clouds have passed away.

The tempest, the rain, the sorrow,—these are a part, a necessary part, of the kind of life which here we live, while we are growing, while we are learning, while we are helping each other forward.

And now at the last one thought,—we can be sunlight if we will, or we can be shadow and cold and chill. I said that the shadow and the cold and chill are sometimes useful; but let us leave them to God. Let us not take the responsibility of bringing shadow and cold and chill into human lives. There is enough—too much we sometimes think—there already.

Let us be sunlight, the creative power, the helping power, the beautifying power, in human life; and, if we wish to be this to others, we must make these things a part of our own nature. In spite of ourselves we carry an influence among other people, determined by what we are. We may play the hypocrite, and cheat ourselves; but in the long run we cannot cheat the world, for the influence we have on others is determined by what we are.

Our shadow is our own, and not somebody's else; and it is determined by ourselves. Let us, then, be sunshine. cultivate this sunny spirit, this optimistic, hopeful spirit in our own lives.

Then what next? It will inevitably follow, I suppose; but it means that we shall be unselfish, and radiate what we are.

Did you ever think of it, that the sun is the sun by virtue of the fact, and by this alone, that it is constantly giving itself away? It is generosity that makes the sun the sun. If the sun were stingy and selfish, it would cease to be the sun.

Suppose it should some time reflect: Here I have been for ages pouring myself out upon all creation, radiating the very substance of my life through all space, even where no worlds are visible; and the scientists are now

calculating as to how much longer I am going to last. I have decided that I will be economical in the future. And so he draws in his beams.

What does that mean? If it could be done, I think it would mean that he had suddenly become dark; and there would be no sun. That is what it would mean.

Suppose the flowers—the roses, pinks, lilies, and violets—should say: I am wasting myself by scattering my fragrance on every wind. I am going to stop, I am going to keep it to myself and enjoy it on my own account. There would be no more fragrance. There would be neither pink nor lily nor rose nor violet. There would only be black stalks and stubs.

So, if we cease to give, cease to radiate love, tenderness, sympathy, help, care, we cease to have them; we cease to be men and women, children of God, creators and dispensers of good.

Let us, then, be sunshine, and rejoice that, like God's sun, we can give light and life and joy; that, like God himself, of whom it is said that he is love, we can be love. And being love means the precise opposite of selfishness, means giving the very substance of one's life for the good of others.

Dear Father, how glad we are that we can share Thy nature and share Thy generous giving, Thy self-forgetfulness, and give ourselves for the good of the world, and thus be sunshine, be fragrance, be power, be beauty, be joy for those that need! Amen.

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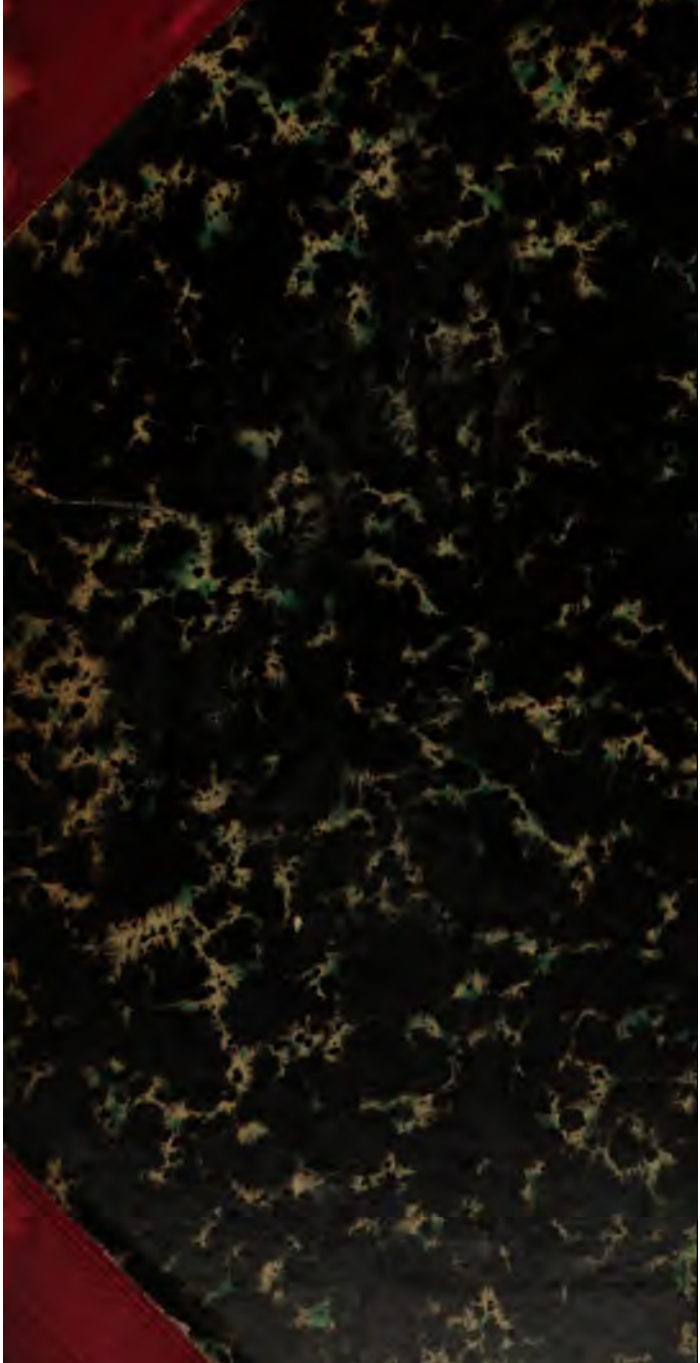
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